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LAST Saturday night was a red letter evening for the American composer, as in two concerts artists of note played works by American composers, which found favor with both the public and music critics of Berlin.

At the first of these concerts, given by the English baritone, Reginald Wyon, the assisting artist, the Australian pianist, Ernest Hutcheson, performed three of Howard Brockway's best piano pieces in admirable manner, and was rewarded with the appreciation of a cultured audience, which made the pretty Bechstein Hall resound with applause that should find a welcome echo in the United States.

Mr. Hutcheson's clean-cut style of playing, his well-nigh infallible technic and his variety of touch and tone coloring are just adapted for the most advantageous reproduction of Brockway's fanciful work. It is thus that I designate the Fantasiestück in A minor, which, in its opening and closing episode, suggests to me the weird final movement from Chopin's B flat minor sonata. Of course, there is no resemblance, no imitation, or any thing of the sort; only to me the one suggests the other. The calmer middle section in F major is of *abgeklart* beauty. Still more do I like the tender and coaxing nocturne in E major and the ballad in F, which the composer performed for me when it was still in manuscript. It classes among his most important piano pieces, a virtuoso composition in the best sense of the term. Mr. Hutcheson, as I said before, played this group of Brockway pieces admirably; but in the opening number, Schumann's romantic G minor sonata, a little more warmth and feeling, especially in the slow movement, would have benefited the interpretation.

Of even greater importance was the concert which Teresa Carreño gave in the Singakademie, and which had drawn thither one of the largest and most musical, as well as most enthusiastic, audiences I have so far seen this season.

Our handsome countrywoman had gone through the performance of the big Beethoven E flat concerto before I could reach the hall, and for this I was not so very sorry, for, although she brings to bear upon this work more physical and mental power than any other of the female pianists I have heard, yet Teresa Carreño lacks somewhat the artistic repose, the self-restraint, as it were, which is needed for a broad, classical reading of Beethoven's ripest piano concerto.

Her best qualities, dash, verve, fire, impetuosity and brilliant virtuosity, she had a chance to display, not so much in the Mendelssohn Capriccio Brillante, op. 22, which led from Beethoven to E. A. MacDowell, but to the fullest extent in the great American composer's second piano concerto in D minor. The powerful larghetto *calmato* which forms the first movement of this work is peculiar in construction and form, which seems to be modeled somewhat upon the form of the Saint-Saëns G minor concerto. This latter work is still more strongly suggested and in the final kettledrum solo effect even hinted at in the scherzo in B flat. This exceedingly brilliant and bewitching movement was performed with so much bravura and gracefulness that the audience went wild over it and insisted on a repetition, which our Teresa was kind enough to grant. It was well-nigh impossible to surpass the effect produced with the scherzo, and yet Carreño accomplished the feat with the finale, which was taken and carried through at breakneck tempo and proved a piece of perfectly startling virtuosity in reproduction. There were such applause and furore after the close that it took three encores before the audience would leave the hall.

The Philharmonic Orchestra, under J. Rebeck's direction, performed the difficult and somewhat Raff-like accompaniments to this concerto with astonishing accuracy.

A telegram from Cologne, received by me yesterday, informs me of the fact that Frau Carreño seems to have made an equally strong impression on the public of the Rhenish capital, where she played MacDowell's concerto at the second Guerzenich concert under Professor Wuellner's direction. Incidentally I want to make mention of the fact that Friederich Gernsheim, formerly teacher of

piano and composition at the Cologne Conservatory, conducted his new symphony in B flat at this same Guerzenich concert and was highly successful.

MacDowell owes a debt of gratitude to Teresa Carreño, who was also the first and so far the only artist who performed his first piano concerto in Berlin.

* * *

My Sunday reposeful abstinence from music was again broken into by the first of the Zajic-Gruenfeld subscription concerts in the Singakademie. As much as I like and esteem these two popular artists, I should not have sacrificed to them my family game of *skaat* if it had not been for the fact that in the assistance of the composer-pianist Eduard Schütt, of Vienna, they furnished me an irresistible drawing power. As pianist I had never heard him before, and as composer I knew him only from a number of small but very good piano pieces. On this occasion he performed with Messrs. Zajic and Gruenfeld his trio, op. 51, in E minor, and this proved a very great disappointment to me. Schütt's ideas are much too small and insignificant to fill the larger form, and even his technic as a writer for different instruments or in the development of themes is insufficient for the composition of chamber music. This was also demonstrated in the final number, a waltz, "Fairy Tale," for piano, violin and cello, op. 54, by Schütt, which is very trivial and commonplace. Please do not mistake Edward Schütt for Ludwig Schytte. Both live in Vienna, but the Scandinavian is by far the bigger composer and the better musician.

Frau Julia Uzielli, from Frankfurt, sang at this concert Lieder by Brahms and others, but she afforded me only a limited pleasure, as her voice has lost much of its old time charm and her delivery has grown stilted and unnatural.

Zajic played admirably the Vieuxtemps D minor violin concerto and was encored, and so was Heinrich Gruenfeld, who, with his usual finish and beauty of tone, gave a group of smaller cello pieces, of which "Pré du Berceau," a pretty trifle by Moszkowski, was redemanded.

* * *

Monday night we had the third of the Nikisch Philharmonic concerts, with an interesting program that came nearer to the two hours' time limit than any one of its predecessors since the genial Arthur took up the baton in Berlin.

Beethoven's "Coriolan" overture was given with great firmness, but the tempo toward the close was so tremendously slow and *schleppend* that the work lost much of its elementary inherent strength and effectiveness.

A serenade for string orchestra by Josef Suk, the second violinist of the famous Bohemian String Quartet, was the novelty of the evening. It is one of the best works of this genre I know, and beats all the Fuchs, Volkmann and Jadassohn serenades, while in many respects it can stand comparison successfully even with those of Brahms. The invention is fresh and partially very strong, and the workmanship is of rare skill. Some novel harmonic effects, and especially the rich orchestral sound in the scoring for strings, are especially noteworthy. I liked best the first movement in E flat, which is also the most important Satz of the entire serenade. The composer was present in the auditorium and had to bow his thanks to prolonged and enthusiastic applause.

Nikisch's best work came in the C major symphony of Schumann. "It is easy to conduct Wagner," he once said to me, "for if the orchestra only plays what Wagner wrote, the thing will sound well of itself. With Schumann and Brahms it is a different thing altogether, for they were no Wagners in orchestration." There is a great deal of truth and wisdom in this remark, and its forcefulness struck me strongly when I heard Nikisch conduct Schumann's D major symphony. He is the Schumann conductor par excellence, far greater than either Strauss or Weingartner, who are antipathetic to the most poetic of composers who wrote piano music for the orchestra and who was ever thinking of the orchestra when he wrote for the piano.

Camilla Landi, Manager Wolff's new contralto star, was the soloist at this concert. She sang the well-known and beautiful largo aria, "Ombra mai fu," from Handel's "Xerxes," as nobly and entrancingly as I ever heard a woman sing. It was in every way a perfect *Gesangsleistung*. Her voice was not quite powerful enough, however, in the "Divinités du Styx" aria, from Gluck's "Alceste," and the order of these two arias should have been reversed; in fact it would have been better not to have sung two such severely classical arias in immediate succession.

Madame Landi's second number consisted of two songs, with orchestral accompaniment, by G. Fauré. They are entitled "Lamento" and "Roses d'Ispahan," and they did not please the Berlin critics. Anything entirely new and at the same time so very different from what they have become accustomed to hear rarely does please them. I therefore always advise foreigners not to sing novelties in Berlin if they want to find success with the press.

Gabriel Fauré is a very refined and most exquisite writer. His music is a little too *intime* for such a big

hall as the Philharmonie, but with their *recherché* harmonies and their delightful and frequently quaint orchestration they pleased me very much. The audience seemed of the same opinion, and applauded vigorously, whereupon Madame Landi gave them a third one of Fauré's Gesaenge, entitled "En Prière," which is a perfect little gem.

The next concert will bring Volkmann's "Richard III." overture, Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony and Liszt's first Hungarian rhapsody for orchestra, while Edouard Risler, the great French pianist, will perform Beethoven's E flat concerto and César Franck's symphonic variations for piano and orchestra.

* * *

At a dreadful Lieder Abend of Frau H. von Barby, after whose first song I fled from the hall, I heard as an introduction to the whole Miss Kate Bruckshaw, a young English pianist and pupil of Stavenhagen. She gave the Bach-Tausig D minor toccata and fugue with great clearness, good, healthy tone and with considerable more musical feeling and temperament than one is wont to meet with in English artists of either sex.

* * *

On the same evening I heard Claire Koehler, a mezzo soprano, who sang Wagner's "Träume" and Schubert's "Liebesbotschaft" in a very prosaic style and with insufficient technical equipment. Her voice, however, is not quite as bad as her ear, which is frequently at fault.

Felix Meyer, royal Prussian chamber virtuoso, performed Simon's Berceuse and Ries' Moto Perpetuo for the violin in most perfunctory, business-like style.

* * *

Another royal chamber virtuoso, concertmaster and professor, Herr Fritz Struss, I encountered at the third concert which I attended on that same Tuesday evening. He performed a pretty little Adagietto by Bizet and a violin piece of his own with the promising title of "Schneeflocken" (Snow Flakes). This absurdity of a composition Struss played quite seriously, and when the audience gaped him good-naturedly with applause the royal concertmaster took the compliment in earnest and went over the same rasping performance once more.

The concert at which this happened was one given by Alexander Heinemann, a young baritone, with a good, resonant voice and a promising style, as well as intelligent delivery. He sang as his final selection a group of four Lieder by Hans Herrmann, the best one of which, "Die Drei Wanderer," is not new. It is the most powerful and dramatic of the fertile young composer's many songs, and was vociferously redemanded. Three Lieder which were sung for the first time on this occasion are not of sufficient musical value to enumerate their titles. The composer accompanied in person. He should write more slowly and exercise severe self-criticism before he publishes more of such stuff, or else he will quickly lose again his rapidly gained reputation as a song composer.

* * *

Michael Banner, the New York boy violinist of a decade or more ago, has ripened into a full-grown and also, I am glad to be able to state, first-class artist since last I heard him on the other side of the big pond.

I was very much pleased with his delivery of Wieniawski's D minor concerto, which he performed with remarkable technic, elegance of bowing, big, fine tone and clean intonation. In point of ripe and interesting musical interpretation he likewise left little to be desired. Still more apparent was this in the delivery of Bach's *chaccone*, which he took with a breadth of style and in majestically slow tempo, which made me fear that he would be unable to carry it through in that way to a successful end. But he did carry it and made a great culminating climax besides. There is something very original in Banner's conception of this greatest of all works for the violin alone, and though at first it seems startling, because of the wide difference from the accepted readings, I cannot say that it displeased me.

The public and press were also very kind to our talented young countryman.

Of Martha Schereschewsky, who lent her assistance and contralto voice to this concert, I spoke in terms of praise in my last week's budget.

* * *

Conrad Ansorge gave the first of two piano recitals in the Singakademie on that same evening. If the eminent artist had intended to keep the audience away from his recital he could not have done it more successfully than through the program which he had selected for this occasion. Besides Beethoven's big A flat sonata, op. 110, and Bach's G minor organ fantasia and fugue, it consisted of Liszt's B minor and the so-called Dante sonata. Two of Liszt's alleged sonatas on one and the same night is more than anyone except the hottest Lisztianer can stand, and their number is growing beautifully less from day to day.

* * *

On Thursday night I heard a young Italian violinist, a protégé of Etelka Gerster, in a concert of his own, with

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akademie.

To judge by the very demonstrative and at moments
deafening applause in which the audience indulged, Arrigo
Serato, who is a very handsome young fellow, must have
a great number of personal friends in Berlin. I missed
in his performance of the Mendelssohn concerto that high
finish and technical perfection without which a modern
virtuoso is no virtuoso at all and the dash, fire and verve
we expect, more than in anybody else, in an Italian. Se-
rato's cantilene, however, is very soft and beautiful, and
as he is a very young man yet, he may after all reach the
top of the ladder before he is many years older. The
inconsiderate and fulsome praise of the so-called good
friends will, however, not assist him in such an aim; it is
only apt to spoil him, as it has many another talented
young artist before him.

The two young ladies, Misses Clara Kuske and Else
Sternsdorff, who played works for two pianos in Bech-
stein Hall on the same evening, are quite well taught,
and that is a compliment for their teacher, Moritz Meyer-
Mahr. But on the whole, if such performances do not
show marked individuality or ripest artistic division of
labor, as, for instance, is the case in the ensemble of the
two Sutro sisters, the playing soon sounds monotonous
and becomes wearisome. Such was the case with the
above named young ladies' performance of the Schumann
variations, op. 46, and also, though in a lesser degree,
with the well-known Saint-Saëns' variations on a Beetho-
ven theme.

Frau Hermine Galfy is just as much too old as the
ladies seemed too young for concert appearance. Her

singing on that evening was not a thing of beauty, nor a
joy forever, or even for a few minutes, during which she
mouthed through Grieg's "Schwan" and Jensen's "Am
Manzanares."

Richard Wagner is still without a monument in this
wide world, except the ones he has placed for himself in
the hearts of all music lovers, and to which another one
has just been added by the Paris premiere of "Die Meis-
tersinger." If he had been a great general, instead of the
world's most powerful dramatic composer, he would have
had a monument in Berlin long before this. He is, how-
ever, not any worse off than Beethoven, Mozart or Haydn,
as far as the German capital is concerned, for the proposed
triple monument to the gods of the symphony is still a
thing of the future, the consummation of which can only
be hoped for.

Brahms is surely going to be better treated than Wagn-
ner, for in no less than two cities the erection of a monu-
ment for him has already been planned, and funds for the
same are being collected. This tale of two cities embraces
the name of Hamburg, Johannes Brahms' native town,
and Meiningen, where through the influence and friend-
ship of Bülow, Brahms was first appreciated and was an
ever welcome and frequently seen guest at court and in
the concerts. It is well known that for Herr Muehlfeld,
the excellent and matchless clarinet virtuoso of the
Meiningen Court Orchestra, Brahms composed his clarinet
quintet and his two sonatas for clarinet and piano.

At the instigation of the art loving Grand Duke of Sax-
Meiningen his court orchestra is now making a short con-
cert tournee, the proceeds of which are to be devoted in
full to the fund for the erection of a monument to

Johannes Brahms. The Meiningen orchestra is in reality
the first traveling orchestra, for they undertook concert
trips which made him famous under Hans von Bülow's
direction in the latter part of the seventies and the early
eighties. It is an excellent and really select body of
artistes-musiciens, as the French like to call their good mu-
sicians. They have a young and most energetic, fiery and
magnetic conductor in the person of Herr Generalmusik-
director Fritz Steinbach.

Last night they gave the first of four concerts and a
matinee which they are going to absolve here in immedi-
ate and uninterrupted succession in the next four days.
The Singakademie was crowded, and the Meiningen
artists cannot complain of the treatment they received at
the hands of a Berlin audience, and likewise the press,
although the latter Grossmacht speaks a little more re-
servedly this morning than the public did last night. Not
without a show of reason, for we have two of the world's
best orchestras right here in Berlin, and newcomers, there-
fore, will and must have a hard stand.

What makes the performances of the Meiningen Court
Orchestra superior to a good many performances one
hears from other organizations is a certain freshness, an
apparent pleasure in playing and the utmost rhythmical
precision. The latter very desirable quality is mainly
due to the decided and energetic, though not always
graceful, beat of Herr Steinbach. He knows just what
he wants and how to make his men do what he desires
of them. Technically, too, if one overlooks little short-
comings like the missing of a horn entrance in the first
movement of the Brahms C minor symphony, the per-
formances are correct. What they lack, however, is tonal
beauty (Klangschönheit, as the German word so descrip-
tively calls it). The tone of the orchestra is healthy,

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fresh and clean, but it has no softer tints and mellow sweetness. It is robust, but not round, and hearty, but not heavenly.

This is my judgment after the first hearing in a hall, which, though of the best acoustic properties, was new to the players and in a program which consisted only of Brahms, not the most effectful of writers for the orchestra.

The best and in point of interpretation most interesting performance was that of the Haydn choral "St. Anthony" variations. Besides these, the Tragic Overture, the C minor symphony and the double concerto for violin and violoncello were on the much too extended program. This double concerto is one of the weakest and hardest to digest of all of Brahms' works, and it was and proved tedious last night, despite the fact that Joachim played the violin and Professor Hausmann the cello solo part. Both artists were technically not in the very best of trim, and especially the grand old man Joachim seemed to be decidedly nervous and ill at ease. The public did not notice or care about it, for after each of the three movements, and especially at the close of the concerto, all hands were strongly applauded.

Poor Tschaiakowsky! I told you in my last week's budget that his fourth symphony was performed under Dr. Muck's direction at the last symphony evening of the Royal Orchestra and was received with tremendous enthusiasm, the scherzo being redemanded. Here is what the critic of the *Kleines Journal* has to say about this work:

Tschaiakowsky's Sinfonie, bunt instrumentierter Schnickschnack, dessen Inhalt sich in der klassischen Form wunderbarlich genug ausnimmt, passte nicht in den Rahmen der Opernhaus-Solireen, obgleich das Pizzicato-Gotändel des Scherzo wiederholt werden musste. Ich fand das Ganze höchst langweilig. Der äusserliche Orchesterprunk konnte das Werkes innere Oede nicht verbergen. Die Schnurpfleier des russischen Komponisten, obgleich sie vortrefflich ausgeführt wurden, irritirten meine Stimmung, ich verzichtete auf Beethoven. Blech-Unfug und Missbrauch der Paukenfelle trieben mich hinweg.

It is hard to translate this into the vernacular, but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of an attempt. Well, here goes:

"Tschaiakowsky's symphony, checkeredly orchestrated little-tattle, the contents of which cut a curious enough figure in the classical form, did not fit into the frame of the opera house soirées, despite the fact that the pizzicato humdrum of the scherzo had to be repeated. I found the whole tedious to the highest degree. The outward orchestral splendor could not hide the interior desolateness of the work. The tomfooleries of the Russian composer, although they were excellently performed, irritated my mood; I renounced Beethoven. Brass nuisance and abuse of the kettledrum skins drove me away."

Somewhat better, but by no means very raconteurish does the new critic of the *Berlin Tageblatt* deal with Tschaiakowsky's work. He says:

Auch die königliche Kapelle brachte am Freitag in ihrer dritten Solirée neben Mendelssohn "Meerestille und glückliche Fahrt" und der "Eroica" ein hier noch nicht gehörtes Werk zur Aufführung: Tschaiakowsky's vierte Sinfonie in F-moll. Nach anderen Kompositionen des erfindungs-kraftigen und geistvollen Russen namentlich nach der hier schon gespielten Sinfonie in H-moll, konnte man Bedeutendes erwarten. Für mich ist diese Erwartung arg getäuscht worden. Man soll in Kunstfragen nicht pedantisch denken, und ich bin gewiss der Letzte, der die Werke des schaffenden Genius registrieren möchte. Ist eine Musik schön und bedeutend, so soll sie zu Gehör gebracht werden, gleichviel wie der Komponist sie betitelt. Aber selbst wenn wir uns von den Traditionen unserer Meister losagen, eine Grenze muss doch inne gehalten werden, soll der Begriff "Sinfonie" überhaupt noch einen Sinn haben: der Grösse der Form

muss ein grosser Inhalt entsprechen Tschaiakowsky setzt an die Stelle des musikalischen Gedankens die Phrase, oft der bedenkllichsten Art; noch schlimmer sind seine melodischen Gebilde, wo sie fest umrissen auftreten. Eine ganze Reihe von Themen erklang, denen ich im Theater Unter den Linden mit Bergnügen begegnen würde, die aber in diesem Rahmen abtöndelnd wirkten, und dies um so mehr, als ihnen die kontrapunktische Behandlung den falschen Schein der Bornehmheit zu geben sucht. Höchst unangenehm macht sich auch das hartnäckige Festhalten derselben rhythmischen Figuren geltend, die den Komponisten wie Zwangsvorstellungen durch ganze Sätze verfolgen. Denselben halbasiatischen Geschmack zeigt die Instrumentierung, die neben verdriesslicher Klauenghaltung unmittelbar die grellsten und buntesten Farben setzt. Auch der lebhaft beklatschte und da capo verlangte dritte Satz, ein "Pizzicato ostinato" vermag nicht den Werth des Ganzen zu erhöhen, dessen technische Vollkommenheiten übrigens nicht geleugnet werden sollen. Als effektvolles Konzertstück wäre er nicht zu unterschätzen in der Sinfonie indessen hat er nichts zu suchen.

"The Royal Orchestra gave us a work that had not heretofore been heard here, viz., Tschaiakowsky's fourth symphony in F minor. After several other compositions of the inventively fertile and brainy Russian, notably the here already performed symphony in B minor, one could expect something of importance. My expectations of this kind have been badly deceived. One should not think pedantically in questions of art, and I am the last one who would register (?) the works of creative genius. If a musical work be beautiful and important it should be heard, no matter how the composer may have classified it. But even if we depart from the traditions of our masters there must be observed a limit, if the term 'symphony' is to have a meaning at all. The greatness of the contents must correspond with the largeness of the form. Tschaiakowsky substitutes for musical thought phrases, sometimes of the most redoubtable kind. Still worse are his melodic formations where they appear firmly circumscribed.

"Quite a number of themes was heard, which I should like to have met at the Theater Unter den Linden (viz., in operetta), but which affected me disgustingly in this frame, and this all the more as the contrapuntal treatment tries to give them the false glamor of nobility. Very disagreeable also is the obstinate clinging to the same rhythmic figures, which seem to persecute the composer like forced crazy notions throughout entire movements. The same half-Asiatic taste shows the instrumentation which, next to disgruntling tone abnegation, places immediately the most glaring and checkered colors. Also the strongly applauded and redemanded third movement cannot augment the value of the whole, the technical perfections of which shall, however, not be denied. As an effective concert piece it should not be underrated, but it has nothing to do in a symphony."

Poor Tschaiakowsky! It took the very conservative Berlin musical public twenty years longer than it did the more catholic-tasted American audiences to cultivate a liking for the great master's works. It will take the Berlin music critics another decade before they catch up with the public.

The collection which was taken up for the sick music critic Oscar Eichberg, of the *Berlin Boersen Courier*, amounted last week to above 10,000 marks. Now the hat is being passed round for an even better known and more important musical personage. Max Bruch, the composer of the "Glocke," "Achilleus," "Odysseus" and a number of other choral works, as well as of the famous G minor violin concerto and other compositions which have frequently been performed in the United States, but from

which he has received no royalties, is now in need of financial assistance. He will soon celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of his birthday and his friends intend to commemorate the event through an honorary donation (Ehrensold, as it is euphoniously called in German).

Bruch has a wife and four children to support, and his income as head of the Meisterschule for composition at the Royal Academy is not more than 3,000 marks (about \$740) a year. This is poor payment, and as Bruch cannot compose a new choral work every year, he has little else to fall back upon. In this calamity his friends have begun to collect a fund for him. The greatest sum in one lump that has been so far contributed is 10,000 marks, from Herr Krupp, the cannon king of Essen. Herr Simrock, the music publisher, has signed his name to a check of 5,000 marks. It is not too much for him to contribute, for he probably has made more out of Bruch's compositions than the author did, who sold them to him outright. I learn from good authority that Herr Lorenz, conductor of the New York Arion, and who owes this position to the personal recommendation of Max Bruch, has collected from his male chorus society a larger sum, which he is to forward in the near future. If other conductors in the United States would take up collections in the singing societies who have sung and the people who have enjoyed Bruch's music, a large enough sum to put the aging master out of all financial cares would soon be compiled.

Kapellmeister Weingartner left Berlin yesterday, and intends to spend his three months' furlough at Taormina, in Sicily.

At Hamburg, on the 8th inst., an event of importance in historical culture took place, viz., the 1,000th performance of Wagner opera at the City Theatre since it passed into the hands of Pollini. In twenty-nine years of the theatre's existence previous to Pollini's directorship, only five Wagner works were given there, and these altogether had a sum total of 188 performances. On September 16, 1874, Pollini opened up his management with a performance of "Lohengrin," and this popular work had also been selected for representation at the 1,000th Wagner opera performance. The evening is described as an artistically very successful one and great enthusiasm was displayed, not only in the auditorium, but also upon the stage and in the orchestra.

The imposing number of 1,000 is participated in by the following numbers of performances of Wagner's works: "Rienzi," 50; "Flying Dutchman," 101; "Tannhäuser," 206; "Lohengrin," 244; "Meistersinger," 106; "Tristan," 58; "Rheingold," 28; "Walküre," 102; "Siegfried," 60; "Götterdämmerung," 40. Fragments from "Parsifal" (the work in its entirety is the monopoly of Bayreuth and cannot be given anywhere else) were performed at Hamburg five times. It may be worth mentioning in this connection that Wagner conducted the two first performances of "Rienzi" at Hamburg personally in March, 1844.

Gütter, the first bassoon of the Royal Orchestra, and who formerly in the same capacity was a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Nikisch and Paur, and later on of the Damrosch orchestra, a few days ago put a bullet into his brain. At present writing he is not

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dead, but little hopes are entertained of his recovery. The motive for the deed is not known. I heard Gütter only a few weeks ago at the last Barth trio evening, when he played the bassoon part in Beethoven's wind quintet with wonderfully sweet and beautiful tone.

Felix Berber, the handsome violin virtuoso, sends me information of his matrimonial engagement to Miss Anna Lucie Thiem, of Muehlhausen-Sondershausen. In tendering my congratulations I express the hope that this second venture will turn out more lastingly lucky than the first one.

Eduard Lassen, pensioned court conductor at Weimar, who has not been heard from as composer since the very disagreeable Gunloed exposure, has just finished a new ballet entitled "Diana," which will soon be brought out for the first time at Vienna. The Berlin and Hamburg opera house managements also declare their intention of producing this work.

A memorial tablet of artistic worth was affixed on November 28 (Rubinstein's birthday) to the house in the Augusta street, at Stuttgart, in which in 1856 and for some time after Anton Rubinstein lived and composed a number of his best works. The tablet shows Rubinstein's features in relief, modeled by Theodor Bausch.

Eugenio Pirani, the composer and music critic for the *Charlottenburger Buerger Zeitung*, proposes to treat with silence those artists whom he finds unworthy of good criticism in his paper. If all the Berlin critics would join hands and would carry out this same proposition in their respective and respected papers, the tidal flood of concerts would surely soon abate. As it is there are now nightly given in Berlin from three to six concerts, more than half of which are not worth listening to and would in all probability never take place, if it were not for the sake of acquiring criticisms from the capital of Germany.

Prof. Ludwig Pietsch, the great art critic, and father-in-law of Madame Lankow, has just been decorated by the Emperor with the Order of the Red Eagle.

Here is a good one on me: A couple of months ago, at Ostend, I made the acquaintance of a pretty, young American lady. She told me her name, and when I asked her where she lived she said Villa Delphia. All the next forenoon I spent in hunting up the Villa Delphia, but could not find it. Then I began to look for her on the Estacade, where I had met her the previous day, but she did not return that afternoon, nor the next one either. Soon I forgot all about her. Yesterday I met her here in Berlin in the Singakademie, and the recognition was simultaneous. After the first words of "How do you do?" were exchanged, I began to upbraid her for having fooled me about her Ostend abode, the Villa Delphia. "Not at all," she said, "when you asked me where I lived I answered truthfully enough, Philadelphia." There was a moment of thoughtful silence on my part, which was broken into very opportunely by the opening bars of Brahms' "Tragic" overture. I never knew before what a relief Brahms' music can afford a fellow in a moment of embarrassment.

I met Arthur Nikisch at luncheon to-day at the Palace Hotel. He is on his way now to Stettin with the Philharmonic Orchestra, and thence will go to Hamburg to conduct Mr. Wolff's second subscription concert there.

Among the callers at this office during the past week were Kapellmeister Siegfried Ochs, conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic Chorus; Moritz Mayer-Mahr, pianist who just returned from a successful tournee through Eastern Prussia, which he made in conjunction with the violin virtuoso Burmester; Misses Else Sternsdorff and Clara Kuske, two young Berlin pianists; Ernest Hutcheson,

pianist, from Weimar; Miss Kate Bruckshaw, a young English pianist and pupil of Stavenhagen; Reginald Wyon, an English baritone; Mr. and Mrs. Barron Berthald, from New York; the German-American heroic tenor will probably be heard in Berlin as "guest" at the Royal Opera House in a few of his best roles, and may then accept some of the proffered guesting engagements at Wiesbaden, Strassburg and Duesseldorf; Miss Mabel Mason, a young English student of the piano; Mrs. J. R. Parcell, of St. Louis, Mo., a piano pupil of Epstein, who has placed herself under Professor Barth's tuition, and Miss Rose Ford, of St. Louis, who is studying the violin with Professor Wirth; Mr. Langs, a young pianist from Niagara Falls, N. Y., who is going to study with Anton Foerster.

O. F.

BERLIN CONCERT NOTES.

Mrs. Nellie Allen-Parcell, a pupil of Epstein, St. Louis, and Zwintscher, Leipsic, is studying piano with Barth and composition with Taubert.

Schlesinger has published a new set of piano pieces by Wanda Landowska, the young Polish girl who last season made quite a success here as a pianist. The four morceaux, named, respectively, "Berceuse," "Nuit d'Automne," "La Source" and "En Valsant," reveal considerable originality, but of a most unsatisfying kind. Miss Landowska is ever in quest of unconventional harmonic turns, and this trait lends her music an arbitrary character which is too apparent to be artistic.

The themes all start promisingly, but are nipped in the bud by queer harmonic padding. One feels that the composer has something to say, but is hampered by her manner of saying it. It almost seems as though Miss Landowska was afraid her compositions would not contain sufficient Polish coloring without those empty, irresolute, ineffectual chords. In music it is better to be oneself than to be national. I believe Miss Landowska will yet "find" herself.

Miss Rose Ford, of St. Louis, is studying violin with Professor Wirth.

Samuel Merritt, of New York, who returned to Berlin last week from Edinburgh, is not a music student, but he can whistle the Mendelssohn violin concerto better than many a violinist plays it.

Ries & Erler, the well-known Berlin publishing house, did not show good judgment in its publication of a new morceaux for piano, by Leoncavallo, composer of "I Pagliacci." The trifle, "Pantius Vivants" (Living Marionettes) is a meaningless staccato jingle in mazurka rhythm. The middle part in E is plagiarized bodily from Bendel's song "Wie berührt mich Wundersam." Leoncavallo has not added to his laurels by writing "Pantius Vivants." It is one of those things "twere better to have left unsaid."

At Kryczwanek's Bohemian restaurant I met Erik Meyer-Helmund, who has come on from St. Petersburg, his home, to superintend the rehearsals of his forthcoming opera. Meyer-Helmund is a blonde, raw-boned giant of about forty-two or forty-three years, who does not look in the least as though he could have written "Margarethe," "Du fragst mich täglich," "Zauberlied," and others of his hypersentimental lyrics. Ten years ago he was the best known song writer; to-day his name is almost a mere memory. I saw his new piano pieces, "Serenade," "Havanaisa" and "Barcarolle." They are utterly trivial and banal, and lead me to predict that unless his opera be of better stuff it will fail.

L. Robinson Day has returned to Berlin from Minneapolis. He was formerly a pupil of Prof. Felix Schmidt, vocal instructor at the Hochschule, and may continue his studies if time will permit. Mr. Day is one of the busiest men in Berlin and can be seen down-town at all hours.

Gabrilowitsch, the latest addition to the world's pianistic constellation, is at present engaged on a tour through Belgium, Holland and Switzerland.

Burmester was in town two days last week. He is touring North Germany, with his accustomed success.

Petschnikoff will visit England in January for the first time.

Wassily Sapellinkow, Menter's faithful shadow, has been appointed director of the piano department at the Moscow Conservatoire in place of Professor Pabst, deceased.

Roy Lauer is a very young basso from Rochester. His youth interferences somewhat with the development of his voice, but if he continues long enough with Pozzi it will soon come out.

Lafont and Moscheles were once playing at the house of Lord —, in London. During the performance Lord — stepped up to Lafont and tapped him on the shoulder with "C'est assez, mon cher."

On Friday Marie Wagner gave a song recital at the Hotel de Rome. On Saturday the world still revolved unconcernedly.

LEONARD LIEBLING

The Spiering Quartet Concert.

A MUSICIANLY audience greeted the Spiering Quartet on Tuesday evening last—an audience which plainly assumed an air of criticism, but which in the main was disposed to look for virtues rather than for defects. In arranging its program the quartet showed courage, the program being purely classical—Mozart's C major, the Schubert variations from the D minor and the Beethoven E minor quartet, No. 2, of the Rasoumowsky group.

It was manifestly unreasonable to expect that all these should be equally well played, excepting by an organization which had already reached the superlative excellence of, for example, the unrivaled Kneisel Quartet. But the impression left upon the listeners proved that the Spiering Quartet had worthily set forth its general aims, and might well be congratulated upon having stepped so far upward on the ladder of chamber music fame. After the concert was over several remarks were made indicating a general desire to hear the quartet in some vigorous, romantic composition by Rubinstein, Tschaiakowsky, Dvorák or Brahms, which would give full scope to its energy and fiery spirit.

Curiously enough, considering the tendencies of the organization, the Beethoven number, the most difficult to interpret worthily, disclosed the highest powers of the quartet. The first two movements were played with a dignity and restrained fervor which argued well for future perfection. In the last two movements, however, the quartet showed the defects of its virtues.

Its energy and desire for intense expression caused it to overstep the boundaries of musical good taste, and caused it also to forget the value of carefully considered climaxes even in a movement full of passionate feeling. In the Mozart number, again, the quartet's conception and unity of feeling was far superior to the execution, except in the adagio cantabile which was well given. But Mozart cannot be very interesting to a modern musical audience unless interpreted with the utmost purity of tone and delicacy of shading, and unless there is evident throughout the composition the refinement which is Mozart's distinguishing characteristic. Mozart was an aristocrat in the music world.

A noticeable value of the quartet's playing was the full, rich tone given to the splendid harmonies of "Death and the Maiden," the foundation song of the Schubert variations. This rich volume of sound was not due entirely to the full Schubertian harmony following the thinness of Mozart's instrumentation, but was due to the precision in attack and the power and feeling of the players.

Altogether the evening was most instructive to those who attended and not devoid of much true musical pleasure. The men themselves, it is worthy of note, belong in manner and appearance to the highest class of musicians, and it is very evident that their ambition will cause them to render the best of services to America. They are all Germans; and this fact adds new testimony to the statement frequently made, though often criticised, that the Germans are our best interpreters of chamber music.

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Is the English a Musical Language?

By A. J. GOODRICH.

No. II.

THE careless, reprehensible habit which the majority of vocalists have of sacrificing the words to a song is undoubtedly attributable to our too common indifference with regard to the proprieties of speech in general and pronunciation in particular. To what extent these matters are neglected by our schools I need not say. But I cannot forbear from recording a protest against the methods employed by the major portion of elocution teachers. It may be true that their patrons are ambitious for their children to "speak a piece," rather than pronounce the language correctly. But this is merely a culprit's excuse.

The various elements of our modern language, designated with regard to their sound and mode of production, as laryngeal, lingual, palatal, labial, nasal, dental, guttural and aspirate, should be mastered by means of judicious oral exercises. The vowels, diphthongs, consonants, digraphs and sibilants which enter into the composition of words require necessarily the exercise of those functions which give name and sound to the elements enumerated. But these fundamental matters are evidently not considered by the average teacher of elocution, whose principal "stock in trade" consists in accent, inflection and modulation. The pupil's voice is practiced (not cultivated) in its extreme limits of height and depth, and then comes the selection to be recited or declaimed. This is usually of a dramatic, pathetic or tragic character (frequently requiring a Booth or a Salvini), though occasionally varied by a descriptive or ventriloquial effusion.

These misdirected efforts only "make the unskillful laugh and the judicious grieve." Should you ask one of these innocents to read the news summary in your morning or evening paper you might be tempted to imagine that total annihilation is to be the immediate fate of this world, for their style of declamation is never sufficiently dispassionate to permit a monotone, even in reading simple prose.

It seems to me very unfortunate that students of singing are not generally required to pursue a course in orthophony. It really is an essential part of good singing and contributes to the charm of a simple ballad almost as much as it does to the effectiveness of a dramatic cavatina. While it is true that orthophony ought to precede singing voice culture, and that they are distinct acquirements, yet the fact remains that speech and song are correlative. The former is complementary to the latter. Therefore when no teacher of diction can be found (as frequently happens in this arid vast country of ours) it is plainly the singing teacher's duty to supply this deficiency. The ideal ship captain is one who can, in an emergency, splice a bowline or man a yardarm; and the most capable singing teacher is he who understands orthophony, as well as music and voice production.

This is made especially necessary by the neglect of proper articulation and enunciation in our schools. Perhaps exception will be taken to this statement, but it is intended only to be of general application, and no intelligent observer can doubt that mispronunciation and indistinct articulation form the rule rather than the exception. And this fault is not confined to the Great Republic. Frequently have I heard German-Americans (who were musically educated in the Prussian capital) speak of *Bur-lin*, and among American students this error is very common.

Many English words beginning with *er* or *ir* are similarly mispronounced. For example, nearly everyone says *pur-fect*, yet that is wholly unjustifiable. This sin of commission is owing to ignorance or to a misconception of the etymology of the word. But the sins of omission,

which result from indistinct enunciation, are much more common and prejudicial. "Yeast" is a fair example. Ordinarily we would be in doubt as to whether the speaker referred to a chemical ferment or to one of the cardinal points of a compass.

This eliminating of lingual, dental and palatal elements is, for obvious reasons, more common in song than in speech. But in either case the utterance is more or less unintelligible. It is like baby babble: the meaning must be conjectured. In the same catalogue may be included that well-known catarrhal refrain: "Cub getle sprig."

Certain words which are used in a dual capacity, as nouns and as adjectives, present slight difficulties in the way of proper pronunciation. But this is a matter of accent or inflection, rather than of articulation, and if our apprehension of the word be correct the main difficulty disappears. In the case of dissyllables the recognized rule is easily remembered and easily applied: The accent is placed on the first syllable in nouns and on the second syllable in adjectives. "Compact," "instinct," "minute" are examples. There are also a number of words which admit a different, and generally a more euphonious, pronunciation in poetry than in prose. For instance, "wind." The secondary, short sound of the vowel in this word is very unfavorable to vocal tone, and even in reading it seems to me objectionable. Whereas the word can be made more harmonious by giving the long sound to *i*, thus gaining more resonance for the tone. And if the word be sustained by means of a long note the singer may employ as a vocal basis the open vowel sound *a*, using the long *i* merely as a vanish. This was illustrated in Part I. of this dissertation. (See the example in notation, *MUSICAL COURIER*, November 24.)

The words of that famous Matthison-Beethoven song, "Adelaide," are, in Dwight's translation, extremely musical and poetic:

In the fields of the stars, too,
Gleams thine image, A-de-lä-i-da.

There is no occasion anywhere in the song for a harsh or unmusical tone, though in several instances the consonants are to be joined to the vowels very discreetly, and a few of the oral elements should be slightly modified, as already explained. In the second part (*allegro molto*) the words should be enunciated with more distinctness and energy than in the slow movement. And it may be stated as a general principle that songs in the cantabile style require a smoother treatment of the consonants than do lively, animated movements. For example, in singing "The Dark Eye," by Robert Franz, it would not be proper to articulate the separate syllables with the same amount of distinctive effort as in Schubert's "Erl King." Similarly in Beethoven's great aria, "Ah, Perfido," the allegro movements are to be disclaimed very broadly and distinctly; but in the adagio passages the words become secondary to the music, and the articulation is more or less subdued.

Apart from the recitativo, which is more oratorical than musical, the narrative ballad (as I have termed it in "The Art of Song") calls for the most plain, speech-like enunciation. In this class of song the words outweigh all other considerations, particularly when some short story or narrative is unfolded by the text. The melody represents merely the natural vocal inflections, or serves as a vehicle for conveying the words to the listener. Musical tone gives to the voice a certain sonorous quality much more penetrating than the speaking voice. Otherwise there would be no object in singing a motto song or a narrative ballad, because the character of the verses does not require musical treatment.

Therefore the words should "trip lightly on the tongue," with the utmost distinctness of enunciation and pronunciation. Every syllable must be well defined and clearly articulated, as in declamatory speech. The value of certain notes may be shortened or lengthened to suit the text,

though the musical movement should not be materially interfered with. This requires, necessarily, some knowledge of measure, rhythm and movement on the part of the singer. The words, however, must be very prominent and the interpreter should be influenced and governed by these, rather than by purely musical considerations.

The first ballad of the Mikado in Sullivan's operetta of that name is a very apt illustration, and it is a singular fact that comedians like De Wolf Hopper (trained to speak rather than to sing) interpret these narrative ballads and motto songs much more effectively than do professional vocalists. This affords another proof of my oft-repeated statement that orthophony is too much neglected by singers of the present time. They vocalize daily upon scales, chords and etudes, and the more conscientious class endeavor to penetrate the musical phraseology of their songs, but it is very rare that vocalists give evidence of having mastered the elements of the language in which they speak and sing most readily.

The truth is that certain organs (the lips, tongue and palate, for instance) remain in a state of dormancy, and while this condition prevails it is quite impossible to give the proper effect to words either in song or in speech. The only outward test as to the degree of distinctness required in articulating the words of a narrative ballad is to imagine oneself in a moderate sized concert hall comfortably filled with auditors. If every word can be readily understood by every member of the audience, then the singer may know that this particular part of his task has been successfully accomplished. Expressive accents and correct pronunciation (which necessarily includes the articulated elements) must be referred to good taste and sound judgment.

The fact that English is a somewhat polyglot language renders it more difficult to the speaker, and especially to the writer who aims at plain, correct phraseology. The large percentage of foreign words incorporated into English increases considerably the scope and power of our language, and yet these alien elements have a tendency to obscure certain characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. But as an American, living in a cosmopolitan city, I am strongly inclined to welcome these strangers from distant climes, particularly when they are euphonious and promise to become useful members of our society of words. But to me it seems unfortunate that our people naturally attempt to anglicize a borrowed word as soon as it is introduced into English.

I have a twofold objection to this custom. First, it destroys the characteristic idiom of the word and renders it unfamiliar to the native from whose tongue it was derived. Second, the word or compound usually loses in euphony when its pronunciation is changed according to the primary sound of our English novels. For instance, the name San Juan. In Spanish or Portuguese this is soft and musical, whereas San Ju-an is very inharmonious. The original is essentially Spanish, and in my opinion it should be pronounced accordingly—that is to say, correctly. If not, let us be consistent and say Saint John, for that is good English.

That liberty-seeking, oppression-cursed island which is now engaging the attention of foreign and American diplomats affords another example of English mispronunciation. The natives say, "Koo-bä," thus eliminating our long, palatal sound, *cu*, and making the second syllable also more euphonious.

The Italian compound "violin-cello" affords a remarkable example of divided opinion among orthoepists. Worcester and Cull give it a quasi-Italian sound; Walker, Knowles, Smart and Cooley spell it phonetically correct; Webster says, "sello," or "chello;" and Perry tries to anglicize the entire compound, giving the long, nasal sound to *i*. As the word is clearly Italian it would seem that we should speak it as they do in Italy; or use an English equivalent, such as bass-fiddle, or knee-viol—since

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If not already, we are rapidly becoming, a composite race. Irish, Scotch, Welsh, German, Scandinavian, French, Dutch, Italian, Bohemian, Polish, Hungarian, Russian, Greek, American and African form constituent elements of our population. The Turks, Arabs and Mongols might be included, though as a matter of fact Orientals and Occidentals seldom coalesce. Our large cities are, however, essentially cosmopolitan. In the Southern States the influence of negro dialect is plainly discernible in such contractions and corruptions as do for door, sah for sir, ole for old, massa or marsa for master, and so on.

Our former association and communication with the aborigines gave us a number of desirable words from the Indian tongue, and the former predominance of Spanish authority and custom in the New World has likewise produced a marked influence upon our language. The continuous situation of Mexico, and the comparative proximity of Cuba, Puerto Rico, San Domingo, the Central and South American republics, tend to preserve the soft harmoniousness and liquid euphony of a considerable class of geographical and proper names derived from the Aztecs, Portuguese and Spaniards. In the West and Southwest nearly everyone speaks correctly such names as Albuquerque, San José, La Junta. Fortunately very few have attempted to pronounce the word Chihuahua according to English standards, though such places as Santa Fé are frequently miscalled.

In consideration of these facts and circumstances relating to the polyglot character and tendency of our method of expressing ideas, it seems to me undesirable to anglicize all borrowed words. Entre nous, for example, is very well understood in all polite society and the French pronunciation is soft and agreeable. But if we attempt to anglicize these words we destroy their idiomatic euphony and render them unintelligible to a Frenchman.

Therefore would I like to know that we have a composite American language, suited to our manifold and almost universal constituency? Law and justice and truth are cosmical in their origin, if not in their application; why may not our language also become universal or cosmic in its construction and character? Perhaps the scope of our vocabulary is already sufficiently extensive and difficult of acquirement, but with regard to ontology, the gain in harmoniousness of expression would be considerable, especially to vocal music.

H. Lucius Chase.—H. Lucius Chase will sing the baritone part in "Odysseus" for the Cecelia Club in Boston on Thursday evening.

Chaminade Evening.—Mr. and Mrs. Cornell M. Keeler gave a Chaminade evening at Des Moines, Ia., on November 16 with this program:

Duet, voices, Betrothed.
Mr. and Mrs. Keeler.
Trio, op. 2.
Mrs. Nelson, Messrs. Gerberich and Heighon.
Songs—
Dreams.
Ritournelle.
Miss Aikman.
Duet, piano, Pas des Cymbales, op. 36, No. 2.
Mrs. Davis and Miss Robinson.
Song, A Song of Faith.
Mr. Keeler.
Piano—
Autumn, op. 36, No. 2.
Valse Caprice, op. 33.
Mrs. Nelson.
Quintet, Evening Prayer in Brittany, Angelus.
Miss Aikman, Mrs. Keeler, Miss Laird, Mrs. Scholtz and Mrs. Cook.



1933 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., November 20, 1897.

IN the notice of Mr. Miller's lecture on the Boston Symphony program I made an adverse criticism on the playing of Mrs. Van Gelder in the Brahms overture arranged for eight hands. Mr. Van Gelder, her husband, and a violinist of no mean ability, and whom, by the way, I did not see in the audience, seems to object to the criticism. Now I cannot very well "correct" the former statement, as Mr. Van Gelder wishes me to do, because I still believe it to be true, being well acquainted with the syncopations in the overture.

It is my impression that public performers of all classes put themselves forward, as it were, for public appreciation; that they make a stand for gain or glory, and if they get both are duly thankful; if they get also a timely touch on a weak spot that they may make up their minds to stand up and take it like little tin soldiers. I have heard great players blunder. Napoleon made one mistake and even Homer nodded. We cannot all be perfect.

Last week the chorus at the Baptist Temple, under David Wood, gave the "Elijah." Madame Suelke, soprano; Mrs. Grove, alto; Leonard Auty, of New York, tenor, and Charles Graf, bass, were the chief soloists, with Mr. Gilchrist as conductor and an orchestra made up of local musicians.

Notable in this concert, as in all the work of the Temple leaders, was their sublime independence of the so-called fashionable set. Mr. Wood trained his chorus, the managers advertised and the large church was filled—but not with the "South Side" people. Indeed, I doubt if three of them knew that an excellent performance of one of the noblest oratorios was being given on the North Side. None the less was the concert a success, which is more noteworthy because so few enterprises of a musical nature succeed in this city unless they are mothered by some of the fashionable ladies of "society." Good as this custom is, yet the support of the public would be better if the public would learn to support the right things. The day of the dependence of music on a lord patron—a modern Prince Esterhazy—ought to have passed away.

But speaking of "The Elijah": The chorus was most satisfactory, especially in pitch and in confidence of attack, though there might have been greater excellence in shading. There was not one passage given strictly piano during the whole evening. The orchestra was quite adequate to the occasion, with the exception of the trombones, which were too loud and a trifle slow. The solos were also well done throughout. Mr. Graf's voice, which is naturally strong and rich, would not, I think, have become hoarse, even from the large demands of the Elijah part, if he had been more reserved with it in the early part of the performance. On the whole, it was a

most praiseworthy achievement, in which special credit is due Mr. Wood for his careful and thorough work.

Madame Sembrich sang before a small audience on Wednesday evening at the Academy of Music. Perhaps the postponement of the concert from Tuesday was responsible for the size of the audience. But the fact remains that Philadelphia has let a great singer come and go without due appreciation. Those who were there were enthusiastic in their applause. It is a pity, too, for such opportunities are not too often given. William Lavin and Mr. Carbone were the assistants of Madame Sembrich.

For Madame Sembrich herself there is nothing but praise and gratitude. Her singing was brilliant, effective, sympathetic, charming. The selections were "Casta Diva" and aria from "Norma," aria from "Somnambula," two German lieder, the Marie Antoinette song, in French, and Ardit's waltz song, "Parla," with two or three encores.

Minton Pyne gave an organ recital on the new organ in the Church of Our Saviour at Jenkintown last week. The program was of a high order, including Bach, Weber, Guilman, Gluck and a festival march by Mr. Pyne, which has not yet been published.

A few gentlemen have effected an arrangement with the Kneisel Quartet to give a series of four concerts in Philadelphia, beginning December 20. These efforts are certainly laudable, but why do they not use them also to help on our own Beethoven String Quartet?

The Manuscript Society gave a concert last Wednesday evening. Mrs. Zimmerman, who is always a welcome singer in Philadelphia, was one of the soloists of the evening. A sonata for violoncello, by the late Michael Cross, was played by Mrs. Van Gelder and Mr. Hennig.

There are rumors of dissensions among church choirs which are anything but edifying. Why cannot our church music be placed on a dignified, artistic and, above all, peaceable footing, such as would remove the possibility of envy, strife and malice? The trouble is that there are too few choir leaders; those that hold that position, in many cases, know no more than the singers themselves and have no training for the work. M. FLETCHER.

Henschel Program.—The concert of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel in Chickering Hall to-morrow evening is sure to be interesting, judging from the following program:

Duet from Giannina e Bernadone.....Cimarosa
Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.
Sacred song, Wait Thou Still (1630).....T. W. Franck
Serenata from Agrippina.....Händel
Aria from Almira.....
Mr. Henschel.
Canzonet, My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair.....Haydn
Songs—
Nymphs and Shepherds.....Purcell
Where Be Going.....Old Cornish
Mrs. Henschel.
Cantata, Vittoria.....Carissimi
Song, Wohin.....Schubert
Romance, So Willst Du Des Armen.....Brahms
Mr. Henschel.
Die Loreley.....Liszt
Der Nussbaum.....Schumann
Tausendstern, op. 36, No. 8 (new).....Henschel
Mrs. Henschel.
Duet, Oh, That We Two Were Maying.....Henschel
Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.
Song, Auferstehn (Resurrection), op. 57, No. 3.....Henschel
Ballads—
The Ruined Mill.....Loewe
Henry the Fowler.....
Mr. Henschel.
Songs—
Midi Au Village.....Goring-Thomas
Margoton.....Old French
Spring.....Mrs. Henschel.
Duet from De Nouveau Seigneur de Village.....Boieldieu
Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.



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Wagner Museum at Eisenach.

BY ERICH KLOSS.

IN the exhibition of the objects contained in the Wagner Museum chronology plays an important part. The twelve rooms, seven of which are open to the public, contain memorials of the master from childhood to death, that is from Leipsic to Bayreuth.

A complete pilgrimage through the rooms we will not undertake here, as the space at our disposal imperatively demands a selection of what is essential without regard to the chronological principle.

The large number of busts and portraits of Wagner is not surprising. In the very first room we are struck by the bust, larger than life, a masterpiece of our sculptor Donndorf. In the various portraits we can trace how the sharp, angular lineaments of the stormy art revolutionist became milder and rounder in the course of time, until the countenance in age assumes the expression of sublime peace, of purified genius, of remoteness from all earthly trouble. This is most clearly shown in the well-known last sketch of Adolf Gross. The revolutionary artist has become the artistic reformer. *Per aspera ad astra.*

To the expression of these illuminated and contented features it was not only the final attainment of his artistic views that contributed, but, assuredly, also the contented happiness which he felt in the long absent and warmly desired good fortune of having found a congenial partner in life. With Franz Liszt, there are only two persons of the same epoch-making importance in Wagner's life-evolution, namely, King Ludwig and Cosima. In her the master found his specially destined spiritual companion, after he had, for decades with patience and fortitude, but always with an ever bleeding wound of unstill longing, borne in his heart the fetters of a marriage contracted too early and without reflection.

Wagner's first wife is represented in two pictures in the first room. She was Wilhelmina Planer, an admirable woman, against whose thoroughly satisfactory qualities as a housewife no one who has any knowledge of the inner side of the marriage can say anything. As I looked at the portraits I could not but remember the words of Heinrich Heine:

Du, du! Hebstest die Chausseen
In der Liebe—und ich schau'
Dich am Arm des Gatten gehen
Eine bied're, brave Frau.

Heine students will excuse the various reading in the concluding line.

Particular interest centres on the simple piano on which the young Wagner received instruction from Weinlig. It is a square instrument; common at that time. Above it hangs a rare portrait of the master's mother.

The most valuable object of the famous "Rienzi" score, for which 20,000 marks have been offered. Numerous other manuscripts in Wagner's hand, both musical and literary, are placed in many shelves and boxes, and a baton with which he directed concerts at Vienna at the beginning of the seventies is to be found here. It is with emotion that we see another similar object: it is the simple short penholder with which the master wrote the greater part of the "Nibelungen Ring." The famous warrant issued against the then Royal Saxon Court capellmeister is also preserved in the museum.

The striking figure of the great musician Franz Liszt

becomes living to us when we examine the various statues, busts and manuscripts which tell his life's history. There are many manuscripts by him; there are portraits and relief of the Princess Wittgenstein and the Countess d'Agoult, the mother of Cosima Wagner. Franz Liszt's mother is represented by a small portrait. The Düll bust of King Ludwig of Bavaria, of which the original stands before the house of Wahnfried, adorns one of the side niches in the Liszt room. Among other objects the autographs of the unfortunate King of Bavaria during his last years cannot be looked on without emotion.

In the Bayreuth sphere we find a reproduction of the Holy Grail. Numerous colored sketches for the "Nibelungen Ring," with manuscript remarks by Wagner himself, awake our recollections of the first festival of 1876, and representations of "Parsifal" of the first "Parsifal" year, 1882. Here lie, too, the guarantees of the patrons (patronatscheine), and a heap of material from that laborious time of preparation before the beginning of the first festival, correspondence with artists, building plans, &c. Even Wilhelm Tappert's interesting "Wagner-Schimpf Worterbuch" is found here as an amusing monument of "the disgrace of our times." Tappert himself is represented together with a large circle of famous Wagner critics and commentators, such as Glasenapp, Wolzogen, Heinrich von Stein; even Julius Hey and the late Dr. Wilhelm Langhaus are not absent.

A number of portraits of the artists who have sung and worked at Bayreuth is here displayed, and awake many pleasing recollections to Bayreuth habitués.

The museum contains two death masks, one of the master himself, the other of the famous first Tristan, Schnorr von Carolsfeld. A bronze cast of the master's hand and a plaster cast of the hand of his friend King Ludwig must be looked on with sorrow.

On the ceiling of this Bayreuth room is that celebrated Sgraffito design by Prof. Robert Krause, of Dresden, which, later, in a different form was to adorn the main front of Wahnfried. As is known it represents Wotan, with the muses of Tragedy and Song. The features of the three when examined closely are those of Franz Liszt, Schröder-Devoriant and Cosima with her son Siegfried.

A peculiar and very characteristic document recalls the memorable August 13, 1876, the first day of the first "Rheingold" performance in the Bayreuth festival house. It consists of Wagner's last directions to the artists, in monologue, to preserve an unconstrained attitude, and a warning which will especially interest the readers of these lines "to sing the little notes very clearly, the great ones will come of themselves," and finally "a request" of the master who was so gratefully dependent on his artists: "Be good to me, dear friends."

It need not be said that the museum holds a large collection of pictures of the theatres in which Wagner's works were first performed, as well as the first theatre bills, the concert programs, Bayreuth curios of all kinds, such as wine tickets, &c., in abundance. The last piece is the magnificent library of the collected Wagner literature which naturally is continually increased. An idea of the extent of the museum may be formed when we remark that up to the present four volumes of catalogues, altogether 1,476 printed pages are issued, while the uncatalogued part comprises a nearly equal number of objects. Perhaps a separate department will be erected in the museum for the misfortunes which Wahnfried has occasionally caused to certain musical reporters and interviewers.

A Correction from Madame Moriani.

BRUSSELS, October 22, 1897.

Editors The Musical Courier:

HAVING learned that certain Americans who took a few lessons with me either in Brussels or America last year make use of my name in giving singing lessons, I beg that you will kindly inform your readers that I recognize no one in the United States (for the present at least) sufficiently well fitted to teach my method.

It is very evident that a good counsel may help to save a voice that is being ruined, but this does not constitute a professor. If such were the case it would be really too easy, as anyone could call themselves professors, merely having learned by heart the principles of such a method.

My pupil, Mlle. Alice Verlet, is the only one in the United States who can give consultations and lessons according to my ideas with sure profit and good results for the pupils who go to her, as she has the necessary experience, having followed my classes for four years where she has developed and perfected her judgment by listening to the other pupils as well as studying the style necessary for the acceptable and truly artistic interpretation of the various sorts and schools of music.

I take advantage of this occasion and the wide circulation of your paper to tell you that among my other representatives are Mlle. Francine Gherlsen, Mlle. de Merville and Julia Gaudy (in Brussels), Miss Millicent Vyoyan, at the Midland Institute (Birmingham, England), the Misses Florence and Bertha Salter and Miss Rosie Hammacott (London), Mme. Hellé (Paris), Mme. Hennion (St. Pol, Brazil). Believe me,

Yours truly, MORIANI.

Circulars and Pamphlets.

THE artistic cuts, half-tones and reproductions of the photographs and portraits published in this paper are known to the whole musical profession. These are printed, together with this paper, by the Blumenberg Press, 214 William street, which is prepared to print the most artistic kind of circulars and pamphlets and catalogues for musicians or others.

The Blumenberg Press has a large line of samples and specimens of its work, which can be submitted as evidence of the artistic finish of its productions, besides offering every week THE MUSICAL COURIER as the best evidence of rapid newspaper production, typographically as perfect and beautiful as anything in its line in the world—in fact, superior to the great majority of weekly or magazine publications. All questions on printing cheerfully answered in detail.

Miss Shay's Engagement.—Besides playing at the Sembrich Sunday night concert, in Carnegie Hall, December 5, where we shall hear the young artist in Saint-Saëns' G minor concerto, Miss Jessie Shay will play the following program at her own concert in Carnegie Lyceum, December 8, with Sam Franko directing the orchestral numbers and accompaniments:

Overture, Euryanthe.....	Waber
Concerto, op. 38.....	Schytte
Intermezzo, from Ballet Suite.....	H. K. Hadley
Vogel als Prophet.....	Schumann
Nocturne.....	Chopin
Etude de Concert.....	Liszt
Polish Fantaisie.....	Paderewski

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Department of Art Piano Case Work.



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NOVEMBER 18,
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WAY & SONS.

THE columns of THE MUSICAL COURIER have of late contained several notices of the fully organized department of decorated case work, more properly art case work, established by Steinway & Sons in connection with their manufactory. The present article will present the subject in greater detail.

A decorated piano case is merely one on which ornamentation has been placed; whereas an artistic case is one which fulfills the laws of art, that is to say of beauty. Decorated cases are plenty and vulgar. Artistic cases are almost as rare as the incarnations of Buddha.

Decoration is an art as old as music, as various in its phases of nationality, as logical in its development, as rigorous in its historical requirements. It is not a haphazard assemblage of colors and symbols, pleasing in themselves, but hopelessly at war with each other in the ideas uniformly associated with them, if from no other cause. Good decoration is always created, never constructed. The very first law of decoration is that, while you may ornament construction, you may never construct ornament. A truly decorative object is a creation of art, that is an organism, every part of it developed from one germ of beauty, just as the stem, leaf, flower and fruit of a plant are developed from one seed, or, to be precise, all the various parts of a plant are but modifications of its leaf. A constructed ornament is meaningless, soulless, dead. Such compositions are worse than reprehensible; they are banal.

As piano makers, Steinway & Sons have never stooped to the constructive phase of their business. Their piano is the body which they have created for a tone, for what Joseffy has characterized as "The Steinway tone." In fact, this ideal quality of sound, which has had possession of the imagination and conscience of the House of Steinway for more than half a century, has created its own body.

For of the soul
The body form doth take,
For soul is form
And doth the body make.

Such bodily investment of an ideal is art in its highest sense. Never in the history of the house has a piano "good enough to sell" passed the door of its factory. The purchasers of Steinway pianos have uniformly acquired instruments the details of whose construction represented a degree of patient skill—more, of magnificent scientific research utterly beyond the conception of the public, or even the great body of musicians. Steinway pianos have become the "standard of the world," because their makers have been above the world in their own standard, and in their self-exaction.

With the opening of the question of art decoration the same spirit has informed and actuated the house. Its art shall be sincere, the details of its decoration historically accurate, and the results not desultory but organic.

The question of decorative art is not new to the musical instrument maker; the art of decoration itself may almost be said to have come into existence with that of musical instrument making, so habitually were the most primitive instruments, even those of prehistoric man enriched with it. To seek a nearer epoch, Rossi, Taskin, the Ruckers have all left spinets and clavichords the beauty of which has preserved them long after their music became extinct—marvels of marquetry and goldsmiths' work.

The present epoch of creative decoration opens a greater opportunity to the great piano makers of to-day. Never was the field wider: a new era of American sculpture dawning; a new school of American decorative artists endowing public libraries and halls with lasting works of genius; a vast public wealth awakened to its duty and privilege in the patronage of

art; a public taste cognizant and appreciative of the æsthetic products and handicrafts of every nation and age; a new impulse of art life thrilling every form of applied art. To-day offers the opportunity to create an era of beauty and charm greater and nobler than anything that has gone before. For, best of all, public patronage is sure, and beauty is in demand; whereas in old times princes were fickle friends. *Fama* and *fames*, as has often been quoted, have a dangerous similarity of root, but to-day fame is well fed, and it is the world that hungers for beauty.

Therefore Steinway & Sons can well afford to make for democratic America piano cases such as only crowns and coronets could once aspire to.

The art department of Steinway & Sons comprises, as has already been intimated in these pages, a complete organization. It will hereafter be a permanent and prominent section of their business, independent of the sporadic and occasional patronage which this house has always received from connoisseurs, whose tastes and liberality were far in advance of their time. It is the intention of the house to keep in stock a liberal selection of art pianos for the regular custom which demands them; and to make each of these instruments an original and unique creation. No piano will ever be duplicated except by the consent of the owner, and the great variety thus made necessary will be wisely used as a means to stimulate American talent and American decorative art. The widest possible choice of means of decoration is contemplated. Original designs and paintings signed by the artists, the finest hand carving, the most skillful marquetry and buhl will be employed.

Every art case made by Steinway & Sons is first carefully modeled in clay before the actual work is undertaken. In the preparation of the designs the best and most famous talent in the land is resorted to. The



WAGNER PIANO, DECORATED BY STEINWAY & SONS.

corps of men in constant employment is very large. The department is fully able to carry forward fifty pianos simultaneously.

The great experience of the manufacturing department of Steinway & Sons makes it able to cope successfully with every problem of construction offered by the exigencies of architectural design and ornamentation. For the first time in the history of American decorative art, cases are now made which no European artists have excelled and few have equaled. We

should add that this American work is adapted to the climate, and will endure, whereas neither wood, gesso nor marquetry made in Europe can withstand our alternations of dry and damp. The spectacle of the cracked piano lids, defaced carvings and blurred colors, which so soon spoiled the enormously expensive cases which Steinway & Sons' patrons have occasionally had decorated abroad, was the potent agent in inducing Mr. Stetson to initiate the practical decoration of Steinway pianos under his own supervision. The quick public response to his undertaking induced

days under the name of "conceits"—delicate fancies, graceful, if sometimes far-fetched, around which played the quaint and melodious verse of the poet; for instance:

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose,
For in your beauties' Orient deep
These flowers as in their causes sleep.

And in this school of decoration the embellishments really do sleep in their causes—the artists' conceits from which they spring.

The second upright piano (Fig. 2) which we illustrate belongs to a later time; it is a spirited and graceful rococo of the period of Louis XV. The abuses of decorators have brought this lovely epoch and style of art into disrepute. The name, contracted from *rocaille coquille*, the rock and shell ornamentation it so often exhibits, is misleading. No collection of ornaments and symbols makes a style or epoch of art. In the present design are assembled, to be sure, a large number of symbols frequent in the decoration of this period—the bow and quiver of arrows, the Cupid with a torch, the shell which is the key of the oval panel in front, and the foliated scrolls, detached, yet symmetrical with the general lines of the ornament. But these are matters which abounded in the needlework and tapestry of the preceding century. The degeneracy charged to the epoch of rococo in fact arose from the adaptation to hard materials of the embellishments proper to soft ones. The fret, which fills the triangular panels made by the lower endive scrolls at the side, is Oriental in its origin; and, in fact, if we seek the ultimate source of the whole spirit which inspired the phantasmagoria of ornamentation characteristic of the period, we shall find it in the East, making itself felt first in song and dance and poem, then expressing itself in the arts of needlework, tapestry and painting, and finally affecting furniture and architecture. Of all the tests of the spirit that underlies the life of a nation or generation—taste which finds its most unconscious expression in furniture is perhaps the most delicate.

One hardly needs the *peint par François Boucher*.
All the sham life comes back again; one sees
Alcoves, Ruelles, the Lever and the Couches,
Patches and ruffles, Roués and Marquises;
The little great and infinite small thing
That ruled the hour when Louis Quinze was king.
But Boucher was a grasshopper, and painted
Rose water Raphael, *en couleur de rose*,
The crowned Caprice whose sceptre, nowise sainted,
Swayed the light realm of ballets and bon-mots,
Ruled the dim boudoir's demi-jour or drove
Pink ribboned flocks through some pink flowered grove.

In short the spirit—airy, graceful, intangible, mocking—which inspired the reign of Louis Quinze, dictated every symbolic ornament of its art,



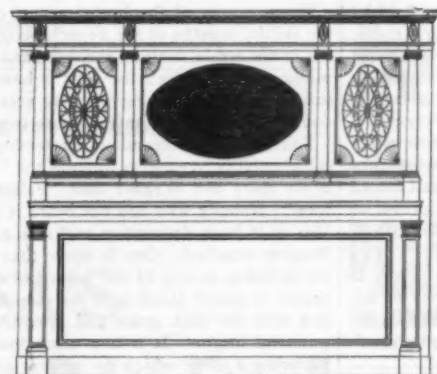
FRONT VIEW OF WAGNER PIANO DECORATED BY STEINWAY & SONS.

the introduction in the factory of special architectural case work. No other house could have essayed, with equal security and absolute perfection of result, a class of art work which has heretofore been supposed to be the exclusive specialty of Italy and France. The foresight and business instinct which prompted Steinway & Sons to their new departure have but anticipated the edict of fashion. The late sale of fourteen decorated pianos to the Astoria Hotel, thirteen of which, none duplicated, were from the regular stock of the department, while the fourteenth, an exquisite hand carved Flemish oak, was made to order from the designs of the department by the regular corps of workmen constantly employed on this class of work, is sufficiently significant.

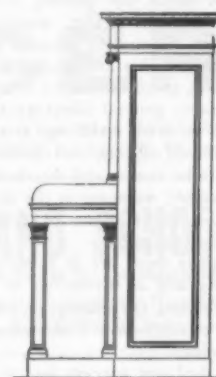
In the present paper Steinway & Sons present to public consideration a set of plates of three piano cases produced by their own artists, in three definite and well marked styles, each a model of its kind. Chronologically the Gothic upright (Fig. 1) of course comes first, and the design under consideration is a very beautiful specimen of the style. The lines of this piano, very simple and noble, spring from the natural construction of the instrument itself. Readers interested in old Gothic carving will find a Nuremberg piano of rich design in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The present design is not an imitation of such German work. It is an application of those principles of beauty which underlie Gothic art, while a certain elegance and clarity in the effect is inspired by the spirit of our own time. The exquisite screen, with its variously carved panels, affords an opportunity for the introduction of color behind the grille, or the background may be gilded, as was the custom in the earliest development of Gothic furniture. The escutcheons bear the names of the princes of music. The angelic figures (the piano is designed for a chapel or oratory) may be replaced by bearers secular in nature, of the same period, for a Gothic music room, or library. The instrument is of oak, rubbed with oil, not polished.

To the Gothic period should also be referred the general ornamentation of the Wagner grand piano figured in the text, and now on exhibition in Steinway Hall. This piano exhibits a very modern treatment, since the design in rich browns and dull reds is made in stain on the natural wood, and the delightful green background is accomplished by the same process. The cartoons representing scenes in Wagner's operas are original with the artist, whose germinal intention is to give a "feeling" of the green waves of the Rhine flowing about and bearing up the ornamentation. Hence the dolphins and dragons prominent in the scheme.

The original idea from which this class of ornamentation is derived belongs to a class of poetical material which used to pass in Elizabethan



DESIGN FOR A COLONIAL PIANO—FRONT AND SIDE VIEW. COPYRIGHT DECEMBER 1, 1897, BY STEINWAY & SONS.



traced every line and curve. To make a true rococo piano the designer must possess the lightness, the laughing spirit, the easy touch, the frivolous concept of things that a nobler age created nobly, and yet he must never for a moment lose the dignity of high bred ease that informed an art created in kings' palaces for a race of courtiers. High bred gaiety is a very difficult thing to acquire.

Hard, hard, hard is it not to tumble,
So fantastical is the dainty meter.

Alas! there is nothing so hopelessly vulgar as modern patchwork Louis XV.

decoration. The design under consideration possesses grace, dignity, and reserve, without which there can be no dignity. It is not original in the sense of offering another word in decoration, but it is logical, correct and truly beautiful.

The third plate (Fig. 3) offered in this article is one of a grand piano in the style of the Italian Renaissance. The drawing is purposely made to expose the entire plan of decoration of the instrument, and especially the spirit of the design for the carving. Those who wish to identify the epoch by its superficial features will find them in the slightly rectangular and architecural effect of the pilasters of the legs, and in the panels of the body of the instrument, formed with the simple horizontal moldings. The winged heads which, springing from the foliated scrolls, support the pilasters of the legs, though plentiful in Italian Renaissance art, cannot be safely used as the arbitrary marks of any special period of Renaissance, especially in connection with an S scroll, though they are perfectly correct; but the spirit of the scheme of decoration in its entirety is Italian and nothing else. This is particularly true of the lovely tracery which fills the panels. The outlines of this piano are equally simple, dignified and noble. This design and the one previously discussed are each one of two prepared for the immediate manufacture of Steinway & Sons.

The "Meistersingers" at Paris.

PARIS, November 14, 1897.

I cannot tell you how greatly I am astonished and delighted; delighted at the remarkable perfection displayed throughout, and astonished that a work of Wagner's, so difficult and so complicated, could be mounted in Paris with such skill, such realism, such exactitude. In the name of Madame Wagner I congratulate you.—*Verdict of Mr. von Goss, official representative of the Wagner drama.*

TO see the comedy in Paris, of course, one should have seen it in Bayreuth. Aside from the fact that the à la mode music pleasure consists in comparison and analysis, the æsthetic interest lay in observing the treatment of German conception by French expression.

The fact that the conception is universal in its touch made excellence possible, for like Shakespeare and Thackeray the "Maitres Chanteurs" is universal in its application. Those then who had not the privilege of seeing the Bayreuth production were obliged to content themselves with the original examination—perhaps a worthy one after all.

A satire so evident as to be a portrait is the "Maitres Chanteurs," a portrait of the resistance and acceptance of the Wagner drama school itself, especially applicable to France, where opinion is riveted by tradition and routine, where whatever is right is the law of life, and where the track of progress runs backward instead of forward.

The play was in the house as much as on the stage, and those who daily watch the dogged struggle of the race against innovation saw in the powerful satire a veritable mirror of the conditions of the past twenty-five musical years of France.

Walther, the exposition of the new musical development; the Maitres, the critics, stubborn, set, selfish, narrow and jealous, pushed on by fate; Beckmesser, the passé school of prima donna florature, shown up thin and false when ranged with the intellectual manipulation; shown also the embodiment of the narrow, vindictive fight for supremacy; Eva, not caring which way things turned, so long as her own selfish purposes were served; Hans Sachs, the guiding instinct of art progress, clairvoyant, large-seeing, searching, self-sacrificing, noble, modest, the first to examine and see, yet ready to give of the fruit of his knowledge and experience and to aid, to counsel, to advise, all for art, nothing for self; the crowd, the same general idiots as always and ever everywhere, good natured, wabbling, resistive, led by the nose while clamoring liberty, and proclaiming as theirs what they had to be beaten and thrashed, coaxed, trained and forced to accept; as noisy in the demonstrations of approval as in the vociferations of rejection—blatant, self-satisfied, idiotic—necessary.

Cabals there are in these successful representations as strong and as disturbing in their demonstrations of approval and ratification as were the narrow-headed members of the Jockey Club in their puny but damaging manifestations.

A brilliant success was the première indeed, but that said comparatively little for the drama's future, as the audience was composed of the convinced Wagnerians. Last evening the second representation was equally strong in numbers and enthusiasm. The general feeling is not one of incontestable and universal pleasure, as before a standard swinging rhythm and a plot of less philosophy and more sentiment, but the people are taken off their feet by the novelty; the novelties are found worthy and for the most part assez agréable, and then it is accepted this genre; it is the mode, que voulez vous.

The conduct of the audience is more of a novelty even than the play. Struck dumb by the surprises, talking is suppressed by common consent and general curiosity. The provincial claqué is stopped at its slightest attempt, movement is prevented, attention given, in fact, in point

of view of the audience the "Maitres Chanteurs" is the first satisfactory performance seen at the Opéra for years. This decency and concentration would be supremely satisfactory but for the certainty that the very people who are most angry at talking and disturbance to-day will be the most disturbing and talkative in a few weeks, for French name is inconsistency, and the race temperament does not seem capable of discovering this peculiar form of caprice.

The whole performance has more life, vitality, illusion and general conviction than is often seen here. For this, after the house, the chorus is responsible. The brilliancy, correction and vitality of this body stands out in happy relief against the habitual apathy and negligence, and shows not only what may be done with a theatrical perspective, but what a powerful bearing its treatment may have upon the other part of the representation. If this one lesson has been learned (a lesson needed everywhere as here) the "Meistersingers" has not been given in vain.

No thoughtful person could observe the work of the chorus these last two important evenings without realizing the care, intelligence and force that must have been brought to bear in the rehearsals. M. Claudius Blanc is the name of the musician on whom this responsibility rests, as chef of the chorus work. A very clever man, literary as well as musical, M. Blanc is highly esteemed in a large artistic circle outside of the opera personnel. He has written several known compositions and—rides the bicycle.

The music of the curious lyric comedy makes one think of one of the old Niblo transformation scenes, an incessant weaving of luxuriant surprises, exciting, but not bewildering. This profusion of luxuriance in constant motion never seems to lessen or fade from first to last. Melody is frequent and of large and noble line; there is an absence of the gulfs of recitative and discussion which make tedious the first hearing of other Wagner dramas, and the variety of character in the caste breaks up the monotonous drone of utterance and response which elsewhere makes one think of the Episcopal litany.

The necessity of absolute clearness of diction, which in the skillful mouths of the French becomes almost talking, the comic strain running through, and the human and familiar lines on which the play is based, prevent any approach to fatigue during the long acts, even with the discomfort of the Paris Opéra House to support.

Except in the stupendous mastership in utilizing musical possibility to express thought the "Maitres Chanteurs" is no more like Wagner than "Falstaff" is like "Trova-tore." Nobody who had not heard it could have had any idea of it from description with the preconceived idea of Wagner attached. One is more than ever astonished at the limitless facility of the wizard of sound. Musical resource is tossed about with the ease of tattle by a gossip and with the skill, grace and intention of a speech by a powerful orator. It is like using mosaic as a means of picturing a scene which the strokes of a common crayon could be made to represent.

Another feature worthy of all praise and foremost in creating the very enthusiastic reception of the work was the tactful management of the orchestra, which, from first to last, and almost without exception, left the voices free to express the verbal part of the drama. This is the first time in the knowledge of many that such has been the case at the Grand Opéra. It is safe to say that the production could have been made a comparative failure by an opposite course. The little "strike" by the soloists at rehearsal as to this matter evidently had its effect. It is sincerely to be hoped that the precedent may be adopted for other operas. In line with this the impeccable French diction of the soloists came forward in relief, and made a telling impression. At times, indeed, the illusion was created of a play being acted in prose, not lyric comedy.

This paper closes with a design of a Colonial piano now in the workmen's hands, studied from the models of the Adams and Sheraton, for the regular trade. The peculiarity of the so-called Colonial period is a certain prim delicacy brought about by the revolt of the sober temper of the time from the extravagances of the rococo and its successor, baroch. Rectangular outlines, fluted columns, sunbursts, fan corners studied from the Greek, and garlands brought over from France, constitute its dainty symbolism—exactly in harmony with the manners which would make it etiquette for a wife to address her husband in her letters as "My deare and honored Lord," with the formality which commanded that children rise to their feet at the entrance of their parents, and the mood by which gravity became raised to the dignity of a virtue.

The inlays of the true Colonial period were usually satin wood on mahogany, then first becoming plentiful. The whole style was in fact a chastened offshoot of that of Louis XVI., for the fashion of this world changeth—in France. The sunburst in open carving backed with shirred silk, which serves as the centre ornament of the present design, is a wholesome reaction from the closed panels which have been popular so long.

With all this we are, of course, in the dark as to the weight of the musical interpretation—the real facts as to tempo, rhythm, effect of the change of language, fullness of instrumentation and flavor in the action. For this, of course, we cannot rely upon French impression. It would have to come from loyal and disinterested German criticism, Hans Sachsian criticism, as it were, and this we will have probably to do without. Its value would be inestimable could it be procured.

The costumes are said to be strictly traditional, studied by a man who has passed through some 175 such experiences and who put heart and soul into the work. The designing, it appears, has been done not after the Bayreuth costuming, which in different lighting and surroundings would have been wholly different, and which might possibly also have jarred upon French taste, but from engravings in Nuremberg, Munich, &c., which the artist, Bianchini, had been studying carefully for months before application. He aimed to give each of the 200 chorists an individuality, a task which fully paid for its seriousness by its satisfaction. Eva's two costumes were blue and white and pink and white; Walther's tan and white. The whole costuming impressed with its Teutonic expression the object most to be desired.

The lute used by Renaud in his serenade was created specially for the occasion by Mr. Lyon, of Pleyel, Wolf & Cie. The watchman's horn was blown in the coulisse while the recitative "Soyez tous en vos demeurs" was given. This latter was given twice in the same fashion, although many conceived that the second should have been in sort an echo of the first. There was much difficulty in choosing a pencil which would not break in the hands of the marker who counted the faults of the singers. It seems that critics "bore down" in the sixteenth century as now.

As high as 200 francs were offered for a seat for the first night. Of course, it was an exceptional case; but it indicates the anxiety prevalent on the occasion. In general the opera seats range from 2 to 17 francs. There are boxes of six seats at 7 francs each and of four at 3 francs each or 12 for the box, which is not bad, if the location is good. But it is only a rare chance that a location is good, as the construction of the house, while artistic, is extremely impracticable. The suffering of the people in the gallery at 3 francs is wretched through long acts, such as in the "Maitres Chanteurs." In the back row the seats are so narrow that the occupants are in a half-standing position, and even then their knees are on the tops of the seats in front, and some part of the body is always asleep or in pain.

Even change of position is impossible, so closely are people seated. These are the ones, too, who read their scores and librettos; but there is no light, except the mountain of blazing chandelier in front; so that to read it the paper has to be slanted down below the knees and the body bent down over it. Heads in front interfere with even that, and turning to right or left is physically impossible. One student, kneeling on his bench, put his score up against the wall, his back to the stage and saw the play by turning his head over his shoulder once in a while.

In witnessing this intense frugality upstairs one is made to reflect upon the utmost fabulous richness of the show part of this building. People who see the Opéra House only at night have no idea of the magnificence and value of this treasure house of decoration in the foyers, stairways, antechambers, &c., as seen by day; the pillars of most rare and valuable marbles, the superb flooring, the rare panels, the mosaic ceilings, panels in mosaic, busts, chandeliers, curtains, crystals, mirrors. These things lose nothing in the daylight, they are so real and of such consummate taste in choice and arrangement.

The actual seating part of the house is but a small part in the centre. There are spacious rooms, reception, buffet,

&c., for use during the balls. The buffet is hung in rare panels and surrounded by busts. The smoking room is likewise decorated and hung, but furnished in cane seats and tables. The busts alone around the building are an art exposition representing all there has been of worth in the creative and reproductive departments of art, composers, authors, dancers, singers—splendid heads most of them—among them the unfortunate singer who lost her life during the burning of the old opera house.

There are rooms for private and ensemble rehearsals, a theatre with stage, a room for general meeting, a foyer de danse and various unoccupied rooms, all decorated and furnished in the same solid, luxurious and artistic style. The foyer de danse is an immense room, slanting toward an immense wall mirror, furnished elegantly in red plush, with portrait heads of all the famous dancers in medallion around the walls. Here is where the dancers rehearse and where they meet between the acts.

The private rooms of the artists retain the style of the building, are furnished with ordinary necessities, but the owners are at liberty to drape and ornament according to special taste. The ceilings are very high and most of them have spacious windows looking out on "the centre of Paris." The rooms of Rose Caron and of Mauri, the principal dancer, have each a special mark of appreciation from the administration wreaths of gilt and laurel with their names inside. Rose Caron's room is draped in delicate pompadour hangings, with her full length portrait, a dedicated portrait of Reyer, some pretty bronzes, divans, &c. In Mauri's room her "work dress" is hanging, a wisp of white tulle which could easily fit in the ordinary shopping bag. Her tiny pink satin slippers are darned with heavy white silk on the toes. In one evening she wears out a pair of slippers. She has been eighteen years at the Opéra, making her début as star in "Polyarte." Subra, the second dancer, affects white waists in her "work costume," scraps of fine white linen with a large openwork lace "V" reaching quite to the belt. Her favorite bronze is a cupid stealing a march on a butterfly. Heglon's room has a beautiful portrait of her beautiful self.

Carrère's room is very handsomely draped and is perfumed. Alvarez owns one of the most exquisite dressing buffets in Japanese work. On the top are his three Walther hats, something in the form of the ordinary priest's hat, in felt, green, gray and white, with long plumes and colored buckles; nearby are the historic Walther shoes, long and large with square toes, tufted, flat heels and in fine tan and white suede leather. A bronze of Mephisto and a table in mosaic are adjuncts. The candelabra in these various boudoirs are distinctive features in various styles, Japanese, pompadour, Louis XIV., &c. Mauri's lamp shades are dancers in pose.

The entire house is remarkable for its immaculate cleanliness. This is true of the cellars and back stairways, the gas meter and broom rooms, as of the white marble staircase in front. This work is done at regular intervals by detachments of men whose special work it is. The waxing of the floors alone is no small task. The washing of mirrors is another, as most of the latter are like walls or represent huge doorways. There is one in the outside foyer draped in curtains which is in constant danger of being walked into. In fact it was walked into once by a gentleman who undertook to push the "door" open with his cane! He was not obliged to pay for it. The administration called it an "accident."

The stage of the Opéra seems to be larger than the salle. The space to its ceiling is nine stories and there

are five stories underneath. Looking upward is like looking up into the masts of several vessels with the interlacing of lines and cords. It is separated from the salle by a fine wire fire netting, which is dropped every night after the performance. A surprise to every foreigner is the existence of boxes back of the curtain. These are rented as are others, one of them being the directors'. One can scarcely imagine the pleasure of looking straight out upon the stage and being shut down with the "hands" between the acts. That is more of French frugality.

Back of the stage are the horse alleys, through which the stage horses pass in making their entrances. The "cottages" of Hans Sachs and Pogner are wheeled off on one side, waiting their next appearance on Wednesday. The empty pasteboard inside of Hans Sachs' shop is little in keeping with his noble and dignified bearing, not to speak of his inspired utterances.

The system of lighting the house down in the basement is similar to Widor's organ up at St. Supplice—a huge crescent of stops and notes. The prompter's little box is a regular cabin, with leather covered seats, lights, books, &c., all beautifully clean. The queen could pass her lace handkerchief over any object anywhere and not soil it. It is kept with the care of a man-of-war vessel. There are eighteen pianos in the building and four organs.

One of the most important features of the "Maitres Chanteurs" was the libretto, translated by Alfred Ernst, an Alsatian Frenchman knowing German as well as his own language, and full of sympathy with this difficult specialty which he has made his own. He is one of the librarians at the St. Geneviève Library in Paris, situated close to the Panthéon. He commenced translation as a "pastime!" The "Walküre" was his first effort, and he says will always seem to him the most difficult one.

In his "method" of translation are some seven fixed principles, namely: Respect for the general sense, scene by scene, phrase by phrase; respect for the musical sense, intervals, rhythms, silences and even harmonic punctuations; abandon or use of rhythmic prose in place of rhyme; relation between poetical and musical accents, between the literary and melodic phrase, between thought and emotion; choice of poetic language to convey the character of thought expressed; analogy between the vocality of the original and translated text and respect for the absolute laws of French prosody. His method otherwise is extremely interesting. All the critics here write in most enthusiastic praise of the translation. It would be most interesting to hear of it from the German point of view.

It must be said that Walther preaches a dangerous doctrine in his thesis on vocal art.

"Aux grands bois, que charmaient l'oiseau j'appriis comment l'on chante."

And wisely Hans Sachs says:

"If the true art inspired him, if his knowledge is sure, what matters who was his professor?"

Also:

"To be a good marquer (critic), neither love nor hate must have to do with his opinion."

The similes brought from their occupations form an interesting part of the meistersingers discourse.

Walther asks Hans Sachs in one place: "How know you the rules belonging here?"

Sachs responds:

"Créez-la seul, puis suivez-la!"

The Russian Imperial Band in town! At the Franco-Russian Festival, to be given at the Opéra to-morrow.

Tschaikowsky, Glinka, Massenet, Gounod, Rubinstein, Dargomysky, Saint-Saëns, Lwalf, Berlioz and Lalo will be played, with the national hymns, of course. The Garde Republicaine will share the honors with the visitors.

Mme. Litvinne is to sing two engagements at the Bodinière next week, accompanied by M. Georges Street. Rêjane to play Daudet's "Sapho" at the Vaudeville in December.

Talk of reinstating the Lamoureux concert subvention, which was withdrawn at the time of the chef's retirement from the society. M. Chevillard, who has assumed charge, is son-in-law of M. Lamoureux. For music's sake it is to be hoped that the subvention will be restored. Still it must be remembered that subventions come from the taxes and that the support of the classic symphony comes in part from the bread, sugar and salt of the poor working-man, who does not know what a symphony is. This was the cause of the closing of the Scala Theatre, in Milan, on which the *Mondo Artistico* had a very good leader this week.

"Jean Gabriel Borkman" at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre.

"Martha" is not to be given at the Opéra Comique this year, after all. Miss Suzanne Adams, who was to have made her début in the opera, leaves for Italy next week.

Emma Nevada is to sing in Naples this season in "La Sonnambula," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "The Barber of Seville."

Harold Bauer was recalled eleven times in Madrid.

Mrs. Pemberton Hicks has left for London, where her sister is ill with typhoid fever.

Mrs. Carlotta Reynal, of New York, has organized a choral society in London for female voices.

When "Lohengrin" was given at the Eden Théâtre so great was the hostile disturbance created that it was obliged to be taken from the list of plays to be given.

"La Souris Blanche," music by Audran, was another première this week.

John Runkle Gallagher, of New York, is in Paris studying violin with M. White, the well-known concert violinist, who, himself a Conservatoire pupil, had charge of M. Marsick's class in that institution when the latter made his American tournée. Mr. Gallagher has made much progress, is earnest and studious, and will soon be prepared to make use of his privileges in public life.

Criticism of the "Maitres Chanteurs" occupied several columns in all the leading secular French papers, not to speak of the musical ones. Praise and narration rather than analysis form the general burden of the criticism. There is now talk of mounting "Tristan and Isolde." One reason for the great agreeableness of the opera just given is the preponderance of male voices in the cast, and the restriction of vocal effort to reasonable human effort by the two women who do take part.

Speaking of the white marble stairs of the Opéra, on the evening of the Russian Imperial fête, when descending the final portion (about the length of one of the sections of our elevated train stairways), the end of the white satin train of the Empress rested on the top step when her dainty slipper was poised over the last.

In a recent letter the paragraph ended in "*** coming upon the earth after the others, the art of music is destined to be the last religion of man," is ascribed to Gounod. The words are those of M. Hugues le Roux.

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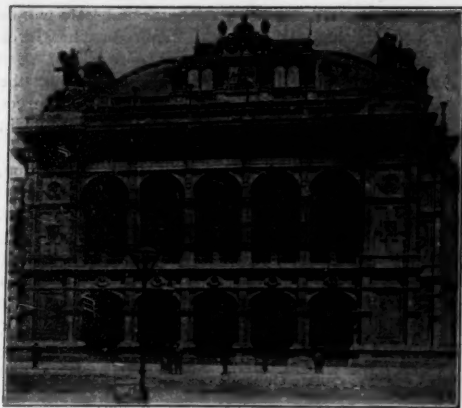
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IV. Plossgasse 8, November 4, 1897. }

Puccini's "LA BOHÈME."

TO write further of an opera which has already appeared on 125 stages in Europe with the greatest successes seems a difficult task. I presume Mr. Floersheim has already written of this himself, as I understand "La Bohème" has also visited Berlin and theatrically lived, suffered and died in the "Mansarde" of the poor poet-lover Rudolf.

Personally I must admit that the lives of the Bohemian element—the atmosphere in the Latin Quarter in Paris—do not possess great attractions for me. While I admit the faithfulness and truth with which Puccini and his librettist have depicted these scenes still I cannot say I like them simply because they are true. The extracts read from Murger's "La Vie Bohème" are more interesting than the dramatization, because through them I perceive greater prominence the subjective rather than the objective element, and more clearly and forcibly than in the dramatization of Puccini, Giacosa and Illica.

I am more interested to know why Mimi loved Rudolf and why Rudolf loved Mimi, why there was an especial harmony in their natures and how Rudolf recognizes this, than to see the objective side of it pictured to us by Naval and Madame Saville, who, although their voices are fresh, mellow, rich and silver toned, and their musical interpretation delicious, still in their acting were constantly verging on the borders of pallid sentimentalism.

The objective representation of two young girls who have with greater or less excuse crossed the terrible gulf which separates them henceforth from all honest women is not a pleasant sight. But when Murger tells us that there was in Musette's life a demand for elegance impossible for her to overcome, when he describes her as the "occasional alternation between a brougham and an omnibus—between the Via Breda and the Latin Quarter," when he says that "doubtless after her birth she must have asked for a mirror—clever and keen witted, she was suspicious of all that suggested the appearance of tyranny, her chief quality that of willful caprice;" when he adds that doubtless "Marcell was the man she really loved, because he alone knew best how to grieve and offend her;" then Musette in her vulgar overdress, her astonishing friseur and her shocking defiance of all the conventionalities disappears in the background, and Musette, with her true inwardness, is not so repulsive, but possesses for us at least the interest of piquancy.

One look at the libretto and we perceive that what music there is had to be distributed between a lively dialogue and livelier action. Before I went I was convinced that the only hope lay in the orchestral parts, and so as I had not seen the score it was with much curiosity that I

took my seat in the balcony of the Theater an der Wien and prepared myself to hear what Puccini would do with his libretto. Before the last curtain dropped I reversed the question, and then began to wonder what the libretto had done with the music.

Since writing the above the critics have all had their say, and notwithstanding that I have written from a sincere conviction, notwithstanding that the applause in the theatre was overpowering and that the whole performance might be characterized as a deafening success, I find that my opinions tally largely with those which probably would have more weight with yours than mine—namely Hanslick and the critics of the *Fremdenblatt*. One of them goes so far as to say that the libretto has not one of the attractive features of Murger's sketches. Hanslick characterizes the dialogue as banal, and the pathetic parts as sentimental. He declaims against its lack of unity, against its inconsistency, and above all against its parallel fifths! O Puccini, how you have outraged the classic authority of Vienna! How you have defied the "Harmony Lehrer" and snapped your fingers at the critics who are never so pleased as when they discover consecutive fifths! Then after long scolding Hanslick turns, and out of politeness to Puccini throws all the blame on the young school of Mascagni and the modern trend toward realism. I say trend—I should rather say demand for realism is what the modern public clamors for. But with all this protest against consecutive fifths I am so utterly lawless as to say I cannot agree—more—I will dare to say I even like Puccini's consecutive fifths even if Hanslick does say they are "haplich," "graphlich," and so on. I like them even when the trumpets blow them "marcatissimo."

In the first place Puccini has managed to give them a weird, witching kind of klang, especially when the customs officer on the borders twangs them and when the friends in the studio "betone" them to use a German word. "Life, Love, Death," "Life, Love, Death," these are what they seem to ring, and are not Life, Love and Death in more senses than a musical one parallel fifths? In the use of dissonances, in his continual change of time and metre, in his abrupt modulations Puccini has out-Mascagnied Mascagni. Hanslick goes further than the *Fremdenblatt*, which characterized it as a revolt against the parallel fifths commandment or a witty protest against the "Harmonic lehrer," and denounces it all as a coarse musical insult! I can see Puccini sitting quietly at his desk, his pockets stuffed with the morning papers and his critics behind his back—with his good natured winsomeness smiling to himself, as he says: "If the people like it, and the people will have what they like, even if it is consecutive fifths—the critics can't help themselves. They may scold and prate and preach, but dissonances, discords and parallel fifths will have their day."

Looking at still another standpoint, Puccini may have employed all his weird, not unpleasant jargon to symbolically represent the jargon in the lives as well as in the speech of the students in the Latin Quarter—a life full of all contradictory elements: want, and then plenty, and then again want. Love, discord, peace and then death—the "chase after the wild beast—the five franc thaler"; the lofty ideal and the degradation of sin; fame, ignominy, riches, poverty; life-death; truly "a happy, a terrible existence." Taking the music quite apart, there is a weird albeit uncanny charm about the clever, piquant combinations and the harmonious dissonances; a wild kind of pathos in the Bohemian savagery, and a touch of dark mystery in the problems of life and death. It is foolish to even mention Verdi or Cherubini in the same breath, for Puccini belongs to an entirely different genre.

A musician who is only a musician is not quite fitted to pass judgment on this work—I doubt not that Puccini looked a little further into the philosophy of his music and his libretto than he did in the "Harmony Lehrer" or at the critics whom he might now invite to draw an

analogy. Still, taking it all in all, it is clever, but not great. It will probably always please, and as Puccini is still young, attractive and very modest, he will have time and chance to create something greater. Naval and Madame Saville, who is a born American and a pupil of Marchesi, with a delicious voice and a musical temperament, shared with Puccini the honors of the evening. There was an ovation at the close. Puccini was called out times without number, and the stage was filled with wreaths and flowers.

DALIBOR IN THE COURT OPERA.

Visitors at Prague will be shown the old round tower from Hradchin's peak from which the tones of a famous violin hundreds of years ago enticed many a visitor within its grewsome walls and grimy dungeons. There the legend and the story tell us was imprisoned Dalibor for having laid siege to the castle and having slain the count of the castle—Count Ploschkowitz. Dalibor was tried and sentenced before King Wladislaw, who, after a long confinement in the "White Tower" of the Prague Castle, was finally beheaded.

In the libretto of Smetana's opera Dalibor has slain the count to revenge the murder of his friend Zdenko, a wonderful violinist of whom Dalibor is wont to sing long and often (too often Hanslick thinks). In the trial Milada, the sister of the murdered count, appears first as the chief complainant against the knight Dalibor—in fact as the leader and instigator of the trial. After listening to the defense of Dalibor, his eloquence, his manly beauty and his great mental suffering quickly convert the hatred of Milada into love. Like Fidelio, after pleading in vain for the release and pardon of Dalibor, she disguises herself, enters the dungeon with a violin, and makes herself known to Dalibor, who, forgetting the violin, melts with love for the faithful Milada, and the love duet between the two then follows. When the attempt to escape planned by and communicated by Milada fails, both are killed, Milada as she is fighting for Dalibor. But the curtain drops as Milada, in helmet and armor and white robe, sinks upon the cushions hastily prepared for her, and the flags and banners are thrown over her as an honorable covering for the loving maiden-warrior dead.

Mahler rejects the close which Smetana wrote, together with the text, as inartistic. In this a sudden attack is made upon Dalibor, and his death follows Milada's immediately. This sudden killing off of all interested in the scene of action is as close to the verge of the ridiculous as the sublime, and invites parody.

After sitting through the opera one is forced to exclaim: "What a pity! What a waste of beautiful music!" For the libretto is not worthy of such an "embarras de luxes" as these deliciously rich melodies, these surpassingly lovely choruses furnish us. The whole is lacking, however, in the originality the individuality and national Bohemian characteristics of "The Bartered Bride," and there is a decided mixture of Weber, Wagner and Beethoven in construction. When the music is not Smetana, which is sometimes the case, it is an imitation of one of these three.

There is very little of the true dramatic spontaneity, the spark, the fire of true dramatic instinct in the whole of it. We knew it all beforehand; an old story tamely retold, and we are not satisfied or convinced. As I was very weary with the many duties of the day I could scarcely keep awake or arouse interest in myself to follow the weary spinning out of the action. Indeed, but for the music I should have fallen asleep and have enjoyed at least a quiet nap until the close of the opera.

Hanslick finds in the work many suggestions of Weber. The construction alone is Wagnerian; the rich melody, the music per se, Smetana; some of the chorus work Beethoven, and the use and constant repetition of a short

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leit motiv more Weberish than Wagnerian by far. There is not in fact a single motiv, a single klang in the melody which furnishes even a remote suggestion of Wagner. But for the verdicts of previous hearings and examinations of this score I should not have thought or looked much of the Wagner technic in construction, so entirely non-Wagnerian is the general effect musically. I was not at the première, but Hanslick says it was listened to with "Amdacht," i. e., reverence, throughout, and this one word will picture to you graphically the characteristic feature of the music. The same effect is produced by the spiritual and religious character of the melodies and harmonies in "Der Freischütz," while the melody in itself is distinctively Smetana, although not Bohemian or national. Why Smetana took a national story partly legendary and eliminated the national element in the music remains to be explained. Nothing more dissimilar than "The Bartered Bride" can be imagined.

The only exception to be taken against the music is the frequent repetition. Smetana seems glued to certain rhythms, motives and figures like a nail to a magnet. In the song "Mein Zdenko" the same figure is repeated through fifty measures! It becomes almost exasperating at times when Dalibor, at constant recollection of his Zdenko, keeps falling into a long-sustained intoned kind of recitative. As Zdenko is long since dead and buried we almost wish he might let him rest in peace. Aside from all this, the opera is deserving of a high place from a musical standpoint, because of its sustained elevation and nobility of thought and style. The great and sustained attention it has received is indicative of this, for at every representation the house has been "ausverkauft," and it is almost impossible to secure seats even yet.

Mahler calls forth the highest praise from the critics and the press generally for this thorough and careful study and preparation; most effective is the ensemble both of the orchestra and the chorus, and the arrangement of many important details. Sedlmair's best qualities appeared to the best advantage in the part of Milada. She seems, as Hanslick says, as if created especially for the part, one requiring nobility of carriage, mien and character. Sedlmair's profile is quite Grecian in outline, yet her full face is not so attractive. Many dispute her claims to any beauty at all, and many assign her age and not her method as reason for the mediocre high register, but withal a high musical endowment. Fr. Michalek is a new member, and her part as Jutta brings alike her best qualities into prominence. Both parts are extremely taxing, and both were commendably performed.

Winckelmann for his age still retains his vocal powers wonderfully, taking all into consideration. Still I must say that the poeise of romance vanished when two old people are concerned, especially as one has to stuff his tights and displays the loss of a tooth or two whenever he opens his mouth. Hesch as the old jailer was, as always, most excellent. His versatility is quite as astonishing as Van Dyk's, of which a glance from the marriage agent to this old jailer is assuringly convincing. The magnificent mise-en-scène deserves a description by itself, but I see space is disappearing. I will postpone the account of the successful première of the "Fall Clemenceau," a triumph by the way for French drama on the Austrian stage, also Japhet and his twelve wives, "Ledige Leute" and the great "Austattungs" operetta "Die Geisha" or a "Japanese Tea House," from our English cousins, and the still greater novelty of the American Biograph, an innovation in fact in the Carl Theatre.

Gutmann's concert season opened with a series of symphony concerts given by our Hungarian compatriots in Budapest in the Grosses Music-Vereins Saal—I received my tickets too late to attend. E. POTTER-FRISSELL.

N. B.—THE MUSICAL COURIER is to be had at Kratochwill's; XVIII. Währing Weinhauser Strasse, 18 Braumüller's Graben, Gutman und Rosé Musikalienhandlung, Ring Strasse; Wollzeilegasse 6, Zeitung's Bureau.

The National Federation of Women's Musical Clubs.

[ANSWER TO COMMUNICATION IN MUSICAL COURIER OF NOVEMBER 17.]

A RECENT communication in your paper regarding the situation of the National Federation of Women's Musical Clubs gives, unconsciously perhaps, so erroneous an impression of the true mission of the movement as to demand an answer. If so foreign a conception of its object exists in the mind of a musical critic, it may be the public at large is not sufficiently informed as to its real nature.

The Federation owes its origin distinctively to Mrs. Theodore Thomas, whose brilliant mind conceived and executed, with the aid of valuable assistance, a plan for amalgamating the sympathies and interests of the various musical clubs of the country, with the convention held during the World's Fair in Chicago as the result. Its value musically and educationally, not only to club members, but to the musical public, cannot be estimated, for it established beyond question the power and scope of the woman's club. From that convention the movement spread and kindled fresh fires in many cities.

When the Woman's Department was created as a part of the Music Teachers' National Association and the musical clubs were invited to aid her in the work of representing what women had done, could do and were doing for music, it was a surprise to all to know what an army of workers it had drawn to its aid. Had the writer of the article mentioned above been in sympathy with the movement at that association last June, the statement "that the Amateur Musical Club has ceased to exist, that it is run in the interests of one or two people" would never have been made. The critic goes on to say, "Where formerly it was an educational institution for the improvement of its members, it is now run solely for the benefit of members who were formerly amateurs, but have now joined professional ranks."

If it might not be considered too presumptuous this seems like a fitting place to insert the old Hindoo fable of the blind men and the elephant.

An elephant passed through a certain village of blind men, and they proceeded to crowd about it and touch it to learn what manner of beast it might be. One of them got hold of his trunk, another seized his ear, another his tail and another one of his legs. They afterward sat down together to compare notes. The man who had seized the trunk said the elephant was like the body of the plantain tree; the man who had felt his ear said he was like the fan with which the Hindoos clean the rice; the man who had felt his tail said he must be like a snake, and the man who had seized the leg thought he must be like a pillar. An old man wiser than the rest hearing their descriptions evolved the idea of a body, an ear, a tail and a leg, and finally an elephant.

The critic is evidently not in touch with the work, and therefore not capable of an all round judgment, but views it from the narrow platform of professional jealousies and inner tumults which are a part of all movements, political or social, and especially musical. The competition forces into prominence the case of the occasional artist who, leaving the ranks of amateurs, appears to dominate the club, while the strong, educational current is felt rather than noted. Does the club chafe at this domination if so it is? No; rather glories in the achievements of its member, glories in her gradual development within the bounds and bids her God speed when her wings are spread. It is this encouragement and fostering of home talent which is the beautiful feature of the club. How can we chafe at this recognition of the artist by her own club, and other clubs, and then join in the cry against employment of foreign artists

for our concerts to the utter disregard of American talent?

Inconsistency is a subtle thing which permeates our utterances almost without our knowledge.

Our critic, too, has a wrong impression of the effort to establish an artists' bureau within the Federation, and endeavors to array the large managers against the movement by rating it a gross injustice to them. The idea of an artists' bureau was not started with a view to lowering the prices of artists, but rather to establish cycles or routes in cities near together in order to work more advantageously for artist and club. It is not proposed to force the artist to lower his price, neither is it proposed that club members shall have specially reduced rates, but rather to make it possible for cities outside of music centres to have three or four good artist recitals in a season without fear of absolute bankruptcy. The advice to managers to ignore all amateur clubs, whose members will then be forced, if they wish to hear celebrities, to pay regular admission to the regular recitals, is absurd. How gladly would members in many cities pay regular prices if opportunity offered?

Amateur clubs in cities are the outgrowth of musical starvation. Why is the amateur club unknown in Berlin? When this question was asked a prominent manager there his answer was: "There is no place for it. There is so much music everywhere within the reach of the poorest student." The amateur club in many cases (I do not say all cases) is started by some musicians obliged to live where music is a luxury, and they band themselves together to use what talent is within their grasp in the hope of reaching out to larger things. The Federation Bureau proposes to bring the opportunity within reach of all its members.

The amateur club exists in almost every city of musical aspirations. With its list of associate members it embraces the greater part of the community likely to patronize a musical entertainment. Can the artist or manager afford, then, to ignore the amateur club? No doubt the advice was given in good faith, but they are far too wise not to see that it is better to court a friend than to declare an enemy, especially when there is an "elephant" in the case.

Give the federation movement an opportunity to formulate its position. Give it an opportunity to at least hold its first meeting, and give "a local habitation and a name" to its purpose before subjecting it to criticism and endeavoring to rate the musical profession against it. It has only the kindest feelings toward the profession, whether nurtured within its club walls or in the music centres of America—yea, even unto foreign lands. Its aim is to recognize talent wherever it exists, to imbibe freely of the music culture of the past and of the present, to enlarge its horizon and reach up to a fuller appreciation and enjoyment of this, the most divine of arts. It is not hoped to form an organization perfect in design or management at its first meeting. It does hope for the support and assistance of a friendly body of critics of the press, the musical profession and the manager until at least it has proven itself an enemy in the field.

MRS. CHARLES VIRGIL,

Assistant Secretary Federation Women's Musical Clubs.

Mrs. Emil Oberhoffer.—Mrs. Emil Oberhoffer, of Minneapolis, who has been abroad since last April, arrived in New York on Saturday's steamer and left on Wednesday for her Western home. She has been spending her time in Paris, where she studied with Delle Sedie, the well-known vocal teacher. Mrs. Oberhoffer has credentials from Delle Sedie as to her qualifications as a teacher, and after January 1 will open a studio in Minneapolis at the Landow Hotel, where she will receive pupils. Minneapolis is to be congratulated upon the acquisition of so competent a singer and teacher.



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Blauvelt.

LILLIAN BLAUVELT sang with Theodore Thomas and his orchestra at Toledo last week. The *Blade* spoke as follows of her singing:

Mme. Lillian Blauvelt is a beautiful woman, with a pure and flexible voice in perfect training. Her singing in French shows the study of that language in its own country, the peculiar something which one acquires only in Paris. Her speech was as distinct and as easy to be understood as in English.

The mad scene from "Hamlet," by Ambroise Thomas, brought out all the dramatic force of which she is capable, though one would call her graceful and exquisite rather than forceful. She uses her voice for the most part for its sweetness and velvety quality, only occasionally giving the full strength which implies a reserve power.

At Milwaukee, where she sang a few days previous, a local paper held these views:

Lillian Blauvelt returned triumphantly and exultingly from her recent journey to North Dakota, after shaking off the shackles which fettered her artistic efforts, and there seemed to be a tinge of defiance in her singing of the bolero from Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers." She was kind enough to make up her program numbers by selecting from English, French, German, Italian and American writers. "The Moon," by Hook, an English composer of the last half of the past century, was Miss Blauvelt's first number, in which she exhibited her proficiency in the Old English style. Then came Beach's "Sweetheart and I," Schubert's "Haiden Roeslein," Schumann's "Ich Kanne's nicht fassen," Chaminade's "Partout," and lastly the warlike bolero. All songs were given in the dainty manner which distinguishes this favored and favorite singer and recalls added to the program numbers. Miss Blauvelt also sang, with the club, the solo part of Dregert's "O earth, thou art wondrously fair," in which she carried the theme or melody with a sustained trill, while the chorus supported the harmony. Here and in the German songs she gave fine specimens of artistic cantabile singing with "mezzo voce." In the Kjerulf selection Richard Thomas again made his appearance as soloist. His voice continues of unusual flexibility and sweetness, and public appreciation was of so positive a character that the piece had to be repeated. In the closing number, which had been given an organ accompaniment, Mr. Eaton supplied the instrumental support. Mrs. Hess-Burr was the pianist. The audience was large, thanks to a judicious and early selection of eminent soloists. The program was commendably moderate in length.

Ruined Voices.

By J. HARRY WHEELER.

ONE finds ruined or impaired voices on every hand. If a person is in the prime of life, and addicted to no excess calculated to weaken the nervous system, a ruined voice is usually attributable to either the exaggeration of the registers, the forcing of the compass of the voice upward, the communication of a thin quality, or giving to the voice an excessive volume of tone. The ambitious student often impairs the voice by practicing too long. No beginner in the study of vocal culture should sing over fifteen or twenty minutes at one time, or more than two and a half or three hours a day, with intervals of at least twenty minutes between the times of practice; the manner of the exercise, however, should have much to do with the amount of time devoted to singing.

In all things connected with the human organization there is a limit; if this is exceeded the effect is invariably deleterious. Many things which are desirable and profitable, when indulged in immoderately become positive evils; even the medicine which effects a cure would, by continued use, induce illness; the strength may be increased by daily lifting a certain amount of weight, but if one overweights himself weakness, instead of strength, is the final effect. Gymnastic exercises of various kinds, including even that of breathing, may be overdone.

To place the voice well and use it correctly is an art.

There are no reasons why the vocal organs should wear out sooner than other organs of the body. As a rule the voice does not receive its full development before thirty years of age, and if the method be a correct one,

* We must differ with Mr. Wheeler; there is no limit to Vocal Methods.—Eds. MUSICAL COURIER.

and the health of the individual good, the voice should remain in excellent condition up to sixty-five or seventy years of age; the voices of many famous singers have lasted this length of time and some even longer. Students of singing in early life should select the best and most careful teacher possible to find. In the choice of a voice teacher more care should be exercised than in the selection of any teacher in the department of music, for not only is the voice involved, but the health as well. In cases where the registers are used beyond their proper limits, and exaggerated fullness is communicated to the voice, inflammation of the mucous membrane of the throat and bronchi ensues, resulting in bronchial affection; the voice then becomes harsh, the execution impaired and the higher tones of the voice gradually lost.

If singing is continued when the throat and bronchi are in this feverish condition, the inflammation will pass to the lungs, often causing consumption and death. Several cases of this kind have come under my personal observation. As has been stated, it is over-doing in various ways which produces these disastrous effects.

The voice is the most delicate, intricate and wonderful of all musical instruments, and when once lost can never be replaced.

Middelschulte and Kaffenberger.

BUFFALO, N. Y., November 12, 1897.

Editors The Musical Courier:

IN the issue of October 27 your Chicago correspondent, in her account of the recent organ recital of Wilhelm Middelschulte, says: "So far as I can remember Wilhelm Middelschulte is the only organist whom I have heard who can give a recital without music. * * * The reason I am constrained to make this statement is that I was informed one could not name an organist who ever memorized."

At the opening of this paragraph she remarks that "this is a strong statement, and, no doubt, will be challenged." In this she is correct, but it is not for the sake of a dispute with your excellent correspondent, but merely for the cause of justice that I take up the cudgels for one who is too modest to defend himself.

Wilhelm Kaffenberger, of Buffalo, is known as one of the founders of the American Guild of Organists, and has for many years held the position of organist in the North Presbyterian Church here. He gives a recital each season, and draws large audiences who delight in his remarkable execution. Of late he plays mostly from memory, and has called forth the highest praise from his hearers, all music critics finding only words of approval with which to describe his efforts.

While in Europe, where he spent some time in studying theory with Richter, he was paid the compliment of having a recital arranged for him in Albert Hall, London, before he returned to America, and his playing on this occasion received favorable comments.

It will be remembered that in the recital he gave at the New York State Music Teachers' Association, in Binghamton, last July, that he gave each number without notes. At this time THE COURIER said: "Mr. Kaffenberger did the unique thing to play all his organ numbers from memory. The Bach A minor Prelude and Fugue was a mighty performance, Rauchnecker's Andante (Mr. Kaffenberger's own arrangement from the string quartet), a lovely composition, and the Batiste 'St. Cecilia' offertoire in F minor, a brilliant close."

Hoping that this letter will be published for the sake of giving a worthy artist his due, and with just appreciation of the truly noble and deserving efforts of Mr. Middelschulte, with also a word of apology to your Chicago correspondent for "challenging her strong statement," I remain an ever staunch upholder of the cause of THE COURIER.

M. VON M.

Lamperti versus Lamperti.

180 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Editors The Musical Courier:

KINDLY permit me a little space in THE COURIER for a few words in reference to the Sembrich-Lamperti troubles that have come to light since the great singer's arrival here. In an interview with her published in the *Sun*, and referred to in the article entitled "Noblesse Oblige" in the last issue of THE COURIER, Sembrich is taken to task for stating that she is a pupil of the elder Lamperti. Inasmuch as the interviewer was not a disinterested person, but one who was working entirely in the interests of G. B. Lamperti, we fail to learn Sembrich's reason for preferring to be known as an elder Lamperti pupil. Whatever personal grievances Sembrich may have against her first master, there are those who know well enough that they do not account altogether for Sembrich's attitude.

Mme. Sembrich may have become a successful singer because of the methods of the younger Lamperti; she may, or may not, have a moral or legal right to ignore him—I have no desire to discuss these points.

What I protest against is the absurdity of making the fact that she studied longer with the younger Lamperti the basis for a comparison between the two Lampertis, in favor of the younger. The record of the father, even without any claim on Sembrich whatever, stands absolutely unrivaled; in fact, he could spare the son a dozen or so of great singers and still have enough left to place him beyond comparison. If Sembrich was so completely satisfied with her first master why did she go to the elder Lamperti at all, and return to him for three successive summers, and why did she send pupils in whom she took an interest to him rather than to Dresden?

The fact is that when Sembrich came to Francesco Lamperti his work was to her—as to everyone else—a veritable revelation, and thenceforth, like the rest, she must swear by him. I was living with the Lampertis, at Lake Como, when Sembrich came, in the summer of 1888, to study with the maestro for the second time. I often had the privilege of hearing Sembrich's lesson, and I know what the great Lamperti taught her. I remember that at one of these lessons Sembrich was so chagrined, because after numerous attempts she could not get the attack with the purity and precision exacted by the old maestro, that she actually broke into tears. Lamperti then offered to call a pupil who had studied only a few months to illustrate to the great Sembrich with what accuracy it was possible to attack a tone.

The fine piano and legato effects that give Sembrich's singing such artistic elegance she exhibited to a marked degree only after her study with the elder Lamperti. However, as I said before, I am not fighting to claim Sembrich for Lamperti, Sr. He does not need her. Only for the comparative estimate of the two masters in which the older one was made to suffer I would not have asked for this privilege of putting in a word for the "other side."

LENA DORIA DEVINE.

The Kaltenborn-Beyer-Hane Quartet Concert.—The first of a series of concerts to be given in this, its second season, by the Kaltenborn-Beyer-Hane String Quartet will take place in Carnegie Chamber Music Hall on Monday evening, December 6. The quartet will be assisted by a pupil of Edward MacDowell, Edith Thompson, of Lynn, Mass. She will play the Grieg sonata for violin and piano (C minor, op. 45), with Franz Kaltenborn. The quartets to be performed are the Schubert A minor and the Beethoven quartet (op. 59, No. 2).

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Operatic Orchestras.

THE orchestras compared below are those of the Grand Opéra at Paris; Covent Garden, London; the Metropolitan Opera House, New York (Abbey-Grau direction), and the Royal Opera at Munich and at Vienna. The orchestra in each case is what is known as the "regular" orchestra, such as is used in the presentation of "Faust" or Wagner performances requiring a larger orchestra: instruments:

	Paris.	London.	Vienna.	Munich.	New York.
First violins.....	12	14	12	10	14
Second violins.....	12	12	12	10	10
Violas.....	8	9	8	6	6
Violoncellos.....	10	7	8	6	6
Double basses.....	8	7	8	6	6
Oboes.....	2	2	2	2	2
Bassoons.....	4	4	2	2	2
Flutes.....	2	2	2	2	2
Clarinet.....	2	2	2	2	2
Trumpets.....	2	4	2	2	2
Cornets.....	2	2	2	2	2
Horns.....	4	4	4	4	4
Trombones.....	3	3	3	3	3
Tubas.....	1	1	1	1	1
Harps.....	4	2	1	2	2
Drums, etc.....	4	—	3	4	2
Totals.....	80	77	60	62	63

Second Symphony Society Concert.

THE second group of concerts of the New York Symphony Society was given last Friday afternoon and Saturday evening in Carnegie Hall. This was the program at both affairs:

Symphony No. 8.....	Beethoven
Concerto for violin with orchestra.....	M. Ysaye.
Symphonic ballad, Voyevode.....	Tschaikowsky
(New; first time.)	
Solo, Parsifal Paraphrase.....	Wagner
	M. Ysaye.
Siegfried's Rhine Journey.....	Wagner

The history of the ballad is interesting. In 1891 Tschaikowsky gave the work a rehearsal and, not liking it, tossed the score into the fire. It was rescued in a semi-charred condition by his pupil, Siloti, the pianist. It has no opus number, but through internal evidence it may safely be called an early and immature work of the composer. In 1899 his opera, an opus 3, "Voyevode," was unsuccessfully produced. This ballad, with its crude, crass realism, its weakness in thematic material and above all its imitative instrumentation, strongly favoring of Wagner, may be classed as a youthful sketch worked over. The program is a dramatic one. The music attempts to depict the jealousy of a chieftain, who, finding his young wife in the arms of another, shoots her. But the bullet never reaches her heart, for the servant he has commanded to fire on the lover misses his aim—purposely perhaps—and the Voyevode is killed instead. The poem is by Pushkin. Tschaikowsky has succeeded in writing a vigorous, even rough, dramatic episode, in which the galloping of the chieftain's horse as he returns from the war, the amorous scene in the garden and the catastrophe are all fairly well pictured. Melodramatic is the word that best describes this music, which contains in solution many of Tschaikowsky's most admirable characteristics. The bassoon is heard, with its sinister chuckle, and there is a richness of fancy and warmth of color in the love music, sensuous and sweet, but lacking in distinction, that we look for in this master. The sharp staccato chord that symbolizes the shooting is sensational. The close is evidently suggested by Siegfried's Funeral March. The garden music is from the second act of "Tristan and Isolde." Indeed, Wagner is continually hinted at in the orchestration. Tschaikowsky's freedom from Wagner's influence, as hitherto evidenced in his other and more important works, leads us to surmise that this is the effort of a beginner. It has historical interest and shows us the dramatic trend of the Russian's mind, but as absolute music it is not many degrees removed from the barbaric "1812" overture solennelle.

Ysaye has played the Beethoven concerto with more finish and tonal rectitude, but he redeemed himself gloriously in the Wilhelmj "Parsifal" transcription and in the Bach encore. He is a wonderful and fascinating artist. The Symphony orchestra was in much better trim than at the first concert. It is a good band, the solo performers being all artists. The wood is excellent, the first horn remarkable,

the string choirs well balanced, and with a stronger man as leader this orchestra would prove a formidable rival to the Philharmonic Society. As it is, it is composed of far better material than that antiquated organization. Mr. Damosch had evidently rehearsed the symphony, which was delivered with spirit, but in the last movement was noisily played. The Tschaikowsky deserves only words of praise. Now comes the unfortunate part of the affair: The Symphony Society orchestra is in Philadelphia for a six weeks' playing in the opera, so as a concert orchestra it must deteriorate, as we shall discover to our pain, January 21, 1898, when it gives its third concert. What, then, is the use of careful rehearsing when it is all wasted? There are few orchestras so constituted and manned by a great leader that can do justice to both opera and concert work, and the New York Symphony Society is not one.

Joseph S. Baernstein.—This fine basso has attained great prominence during the past few weeks through his artistic work, which is of a high order. He was the soloist at the Kreutzer Quartet Club concert (Eugene Bamberger director) on Sunday evening, November 28, and will sing at the concert of Frank Sealy's well-known society in Newark, N. J., on December 9.

Mr. Baernstein is now under the management of Henry Wolfsohn, and his season promises to be very successful.

Dyna Beumer.—The distinguished young Belgian cantatrice, whose recent American debut at the Astoria was an occasion of the greatest enthusiasm, continues to confirm her first impression, and is meeting with immense success. The following are a few of her press notices:

Her singing is chiefly conspicuous for a nicely differentiated staccato, a very smooth and rapid glissando, and the ability to swell and diminish long sustained high notes. Madame Beumer is undoubtedly a well schooled and experienced singer, and she was heartily applauded and recalled.—*The New York Herald.*

The Astoria concert introduced to New York the Belgian coloratura soprano "cantatrice to the court of Holland." She is indeed a pure and perfect coloratura singer, gifted by nature with a marvelous facility.—*The Sun.*

Madame Beumer is a beautiful woman—more beautiful even than her pictures. She has a voice of remarkable sweetness and flexibility. Madame Beumer reminds one of Carlotta Patti, and, like Carlotta Patti, she is lame.—*New York Press.*

It is necessary to go back many years to recall a singer possessing the technical facility of Dyna Beumer, the Belgian singer, who made her New York debut a few days ago.—*The World, New York.*

Mlle. Beumer made an excellent impression at her first concert given here in the Astoria. Her voice is flexible and of fine range and the lower notes are exceptionally rich and sympathetic. She has a good method, she has worked hard, and her technique is brilliant. She was delightful in Massenet's "Crépuscule."—*Home Journal.*

Madame Beumer confirmed the impression of her artistic powers gained at her previous appearance—namely, that she is a brilliant and accomplished coloratura singer. Her floritura is extremely facile, brilliant and accurate; her trill is beautifully round and even, and her most elaborate passages are cleanly delivered and accurately in time. In her own field Madame Beumer is a mistress.—*The Tribune.*

A large audience at the Astoria to hear the Belgian singer. She executes runs, trills and similar ornaments of song with the most facile smoothness, and with a perfect clearness that is entirely commendable.—*The New York Times.*

Her high tones are piercingly brilliant, and her staccati and trills unimpeachable; her bravura work is remarkably smooth and facile.—*Town Topics, New York.*

Portrait also appear of Mme. Dyna Beumer, the famous Belgian soprano, whose American debut has just been accomplished with éclat at the Astoria Hotel.—*Leslie's Weekly.*

The coloratura singer who made her debut at the evening concert sang Massé's "Air du Rossignol"—with flute obligato—the grand aria from "La Sonnambula, and Eckert's "Les Echos," in which florid numbers she displayed marvelous technical skill, phenomenal echo effects, and complete command of her resources.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Dyna Beumer possesses a most beautiful voice. It is light, round and flexible; all the difficulties of the art of singing are mere child's play for her. With all her qualities she could make no mistake as to the way she would be received and the expectations of the audience were certainly surpassed.—*New Yorker Staats-Zeitung.*

OUR INFORMATION BUREAU.

MAIL FOR ARTISTS.

Mail addressed to the following has been received at THE MUSICAL COURIER Bureau of Information:

Reginald De Koven.
Miss Jeanne Delmar.
T. Fleming.
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Perring.
Earl Percy Parks.
Mrs. James Peterson.
S. N. Penfield.
Purino de Scarpa.
M. A. Benary.
George Blumner.
Wm. H. Morgan.
Samuel P. Warren.
Miss Mamie Gill.
Ovide Musin.
Fritz Scheel.
Miss Florence Gray.
Ernest Schelling.
Mrs. Frederic Luere.
Paulina Gacheille.
Mme. Helene Hastreiter.

MAIL FORWARDED.

Letters have been forwarded to the following since previous issue:

Eduard Remenyi.
John Philip Sousa.
Madame Rive-King.
Miss Emilie Frances Bauer.
J. J. Racer.
Edmund J. Myer.
Mrs. Feilding Roselle.
Clarence de Vaux Royer.
Walter H. McIlroy.
Miss Maud Reese Davies.
Miss Caroline Mahen.
J. Stanford Brown.
Damosch & Ellis.
Martin Haurwitz.
Katherine Kautz.

Lectures at the Broad Street Conservatory, Philadelphia.—Dr. Hugh A. Clarke, professor of theory and composition at the Broad Street Conservatory of Music, on Wednesday evening, November 24, delivered the second in the course of lectures which he has prepared especially for the students and patrons of that institution. The subject was "The Relationships between Music and the other Fine Arts." The lecture was largely devoted to a consideration of the unique position music holds among the sister arts, as being the one art that has been entirely developed by the unaided efforts of the human mind.

The first lecture of the series was given in the concert hall of the Broad Street Conservatory, No. 1331 South Broad street, on "The Relations between Music and the Science of Acoustics." It was devoted to a rapid exposition of the physical basis of musical sound and to tracing the bearings of the science of sound upon the art of music in furnishing a basis for the formation of chord combination and an explanation of the qualities and powers of musical instruments.

Success of the Kaltenborn Sextet.—This new organization, which is composed of the members of the Kaltenborn-Beyer-Hané Quartet, with the addition of two capable musicians—August Kalkhof, double bass, and Ernest Magner, flutist—scored a decided success in Jersey City on November 23, at the concert of the Schubert Glee Club. The following notices refer to the occasion:

An organization of such exquisite musical ability that all words are cold and tame in speaking of its playing. * * * All played with the highest perfection of mechanical skill, and with that loving comprehension of the music's meaning which distinguishes the artist from the mere performer. We could wish to go into an individual analysis of the work of the members, but the limits of newspaper space would hardly allow of justice being done them.—*Jersey City News.*

The concert was an artistic triumph for the club. The assisting artists were the very best that could be had. * * * The Kaltenborn Sextet played the "Intermezzo" by Gouny and Haydn's "Gipsy Rondo" most charmingly. Their work was as clear and delicate as anything could be. In the former piece the flute had a specially elaborate part, and it was ably executed.—*Jersey City Evening Journal.*

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THE MUSICAL COURIER COMPANY,

19 Union Square,
New York City.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH.

It is with peculiar pleasure that we present to our readers a most artistic portrait of the celebrated Marcella Sembrich, a singer without peer at the present time. Sembrich is not only a great singer; she is a great artist. Her almost ferocious devotion to high musical ideals in her arduous younger years has told heavily in her race for critical honors. She is that rare bird of the musical aviary—a skilled musician.

She studied the piano as if she intended entering the lists with Sofie Menter, and as a mere child she excelled in piano playing; indeed so threatening were the prospects of her becoming a virtuosa of the four strings that kind nature, jealous of her versatility, interfered and developed in her a rare instrument—her voice. Her many-sided education has prevented her from becoming a narrow specialist, and so to-day she is the greatest coloratura singer alive—although she did not study with Marchesi—and has the feeling for the grand manner as well as the art of delivering a simple Lied with exquisite poetry.

A fascinating personality, Sembrich has another rare quality. She has heart, and it informs every fraction of her work. There still remains in her much of naiveté and much that is tender. No mere mechanism rules her singing, and we are not surprised to learn that she sings with admirable skill and intelligence certain roles of Wagner.

One thing only remains to make this adorable woman perfect—to be born over again and in America!

WANTED—CO-OPERATION.

CO-OPERATION is the law of progress. But there must be co-operation in small things as well as great in order to carry out successfully any important undertaking.

The notices given below are apparently of minor importance, but they awaken some serious thoughts that should be of interest to our readers and contributors. Too many discrepancies like this to which our attention has been called might react unfavorably, not merely upon *THE MUSICAL COURIER* itself, but upon its constituency. The discrepancy fortunately in this instance does not affect at all the standing of the young artist referred to; it simply involves a question of accuracy. The first of the notices appeared in our columns, the second is the original notice as it appeared in the columns of the *Newark Call*:

The first concert of the season in Association Hall, under the direction of Miss Lulu A. Potter, was given last night before a select audience of 300 people.

The program was well received. A feature was a violin solo of Van Goen's composition, rendered by Hubert Arnold. Miss Potter's voice was in excellent condition, and she responded to two encores. Dudley Buck's "Where the Lindens Bloom" was one of her selections.—*Newark Call*.

To Miss Lulu A. Potter belongs the credit of opening the concert season in this city. This young and enterprising singer gave a concert in Association Hall on Wednesday evening, in which she demonstrated that she is herself a good singer, and also showed that she has a considerable degree of courage, which is worthy of imitation by other Newark musicians. ***

Miss Potter sang well, in a clear, resonant voice, and with a considerable degree of style and expression. She should, however, be more careful in her enunciation, so that the words of her songs might be distinctly heard by the audience. ***

The audience was small, but appreciative. Miss Potter, Mr. Burge-meister and Mr. Arnold were forced to add other numbers, and the other soloists were called out to bow their acknowledgments. When Miss Potter gives another concert a larger audience should assemble to reward her efforts.

Now, it is manifestly impossible for *THE MUSICAL COURIER*, whatever its desire for accuracy may be, to judge in all cases from internal evidence as to whether all the press notices sent in by correspondents are genuine. *THE MUSICAL COURIER* must of necessity rely upon the honesty of its contributors and upon their intelligence. In most cases their intelligence, we are happy to say, is as incontestable as that of our readers. They comprehend, as most of our readers do, the many and constantly increasing advantages offered to them through our columns. We seldom have an error to chronicle. But there is always a beginning. And it is the part of wisdom to consider beginnings and to repress all

that may result in disaster. We therefore must insist that our correspondents shall be strictly accurate in making reports of musical events, and especially in making extracts from press notices. The exact words must be quoted and asterisks used to indicate omissions.

To our readers generally we may explain that it has been our own constant aim, since *THE MUSICAL COURIER* was first established, to increase each year its facilities for giving the public the most reliable musical news from all parts of the world. To do so we have spared ourselves neither trouble nor expense, and there are many expenses associated with a special paper which are not always understood nor appreciated. But the expenses must always be met all the same, and the return must be waited for, sometimes not received at all. For the conducting of a special paper must always be largely a matter of continued experiment. In deciding to have our offices established in many of the principal cities of the Old World and in the most important cities of the New World we have realized the advantage of having reliable as well as brilliant correspondents, men and women who possessed not musical knowledge alone, but judgment, originality, independence, and who were animated by the desire to advance the true musical interests of any locality in which they were placed.

THE MUSICAL COURIER has therefore become—we do not advance the statement with undue pride, but as a matter of fact attested by thousands of voices—a unique musical magazine, published weekly. In its "make-up," type, illustrations, and in as much of the literary material as time and the question of news permit, we can safely challenge comparison with the best magazines. But these values are mainly aesthetic, framing the indubitable practical values which form the solid basis of *THE MUSICAL COURIER*'s reputation. It is this reputation which we desire to preserve, and we wish to have the assistance of readers and contributors in aught that may aid in preserving it. Some time ago we took the important step of opening our columns to the publication of press notices. We realized that the opportunity would thus be afforded to musical people everywhere to have what might be called a clearing house for the exchange of opinions. Managers, teachers, singers, concert performers, students, those who have achieved success and those still struggling to attain it, all were thus benefited by being brought fairly before readers not in one locality, but in all parts of the world. Through the publication of press notices and opinions managers may weigh the claims of artists and decide fairly which are best fitted for any purpose they may have in mind; teachers may thus present to those looking for instruction not only an announcement of their special method, but what others think of that method; musical societies in want of soloists can keep fully informed of their engagements and characteristics, and can also watch the advancement of those younger artists who are proving worthy of musical fame.

Perhaps the greatest advantage by any is that obtained by talented young artists whom fate has set in some obscure part of the country, who are as yet to fortune and to fame unknown, who are ambitious and deserving of appreciation and interest, but who have no chance of making themselves known generally save through our columns. The local notices concerning these artists are read but by a few, and often those few are not readers who could be of the slightest practical service. When these local notices, carefully selected, appear in our columns they are circulated from one end of the world to the other, and are in all probability read by hundreds of thousands of musicians and subscribers who are not musicians. A glance at our subscription list, will show that *THE MUSICAL COURIER* has subscribers in nearly every country between the North and South Poles—in Africa, in

the South American republics, in Russia, Sweden and Norway, in the Sandwich Islands and in Java, to mention some of the places outside the average line of circulation.

It is, moreover, on file in the principal libraries of foreign and American cities and towns. And we say advisedly that these notices, as well as the rest of the paper, are generally read by subscribers, because we are so often told by readers who take THE MUSICAL COURIER, so they say, for its general merit rather than for its special musical news, that they "read every line in the paper." As a rule one takes such statements cum grano salis, but there may be some truth in this since "every line" does not mean, as in some of our best known family magazines, 150 pages of miscellaneous advertising added to the 200 or less pages of legitimate reading matter. If, therefore, many a general reader of intelligence will read "every line" in our paper, we can feel justified in assuming that musical people will not be less backward in mastering its contents.

But these palpable advantages of appearing in the columns of THE MUSICAL COURIER require appreciation in return. If a musical centre is to be maintained at the high standard which is necessary for continued benefit, there must be some co-operation on the part of contributors and subscribers. We welcome musical news from every corner of the known world, from the humblest individual who has anything of interest to impart, and from the distinguished virtuoso or impresario who puts his seal of approval on our aims and our necessary methods in carrying out these aims. First, last and all the time we want co-operation—co-operation in securing accuracy and in presenting without more than ordinary human failing the musical news of the day; co-operation in keeping THE MUSICAL COURIER in its present position as the only great musical weekly magazine in the world.

"Evil news rides fast, while good news waits." One error travels faster and farther than a thousand well conned truths. Co-operation, then, all friends of ours, musical and otherwise, lest we be obliged to curtail our hospitality.

WITHIN BOUNDS.

"THE tenor cannot praise the Lord below middle C." This remark of a teacher and composer will be remembered by those familiar with musical literature. It was called forth by an anthem brought to him by an aspiring pupil who had placed the words "Praise the Lord" for the tenor on G below middle C. The remark is not only an amusing comment on the fault of a young composer, but it is also a pertinent comment on the non-effectiveness of any voice strained above or below a reasonable pitch.

All shades of feeling, all emotions, can be expressed within narrow bounds. It is never necessary to raise the voice more than a fifth in order to produce an impression of intensity or great excitement. If there be any who doubt the truth of this statement he may convince himself by listening to improvisations in Italy, or if more convenient, to recitations accompanied by music here in New York. Those recitations which are most effective move generally from about middle C through tones and semi-tones to a fifth above. Even in most dramatic passages the tones rise no higher.

Some curious theories have been advanced as to the nature of these medium tones. It is gravely declared, for example, that each of these notes has its special fitness for language or for conversation or for recitation. The C would be appropriate for explanations, the D for the clear utterance of vowel sounds, the E for the tender passions, the F for arousing to action, the G for expressing all that pertains to the pathetic. A sliding up and down the chromatic scale within this limit may express sad or sinister emotion. There is nothing impossible

about this theory. Everything in the world—using the word comprehensively—may be proved to have some relation to every other thing. Even the high-colored and diffusive writing of a decadent may be shown to bear some relation to genuine literature.

It would not, however, be easy to carry out the theory in regard to the proper tone in conversation unless tuning forks came into use again. In polite life, especially at some fashionable functions, there would be great musical advantage in restoring this ancient accompaniment of the singing master. Screaming, parrot-like shrillness, might possibly then disappear from reception and musicale. It is a worthy instrument, this tuning fork, dating from the days of the Greek orator. Properly bejeweled it might become a more effective toilet weapon than the monocle or the lorgnette. Perhaps even more effective than the tuning fork itself would be the curious Chinese sonorous stone called *yu*, which could be worn as an amulet or suspended from the chatelaine. It is a very hard stone, to be found in different colors, and is said to be a species of agate. It is of musical value, because it always retains the same pitch under all changes of temperature and gives out a singularly musical note when struck by any hard substance. Imagination can picture many ways of using it, and the fact that it has never been used yet as a modifier of shrill tone is all the more reason why it might be acceptable as a fashionable novelty.

And if a flower were worn to harmonize with the tone of the *tonorium* (whether tuning fork or sonorous stone), and if the tone harmonized with the idea, or vice versa—but only a symbolist can safely continue this train of reasoning and show the advantages that might result from such association. The decadent and the symbolist never shrink from absurdities. They have the courage of their convictions.

We unfortunately are only willing to look a certain distance in this direction. We are somewhat conservative when the question of decadent reasoning occurs. We do know, however, that *in medio, &c.*, is a good motto, especially for those who have unmusical voices. It is generally better for the tenor not to "praise the Lord" and "shame the devil" below middle C.

A CAREFUL study of the vocal situation in this city inclines us to state that one of the teachers to whom pupils may be intrusted with unquestioned confidence is Madame Katharine Evans von Klenner, a vocal teacher who has done a great deal to elevate the system on which voice training is conducted here. Certain features of the voice training situation here, after having been debated pro and con in these columns by teachers and experts for some time past, will be editorially touched upon in next issue. The time has come when the evils in this line of musical activity need some drastic treatment.

SINCE the criticisms that have been published on Victor Herbert's Brass Band have attracted the attention that usually is bestowed upon those who are considered injured because the truth is told of them, it is learned that the band is in reality not a cohesive body, but a speculative enterprise managed by outside parties, who engage the services of the musicians as well as of Mr. Herbert, and then dispose of the band to purveyors of popular musical entertainments throughout the country. That is to say, Herbert's Brass Band exists when engagements can be secured for it, and disperses until engagements are secured, and the musicians comprising it are such as can be found for the time being to join it under contract. This condition reveals the causes at the bottom of the unfavorable criticisms. How can such a band compete with the regular and established organizations?

A MISLEADING BOOK.

"PIANOFORTE STUDY" is a book by Alexander McArthur, with the sub-title "Hints on Piano Playing." Both titles are misleading and we consider the book a dangerous one for the student. It is by a young Irishwoman, and is full of the average woman's uncritical enthusiasms and the average critic's mistakes. Alexander McArthur, for so the author chooses to veil the identity of Miss Lilian McArthur, is a bright, clever girl who made her genuine debut in journalism in THE MUSICAL COURIER when she wrote letters from St. Petersburg, in Russia. She studied with Rubinstein, indeed was attached to his person for some time as a sort of amanuensis, so when she writes of the great pianist she is pardonably enthusiastic and usually interesting. She also wrote in these columns chatty letters from Paris, and without attempting to gauge the breadth or depth of her musical culture, we can truthfully maintain that the Alexander McArthur of those years was very readable. But, alas! she needs must invade the field of musical pedagogy, must write in a didactic vein or else in a violently prejudiced fashion. Her book as a manual for students is valueless because of its many misstatements, its want of sound practical advice, its wild hit or miss style and its exhibition of frantic likes and dislikes.

Now we have not the slightest objection to Miss McArthur's Paderewski obsession. It is peculiar to certain of her sex and bears all the usual stigmas, as Nordau would say, of hysteria, the chromatic mania spleen and want of critical rectitude. But we do object, and most strenuously, to Mr. Paderewski being used as a vantage ground for the abuse of d'Albert, Rosenthal and other unfortunate artists who have dared to play the piano in the same century with the gilded god of Poland! D'Albert, who is a giant in interpretation compared with Paderewski, is contemptuously dismissed by the young lady as being no Chopin player; as having no touch, poetry or finish. Wait a bit. There is poetry and poetry. There can be the poetry of the sublime, Miltonic poetry and the lofty rhyme of Dante; as well as the languorous rubato and dolce far niente utterances of the lyric Chopin. Man cannot live on Chopin alone, and Eugen d'Albert proved his musical manhood in Bach, Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms, a group of masters that test heart, soul, brain and fingers. He played Chopin well and did not make Liszt sound less brilliantly than Paderewski.

Rosenthal! Oh, Rosenthal, according to this petticoated Daniel, is a horrid object lesson for students. He is a machine without poetry—has she ever heard his exquisite and subtle reading of the Chopin E minor concerto?—a mechanical monster, a human metronome only fit to point the finger of scorn at. Well, well, we live and learn! Paderewski alone plays Schumann, and Rosenthal has absolutely no power of interpretation, yet we never heard this same Rosenthal make a triplet in the opening theme of the Schumann concerto, a curious trick of the great Paderewski's. But, of course, rhythm, intellectual discrimination, marvelous technique and great versatility do not count with Miss McArthur, who must have her little dose of morbidity in her music, in Bach, Beethoven, Schumann and Chopin, for Paderewski plays all these composers alike and with the same fatal fluency. If she must have morbidity, why, there is De Pachmann, who in addition to playing the smaller pieces of Chopin far better than Paderewski—the studies, valse, preludes, mazourkas, impromptus—has a more remarkable mechanism, a more fascinating touch.

With Miss McArthur, however, personality wins the day.

Karl Tausig, who was placed by Wagner and Louis Ehlert—two widely dissimilar authorities—on a level with Liszt—this Tausig is dismissed with

a few lines. He had a wonderful left hand, et voila tout! Leschetizky is a great teacher, but his pupils play mechanically! How, then, is he a great teacher? Bülow is entertainingly gossiped about, and Chopin's secret revealed (?).

Vague is Miss McArthur when she touches the practical side of piano playing. Just study Clementi-Czerny and Bach invention, she says. Czerny is for velocity, and Bach's inventions may be taken up *after* Clementi? Then there is rambling talk of Mozart's beauties, and the philosophy of Beethoven. Always this phrase about Beethoven, the philosopher; d'Albert, being cold, mechanical, without poetry or touch therefore plays Beethoven the best, so argues our critic, and her logic is inevitable!

Ah, these girls, these girls; what sad wags they are!

The Rubinstein talk is not new. The pith of it appeared in THE MUSICAL COURIER long ago, and also in various magazine articles. There is a sad lack of crispness, freshness, good temper and common sense throughout. The author is probably writing for Peculiar Mr. Presser, of Philadelphia, and is restive under the high rates of remuneration offered by this reckless and prodigal ex-treasurer of the M. T. N. A. Possibly the unfavorable medium in which she worked prompted her to write savage things about the uselessness of advertising in musical journals. Perhaps Presser, putting forth an occasional musical monthly, may have caused this bit of nonsense, but not even the fatuous Presser suggested to Miss McArthur such rot as this: "The critics—paid by the editors, not by the artists." It is a sign of the callow writer and the callow artist to fancy that the music critic may be bought up. Miss McArthur has perhaps had experiences in Europe of this sort, but certainly not in this country. We have noticed that artists who do not advertise themselves here are artists who are never known. They have goods for sale—we hate to affront the sensitive soul of Miss McArthur—and if they do not advertise them they keep them. Now, the high and mighty altitude is a glorious one—when your bank account is high and mighty. But then artists are, as a rule, not millionaires, and after a youth spent in precarious study they are usually eager for the more solid prizes of life. Just test each system—do not advertise and remain unknown, or advertise and become known. We know that all this is cruel, cold business, but we have also discovered that the artists who succeed are cold, cruel business men.

Paderewski, for example!

We could give you columns of talk about this foolish, gushing and misleading book, but we think we have said enough to indicate its danger and its utter valuelessness to the student. Come, come, Miss McArthur, you can do better! Has the Peculiar Mr. Presser poisoned your critical sense, or your sense of humor?

THE New Haven Register, for mysterious reasons, still continues to publish its kindergarten articles about music. The last that came under our notice was a gem. Listen:

"It would appear to be a strange thing for anybody to attend a musical or dramatic performance without reading some sort of a critical notice in a newspaper afterward. The person who writes such an account of it is generally called a critic."

Indeed? One might have supposed that it was a purple cow in the style of Gelett Burgess. According to the gigantic brain that penned the above, and in a moment of poetic frenzy, a sort of a newspaper syndicate should be formed, and critical articles, "patent insides," should be sent over the land containing words of critical wisdom about music. The New Haven Register needs such a thing badly.

"The present condition of musical journalism requires reform." Does it? After reading the nonsense written by this person we think that it

does. Why doesn't he open a training school for ambitious young critics, and on a blackboard, and with the aid of a nineteenth century spinet—manufactured and stenciled in New Haven—give a series of lectures. Here are a few questions we respectfully submit for his use:

Did Mozart drink buttermilk? If so, how? Was Rossini a Quaker? If so, why did he dislike the synagogue? Where was Moses when the New Haven lights went out? If so, why didn't he pay his gas bill? Who is the author of "All Cohens are alike to me"? If so, why did he change his name? Who wrote "How to be a Fake, and yet not be discovered"?

Give us some more criticism. New England thirsts for it!

THIS concerning vandals in the Astor Library was published in last Sunday's Sun:

Dr. Billings opened a richly bound work on music, published in Germany. At the very middle of the book someone had ruthlessly torn out five leaves of scores, not even troubling to remove the jagged edges.

"That," said the librarian, "while it was the act of a thief and a vandal, was evidently done by some musician of refinement and taste, deeply read in the literature of his art. One would think that such a man might have taken the pains to copy out the scores he needed. That he has not done so almost makes one repent placing such valuable works at the disposal of the general public. But, as I said before, the number of losses of this kind is gratifyingly small."

We think that we can place our hand on the shoulder of the musician alluded to by the librarian.

ATTENTION is called to a series of criticisms reprinted from the Boston papers on the recent performances of Alberto Jonás, the pianist, who played with the Symphony Orchestra there. Mr. Jonás is an artist who deserves all this praise.

A Word for Dayton.

DAYTON, Ohio, November 22, 1897.

Editors The Musical Courier:

YOU will confer a great favor upon the Board of Trustees of this college were you to tell us why the Dayton (Ohio) College of Music is never represented in the Dayton news of THE MUSICAL COURIER. The Dayton correspondent, W. L. Blumenschein, knows that this college is incorporated under State laws, incorporated October, 1892, and ever since its institution has been growing each year and to-day represents the musical life of our city.

The college gives recitals of its pupils, which are always chronicled with pride in our city papers, and many artist concerts have been given under auspices of our college, accounts of which have been widely circulated, but never a word does this Dayton correspondent write of these good things in THE MUSICAL COURIER. If it is his business to call personally to get news, possibly it has been too much trouble for him to walk one block from his own private teaching room to this college; but if he reads the daily papers he can see for himself what is interesting other people concerning the musical activity of this school, and it certainly would not be difficult for him to copy from those accounts, if news-gathering were a task to him. This prejudice has extended over several years and now it must be corrected. We ask your prompt and courteous attention, please, in this very important matter.

Very truly yours, THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES, per Louise M. Butz, Secretary.

Frank E. Ward.—The success of the concert given recently by the Martin Luther Choral Society was a great measure due to the fine work of Frank E. Ward, who acted as accompanist. The artists who took part all complimented Mr. Ward on the delicacy and sympathy as well as on the excellent support of his accompaniments.

New York College of Music.—It will be of interest to music lovers to learn that the services of Wm. J. Henderson, the well-known critic, have been engaged to deliver a lecture on the "Orchestra and Its Instruments Explained," at the Lyceum Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, December 7. Mr. Henderson's remarks will be illustrated by the American Symphony Orchestra (Sam Franko conductor). Each instrument, from the violin to the snare drum, will be shown and played upon, and its characteristics and relations to the other instruments, its possibilities in connection with them, will be fully explained. The demonstrations will be selected from well-known classical and modern works. Finally the full orchestra will play a selection that will appropriately follow the discourse. The lecture will be given under the auspices of the New York College of Music (Alexander Lambert director).



SOME LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

BALAK, November 5, 1899.

DEAR DARLING OLD BELLA—How I wish you were with me. I miss you almost as much as mamma and the girls. I've had such a homesickness that even the elegant concerts, the gay city and the novelty of this out of the way foreign city do not compensate for Why, oh why, doesn't Herr Klug live in Berlin or Paris, or even Vienna? Think, after you leave Vienna you must travel six hours by boat and three by rail before you reach Balak, but what a city, what curious houses, and what an opera house!

Let me first tell you of my experiences with Herr Klug. I met the Ransoms; you remember those queer Michigan avenue people. They are here with their mother—snuffy Mother Ransom we used to call her—and are both studying with Herr Klug. I met them on the Ringstrasse—the principal avenue here—and they looked so dissatisfied when they saw me. Ada, the short, thin one, you know—well, she lowered her parasol—say, the weather is awful hot—and, honest, I believed she wasn't going to speak to me. But Lizzie is the nice one, and she fairly ate me up. They raved about Herr Klug. He is so nice, so gentle, and plays so wonderfully! Mrs. Ransom was a trifle cool—she and my ma never did get along, you remember—that fight about free lager for indigent Germans in sultry weather—well, she and ma quarreled over the meaning of the word "indigent," and Mrs. R. said that she was indigent at ma's ignorance; then ma burst into a fit of laughter. I heard her—it was a real mean laugh, Bella, and—but I must tell you about this place. Dear, I'm quite out of breath!

Well, the Ransoms took me off to lunch and it was real nice at their boarding house; they call it the Hotel Serbe, or some such name, and I almost regretted that I went to the miserable rooms I'm in, but I have to be economical, and as I intend practicing all day and sleeping all night it doesn't matter much where I am. I forgot to tell you what we had for lunch, funny dishes, sour and full of red pepper. I'll tell you all about it in my next letter. I'm so full of Herr Klug that I can't sit still. He is a grand man, Bella, only very old, and very small, and very nervous, and very cross. He didn't say much to me and I held my tongue, for they say he is so nervous that he is almost crazy, besides he hates American pupils. When I went into the big lesson room it was empty, and I had a good chance to look at all the pictures on the wall. There were Bach, Beethoven and Herr Klug at every age. There must have been at least thirty portraits. He was homely in every one, and wore his hair long, and he has such a high, noble forehead. You know Chicago men have such low foreheads. I love high foreheads. They are so *deftig* (is that spelt right?) and it means such a lot of brains. He was photographed with Liszt and with Chopin. I think it was Chopin, and—just then he came in. He walked very slowly and his shoulders were stooped. Oh, Bella, he has such a venerable look, so saintly! Well, he stood in the doorway and his eyeglasses fairly burned into my head, he has such piercing gaze. I was scared out of my seven senses and stood stock still.

"Nu was!" he cried out; "where do you come from?" His English was maddening, Bella, just maddening, but I understood him and with my heart in my boots I said:

"Chicago, Herr Klug." He snorted.

"Chicago. I hate Chicago, I hate Americans! There's only one city in America—that is San Francisco. I was never there, but I like it because I never had a pupil from that city; that's why I like it,

hein!" He laughed, Bella, and then coughed himself into a strangling fit over his joke—he thought it was a joke—and then he sharply cried out:

"You may kiss me, and then play for me." I was too frightened to reply, so I went up to him, and I didn't like him then. He smelt of cigarettes and liquor, but I kissed him on the forehead, and he gave me a queer look and pushed me to the piano. Well, I was flabbergasted.

"Play," he said, as harsh as could be, and I dashed off the Military Polonaise of Chopin. He walked about the whole time humming out loud, and never paid any attention to me any more than if I hadn't been playing. When I got to the trio I stuck, and he burst out laughing, so I stopped short.

"Aha, you girls and your American teachers! how you all swindle yourselves. You have no talent, no touch, nothing, nothing!"—his voice was like a screaming whistle—"and yet you cheat yourselves and run to Europe to be artists in a year, aha!" "Shall I go on?" I asked. I was getting mad. "No, I've heard enough. Come to the class every Monday and Thursday morning at 10—mind you 10 sharp—and in the meantime study this piece of mine, 'The Five Blackbirds,' for the black keys, and take the first book of my 'Indispensable Studies for Stupid American Girls.'" He laughed again.

"You pay now for the music. I make no discount, for I print it myself. Your lessons you pay for one by one. Please put the money—20 marks—on the mantelpiece when you are through playing, but don't tell me. I'm too nervous. And now good-day; practice ten hours every day. You may kiss me good-bye. No? Well, next time. I hate American girls when they play, but I like to kiss them, for they are very pretty. Wait; I will introduce you to my wife." He rang a bell and barked something at a servant, and soon she returned followed by a nice looking German lady and quite young. I was surprised. "My wife." We bowed and then I left. Funny people these foreigners. I take my lesson day after to-morrow and I must hurry home to my Blackbirds. Good-by, dear Bella, and tell the girls to write. You answer this soon and I'll write after lesson on Monday. Good-by, Bella. Don't show my ma this letter, and, Bella—say nothing to nobody about the kisses. I didn't like—now if it had been—you know—oh, dear. I hate the piano. Good-by at last, Bella, and oh, Bella, will you send me the address of Schaefer, Schloss & Cantwell's. I want to order some writing paper. Good-by.

Your devoted IRENE.

P. S.—Any kind of Irish linen paper will do without any monogram.

Miss Bella Seymour.

BALAK, January 31, 1900.

MY DEAR MAMA—Certainly I got your last letter. I have not forgotten you at all and the draft came all right. Bella Seymour exaggerates so. Herr Klug kisses all his pupils in the class, but just as Grandpa Murray would. He's old enough to be our grandfather; besides, as Mrs. Ransom says, it is not for our beauty, but when we play well, that he rewards us. I'm sure I don't like it, and if Mrs. Klug, or his six or seven cousins who live with him, caught him they would make a lively time. I never saw such a jealous set of relatives in my life. How am I improving? Oh, splendid; just splendid. I do wish you wouldn't coax and worm out of Bella Seymour all I write. You know girls exaggerate so. Good-by, darling mama. Give my love to pa and Harry. I'll write soon. Yes, I need one new morning frock. I owe for one at a store here where the Ransoms go. Lizzie Ransom is the nicest, but I play better than she does. Your affectionate daughter,

IRENE.

Mrs. William Murray.

BALAK, March 2, 1900.

YOU MEAN OLD THING—I got your letter, Bella, but I don't understand yet how you came to tell mama the nonsense I wrote. Such a lot of things have happened since I wrote last fall. I haven't im-

proved a bit. I have no talent, old man Kluggy says—he's such a soft old fool. He can't play a bit, but he's always talking about his method, his virtuosity, his wonderful memory and his marvelous touch. He must have played well when he was painted with Beethoven in the same picture. Yes, he knew Beethoven. He's as old as old what's-his-name who ate grass and died of a colic in the Bible. Golly, wouldn't I like to get out of this hole, but I promised pa I'd stick it out until spring. I play nothing but Klug compositions, his waltzes, mazourkas—mind his nerve, he says he gave Chopin points on mazourkas; and Bella, Bella, what do you think, I've found out all about his cousins. I wrote ma that all the old hens in his house were his cousins, and I spoke of his wife. Bella, he has no wife, he has no cousins. What do you think? I'll tell you how I found it out. The Ransom girls know, but they don't let on to their mother. The first lesson I took Klug—I hate that man—motioned me to wait until the other girls had gone. He pretended to fool and fuss over some autographs of Bach and a lot of other old idiots—I hate Bach too, nasty dry stuff—and I knew what he was up to. He glared at me through his spectacles for a while and then mumbled out:

"You may kiss me before you go?" Not much, I thought, and told him so. He rang a bell. The servant came. "Send my wife down, Schnell, du." She hesitated and he yelled out. "Dumm Kopf" and then turned to me and smiled. The old monkey had forgotten that he had introduced me to Frau Klug two days before. In a minute I heard the swish of a silk dress and a fine looking old lady entered. I was introduced to—what do you think Frau Klug, please. I nearly fell over, for I remembered well the frightened looking German girl—a pretty girl too, only dressed rotten. Well, I got out the best I could—I couldn't talk German or Balakian—a hideous language, full of coughing and barking sounds—so I bowed and got out. Now comes the funny part of it Bella. Every time the old fool tries to kiss me I ask him to introduce me to his wife and he invariably answers:

"What you have not met my wife?" and rings for the ugly servant who stands grinning until I really expect her to say "which one," but she never does. I've counted seventeen so far, all sizes, ages and complexions. The class says they are old pupils who couldn't pay their bills, so Kluggy, old boy, got a mortgage on them, and they have to stay with him until they work the mortgage off by sewing, washing, cooking and teaching beginners. I've not seen them all yet, and Anne Sypher, from Cleveland swears there is a dungeon in the house full of girls from the eighteenth century who hadn't money enough to pay for their lessons. I'm sure ugly Babette, the servant, is an old pupil, for one day I sneaked into the dining room and heard her playing the "Bella Capriciosa," by Hummel, on an upright piano that was almost falling apart. Heavens! how she started when she saw me! The old lady he introduced me to the second time was a pupil of Stebelt's, and she played the "Storm" for us in class when the professor had the tummy ache. She must have been good looking. Her fingers were quite lively. Honest, it is the joke of Balak, and us girls have grown so sensitive on the subject that we never walk out in a crowd, for the young men at the corners call out:

"Hello, there goes the new crop for 1900." It is very embarrassing. Bella, I want to tell you something. Swear that you will never tell my father or mother, swear honest Injun! I don't give a rap for music; I hate it, but I like the young men here in Balak, no, not the citizens. They are slow, but the soldiers, the regiment attached to the Royal Household. I've met a Lieutenant Fustics—oh, he's lovely, belongs to the oldest family in Serbia, is young, handsome and so fine in his uniform. He is crazy over music and America, and says he will never bear to be separated from me. Of course he's in love and of course he's foolish, for I'm too young to marry—fancy not eighteen yet, or, is it nineteen?—this place makes me forget my name—besides, pa wouldn't hear of such a thing. Herr Lieutenant Fustics asked my father's business, and told me all Americans were millionaires, and I just laughed in his face. I play for him in the salon—oh, no, not in my room—that would be a crime in this tight-laced

old town. Now, Bella, don't tell mama this time. Why don't you write oftener? Love to all,

Your devoted, IRENE.

P. S.—Bella, he's lovely.

Miss Bella Seymour.

BALAK, May 12, 1900.

DEAR PA—Yes, I need \$500, and Herr Klug says if I stay a year more I can play in public when I go back. Five hundred dollars will be enough now.

Your loving daughter, IRENE.

William Murray, Esq.

BALAK, May 25, 1900.

DEAR, SWEET BELLA—I'm gone; Hector, that's his name, proposed to me—and proposed a secret marriage—he says that I can study quietly, inspired by his love, for a year, for his regiment will stay in Balak for another year. Oh, Bella, I'm so happy. How I wish you could see him. I simply don't go near the piano. Old Klug is cross with me and I'm sure the Ransoms are jealous. Good-bye, Bella, don't tell mama. Remember I trust you.

Your crazy IRENE.

P. S.—I'm wild to get married!

BALAK, June 20, 1900.

HIGH RESPECTED AND HONORABLE MADAME—I've not seen your daughter, the Fraulein Irene Murray, since April, although she has been in Balak. I fear she has more talent for a military career than as a pianist. She owes me for two lessons. Please send me the amount—40 marks. Send it care of Frau Klug—Frau Emma Klug. With good weather,

ARMIN KLUG.

Frau Wilhelm Murray.

August 1, 1900.

DEAR WILLIAM—I've found her—my heart bleeds at her face, poor child—twenty miles from Balak. Of course she followed the regiment when the wretch left, and of course he is a married man. Oh, William, the disgrace, and all for some miserable music lessons! Send the draft to Balak—to the Oriental Bank. I went as far as Belgrade. Poor, tired daring Irene, how she cried for Chicago and for her papa! Yes, it will be all right. The girls in that old mummy's class gossiped a little, but I fixed up a story about Vienna and lessons with Leschetizky. Only the hateful Ransoms smile, and ask every day particularly for Irene. I'd like to strangle them. Have patience, William; will be back in the spring—early in the spring. My sweet, deceived child, our child William. Oh, I would kill that Fizzsticks, or whatever his name is. His regiment is off in the mountains somewhere, and I'm afraid of the publicity or I'd get our consul to introduce me to the Queen. She is a lady, and would listen to my complaint. But Irene begs me with frightened eyes not to say a word to anyone. So I'll go on to Vienna and thence to Paris. For gracious sake, tell that Seymour girl—Bella Seymour—not to bother you about Irene; tell her anything you please. Tell her Irene is too busy practicing to answer her silly letters. And William, not a word to grandpa Murray—not a word, William!

Your loving wife,

MARTHA KILBY MURRAY.

William Murray, Esq.

P. S.—I don't know, William.

Extract from the Elgin Daily Eagle, November 5, 1901.

"The most interesting feature of the concert was the debut as a pianist of Miss Irene Murray, the daughter of William Murray, Esq., of the Drovers' National Bank. Miss Murray, who was a slip of a girl before she went abroad two years ago to study with the celebrated Herr Armin Klug, of Balak, returns a superb, self-possessed young woman of regal appearance and queenly manners. She played a sweet bit, a fantasia by her teacher, Herr Klug, entitled "The Five Blackbirds," and displayed a wonderful command of the resources of the keyboard. For encore she dashed off a brilliant *morceau* by Herr Klug, entitled "Echoes de Seraglio." This was very

difficult, but for the fair débutante it was child's play. She got five recalls, and after the concert held an impromptu reception in her dressing room, her happy parents being warmly congratulated by their fellow townsmen. We predict a great career for Irene Murray. Among those present we noticed, &c., &c."

Pauline Viardot-Garcia.

FROM FRANZ LISZT'S PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

Translated from the original German by Katharine Evans von Klenner.

(Continued from last week.)

We have never seen this finale acted so enchantingly, and gladly admit that since "Norma" was first represented with all the charms of novelty, we never saw this play interpreted with so noble passion, penetrating into the innermost fibres of the character. The "Barber of Seville" belongs to the masterpieces of which it has become commonplace to say that they contain no weak numbers, no half successful situation, not a single superfluous moment of transition. Life, fire and joy run equally rich in all the veins of this work. Every figure is here a comic type, which lives in every memory, and is familiar to every phantasy.

The libretto, taken from one of the most brilliant products of French literature, gives but a feeble idea of the original. Nevertheless it has provoked the genius of the composer to a musical masterpiece. The opera belongs to those which are represented by all larger stages, with special care as to the distribution of the roles. In order to heighten the interest in each of the scenes they give them to their first members only. The Italians perform these scenes with incomparable "entrain"; their roguish irony, their fine humor, their pointed comedy, never degenerates into the burlesque. They do not overdo the costumes, but give instead such characteristic expression to their dress that there never appears any discordance between lively music and affected, stiff manners, as is not rarely the case in Germany. We have seen in the beautiful times of Italian opera during the Restoration and the July days at Paris all existing celebrities famous in this opera. We admired Manuel Garcia as Figaro, whom even Lablache, invincible in this role before he took up the Bartolo, was unable to outshine. We have heard Rubini and Mario as Almaviva, yea, Rossini himself sing the main parts of this opera, especially Figaro's aria, and the "Calumnia" with an incredible champagne-like vivacity, and all the bubbling wit of his accompaniments. But among all the highly esteemed and charming Rosinas whom we admired and applauded there is not a single one who could contest in song and acting with Pauline Viardot for the laurel.

The gracious loveliness of her flirting, her girlish and still not ill-bred resistance, her decidedly vivacious and still chaste acting, her proud pouting, her extremely elegant roguishness in mocking and teasing, give her a double aspect of innocent acuteness and goodness of mind which fully explain the passion of the enamored Count. The few words, "Victory is mine," become, by the piquant expression and modulation of her song, a little masterpiece of refinement and girlish roguishness. Instead of leaving the stage, as is usually done during Bartolo's great aria, she remains and entertains the public by charming by-play and not exaggerated but excellent acting, which could be recommended to a great many singers who do not know how to listen nor what to do with themselves when they have nothing to say and nothing to sing. The whole first act is one continual triumph for Madame Viardot; no word but accompanied by proper gesture; no bar which she does not sing with unique mastery!

Still she excels herself in her art of singing in the second act, when she brings out the inexhaustible riches of her coloratura and her psychic expression in the "Spanish Songs" and Chopin's celebrated mazurka.

How does she draw, then, with the golden pencil of her voice the boldest rainbows into the air and then,

with the swiftness of a swallow, shoots up from the depth to the height, resting on a trill as if on a branch, whose dewdrops she shakes down in pearly, bold cadenzas. She also charmed here the public with contributions of her piano play, when she produced, preluding or in fantasies, charming ideas before the public had time to find out what she intended to play. Every tune was here also in full harmony with the general character of her role, which was to be crowned by the finale variations from "Cenerentola," with their dazzling cobweb of sounds, sparkling with a hundred pearls of mist.

We hope that we do not enjoy the fame of pedantic judges of future times so much as to create astonishment if we have entered so circumstantially upon the excellencies not only of a great artist, whose friendship has been dear to us these twenty years, but also of operas the representation of which is, ordinarily, of no special concern to us. We have never misjudged the Italian school in Italy itself. How should we be able to forget the most splendid epoch of the Italian stage, in whose sky so many stars of the first order have shone? But Germany is not Italy, and if yonder the appropriate singers are growing more and more scarce, how much more difficult must it be on this side of the Alps to find fitted interpreters of music, the greater and often more important half of whose value is in the hands of the virtuoso, and whose passion, whose power and quintessence will remain a stranger to the German public as well as to German artists, even if they should sing and hear about them for centuries?

Moreover, "Norma" and "Barbier" must be counted among the most successful products of that school, and will always be mentioned among its most favored standard operas. On the other hand, we deny not that the satisfaction to have found in Madame Viardot once more one of those singers of the best times, with all her spirited nightingale trills, and those tones that arise from the depth of the soul were so perfect that possibly we would have welcomed her just as joyfully and loudly even in operas which agree less with us, and for whose value as compositions we would find, with the best will, no sufficient defense. Indeed, we think it belongs to the privileges of representative artists in opera, as well as in the drama, to breathe life and charm into even weaker productions, as only they can do through the full development of their individual power and phantasy.

It would be pedantic to grudge to the artist this right, which is to recompense him for many other things incompatible with the short duration of his activity. It is allowed to the virtuoso to throw the splendor of his poesy also upon less important subjects, if only, upon the whole, this splendor be not lacking. Therefore, we would have joyfully applauded Madame Viardot in any role she would have seen fit to present to us, and we felt almost painful sorrow when adverse and unforeseen circumstances robbed us of the pleasure of admiring her in the role of Azucena in Verdi's "Trovatore," which she had promised to sing upon the instances of their R. R. H. H., the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess. We missed her also in the court concert on January 1, to which she had promised us the third act of "Desdemona," which had previously so often charmed and enthused us from her mouth, and which we should have heard so gladly again sung by her.

The Late "Octavia Hensel."

THE Louisville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal* of Sunday, November 14, had the following interesting paragraph about "Octavia Hensel":

The effects of the late Madame Fonda, the well-known literary and music critic, were put under the hammer last Thursday, and the articles that remained after the private sale were eagerly purchased. Everyone who knew "Octavia Hensel" felt that whatever she approved of in art or music had an intrinsic value. And there was a pathos about the disposal of the personal effects of this woman, who came into the city with her wealth of experience and knowledge and entered so heartily into its musical affairs for about eight years.

The collection was notable for the "antiques," books, science, art, botany, music that reflected the broad knowledge of their owner. While many owned copies of the same books, yet, "Octavia Hensel's" habit was to read thoroughly a work and to write on the margins her opinion as to the merits or demerits of this or that passage.

On that account many wanted to own her books. Then in some of them were autographs of celebrated people, gifts to her, showing the many people of fame who called themselves her friends. Much of the music belonged to the old C. Olmsted and Ives families, her grandmother having been an Olmsted, of Philadelphia. There were many pieces of old silverware on which were the initials of the Olmsted and Jackson families. Besides these private accumulations that necessarily come to prominent literary people, there were many copies with dates and places in Europe, and some from the Esterhazy Palace, in Austria. There were many pieces of mahogany that went off with much lively bidding.

Among the jewels was a large coral brooch carved out of large pieces, representing Ceres, antique amethyst and pearl set, old Colonial pearl set, antique set of Catherine of Russia spoons, Duchess lace and mother-of-pearl fan; antique cameo and pearl pendant.

The Violin Classes at the National Conservatory.

THE violin classes at the National Conservatory are, owing to the loving attention of President Jeannette M. Thurber, one of the features of that institution. Headed by the name of Leopold Lichtenberg they are modeled after the style of the famous conservatories of Vienna, Berlin, Paris and Brussels. M. Juan Buitrago is a pupil of Charles Dancla, and an able artist and teacher; Joseph Kovarik is a pupil of the Prague Conservatory. The preparatory department is looked after by Miss Josephine Emerson and Henry Klein, both graduates of the National Conservatory and pupils of Mr. Lichtenberg. The most thorough and strenuous course is insisted upon, and a pupil with talent may enter the conservatory with no knowledge of the noble art of violin playing and later emerge a finished executant.

An American born and certainly one of the most gifted violin virtuosos that America has thus far produced is Leopold Lichtenberg, the principal of the violin department of the National Conservatory. Lichtenberg is one of those wonder children who has outlived the prodigies of his childhood, who has more than verified its golden promise. This San Francisco boy ravished the heart of one of the greatest violinists in the annals of music, Henri Wieniawski, who, after hearing the lad, at once elected him as a prize pupil, and during the Polish artist's American tour the little Lichtenberg played at all his concerts and enraptured his audiences by the boldness and brilliancy of his performances. Three years of hard work in the Brussels Conservatoire transformed Lichtenberg to a master, and he often played before royalty and made a tournee in Belgium as a substitute for Wieniawski, and with astonishing success.

His subsequent career is history. He returned to the United States and appeared as solo violinist at all the principal concerts and in all the large cities. After a residence in Boston and a membership in the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra he accepted an invitation from Mrs. Thurber to conduct the violin classes of the National Conservatory, where he has been ever since.

As a virtuoso Lichtenberg is distinguished by impeccable intonation, a big, beautiful, liquid, sonorous tone, a fabulous technic, a rare sympathy and acumen in interpretation. His interpretative powers are not limited to any one school, for to the broad classic style of the German he unites the dash, fire and resiliency of the Belgian.

President Thurber has every reason to feel satisfied with the violin classes of the National Conservatory.

WANTED—A few select pupils for one day in the week by a vocal teacher engaged in private school during the balance of week. Special attention given to the eradication of physiological defects, and the remedying of acquired faults. Highest reference. Address Voice, care MUSICAL COURIER, New York.

WANTED—Soprano, dramatic and statuesque; Wagnerian roles; private; for illustration and demonstration; studio work which may lead to public engagements. Send photo and repertoire, as well as record. Salary satisfactory if work can be done. Address Wagner, care MUSICAL COURIER, New York.

THE National Conservatory of Music of America.

INCORPORATED IN 1885, UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, AND
CHARTERED IN 1891 BY THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

FOUNDED BY
MRS. JEANNETTE M. THURBER.

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"The Greatest Musical Good for the Greatest Number."

ADMISSION DAILY.



BOSTON, Mass., November 28, 1897.

FIRST, let me thank you for your editorial remarks last week concerning Marchesi's book entitled "Marchesi and Music"—truly a brazen book, which should be called "I and My Pupils." The Barnumism of the work is colossal.

The Kneisel Quartet, assisted by that most admirable clarinetist Léon Pourtau, and Mr. Faeltén, gave the second concert of the present series November 22. The quartet played Mozart's C major quartet, No. 6, and Grieg's G minor quartet—works as far apart as the poles—in truly marvelous fashion. The musicians triumphed gloriously over the dangerous simplicity of Mozart and the virtuoso difficulties presented by Grieg. I have never heard the quartet of Mozart played with such perfect finish, beauty of tone, and serene appreciation. The performance by the Joachim Quartet thirteen or fourteen years ago I still remember; but the cellist of that quartet was without warmth or apparent humanity, and the viola was apt to be too strongly in evidence.

The E flat sonata, by Brahms, for piano and clarinet, was played for the first time and carefully. I say "carefully"; perhaps too carefully, for I think the variations should have been given with more abandon. The first movement is the best and the most interesting. The chief theme is fresh and genial, and the development is full of interest. The rest of the work is a steady decrescendo of pleasure and the finale is dull and perfunctory. As they were played the variations were rigidly dry, nor could Mr. Pourtau's exquisite tone and technical skill or Mr. Faeltén's studied thoughtfulness remove the curse of boredom. Fortunately a most spirited—in fact inspired performance of Grieg's wildly romantic work revived love for music in the breast of the discouraged hearer.

Joseffy will assist the club at the next concert, December 6, when Brahms' C minor quartet, Beethoven's cello sonata in A major and Schumann's piano quintet will be played.

Marcella Sembrich, with her concert company and an orchestra of Boston Symphony men, led by Beviniani, appeared at Music Hall the evening of November 23 and the afternoon of November 27. The audiences were very enthusiastic, but in point of size they were a disgrace to the musical reputation of the town. Mrs. Sembrich sang arias from "Il Seraglio," "Ernani," "Sonnambula," "Marriage of Figaro," "Norma," waltz songs by Strauss and Ardit, and songs by Mozart, Schumann, Schubert, Rubinstein, Brahms, Förster and others. At her first concert she was extremely nervous, and not until yesterday afternoon did she display fully the glorious perfection of her art. Mastered by her spell, I wrote for the *Journal* of this morning: "It may be said justly that her mastery of bel canto is unequalled by sopranos now in full possession

of their powers. * * * There are other singers whose coloratura may be at times fresher and apparently more spontaneous, but no one of them sings with such artfully concealed and yet authoritative intelligence." I know of no one who has such mastery of phrasing, management of breath, beautiful, incredible legato, artistic punctuation, ineffable grace in beginning and ending a sentence and in the poising and sustaining of the same. No singer for years has given me such unmixed pleasure by the modest exhibition of supreme art and rare musical feeling, appreciation, self-control. To me she was especially delightful in her interpretation of songs, to which her husband played tasteful accompaniments.

De Gogorza has a voice of sympathetic quality and good range. Yesterday afternoon he sang with dramatic spirit and commendable style. With still greater experience he will lose a certain stiffness that at times prevents immediate recognition of his talent, which is more than ordinary. Mr. Lavin was well received by the audiences.

Miss Florence Terrel, pianist, made her first appearance here yesterday afternoon. She played the third movement of the Henselt concerto, which now is threadbare, shabby, intolerable. But it served as a vehicle for her finely developed technic. Surely Mr. Lambert is most successful in bringing out that which is latent in a pupil and guiding wisely the temperament that needs control rather than spurring. Miss Terrel has virtuosic blood and, although she is young, her enthusiasm does not run away with her judgment. Her strength is never coarse; her tone is velvety in its caress. Nor does the fluency of her technic remind one of the music box that is made in Geneva. Recalled by enthusiastic applause, she played with dash, clearness and accuracy Schloetzer's interesting Etude de Concert No. 1.

The Boston String Quartet, assisted by Miss Alice A. Cummings, pianist, gave a concert November 24. The program included Beethoven's F major quartet, op. 18, No. 1; Schumann's D minor trio; Mozart's B flat major quartet. I was unable to hear the concert. T. P. Currier wrote in discriminating praise of the performance of the Beethoven quartet: "Miss Cummings played smoothly, in good taste and with no undue force. Inexperience was at times apparent in the accompaniments, and in a rather feeble delivery of the melodic passages. She was at her best in the finale, showing therein brilliancy and considerable power."

The program of the sixth Symphony concert, given last night in Music Hall, was as follows:

Serenade No. 1, in D major, op. 11.....Brahms
Recitative, Ja, so will's Gott! and aria, Leb wohl, ihr Berge, from Die Jungfrau von Orleans.....Tschaiakowsky
Symphony No. 5, in E minor, From the New World, op. 96.....Dvorak
Scena, Gerechter Gott! and aria, In seiner Blüthe, from Rienzi.....Wagner
Menuet des Feu-Follets.....
Valge des Sylphes.....La Damnation de Faust.....Berlioz
Marche Hongroise.....

Miss Gertrude May Stein sang for the first time at a Symphony concert in Boston; and the Tschaiakowsky aria was a novelty. I admired the singer more than the aria, although the latter would no doubt gain if it were heard in its proper place. The opera was not a success when it was performed at St. Petersburg, February 23, 1881, and Nicholas Rubinstein said that he considered it a retrograde step from such works as "Vakoula" and "Eugene Onegin." "He believed that he saw in it a desire to win the public favor, and added that a mediocre talent might succeed in this respect, but Tschaiakowsky—never." And yet the composer was mightily interested in the story of the famous hysterical maiden who dreamed dreams and

saw visions, and when he was in Paris in 1878 he studied the books of French writers concerning her.

I tried to remember any opera entitled Joan of Arc that won great renown; or any scena or orchestral piece suggested by her that is world famous. No composer has apparently struck twelve with this name. Dear Lord, as Vance Thompson would say, the material! Here is an incomplete catalogue:

OPERAS.

"Giovanna d'Arco," by Andreozzi, Vicenza, 1789.
"Jeanne d'Arc à Orléans," by Rudolph Kreutzer, Paris, May 10, 1790. His first opera.
"Mädchen von Orléans," Volckert, Vienna, 1817.
"Jeanne d'Arc à Orléans," Carafa, Paris Opéra Comique, March 10, 1821.
"Giovanna d'Arco," Vaccai, Venice, 1827.
"Giovanna d'Arco," Pacini, Milan, March 14, 1830. Meric-Lalande was the heroine. Rubini and Tamburini were in the cast. The verdict was "Mediocre."
"Joan of Arc," Balfe, London, November 30, 1837, dedicated to Queen Victoria. "It was too high above the heads of the public, and they did not care to crane their necks in a position uncomfortable to themselves to admire beauties beyond their comprehension," and the honey-daunting biographer quotes this wise-ass opinion with the air of a man conferring a favor. Miss Romer was the leading woman.
"Johanna d'Arc," Hoven (pseudonym for von Püttlingen), Vienna, December 30, 1840. Hasselt was the heroine. The opera found an enthusiastic reception at Dresden in 1845.
"Giovanna d'Arco," Verdi, Milan, February 15, 1845. Erminia Frezzolini was the heroine. "In the flower of her springtime she was the ideal creature to impersonate in her physical and moral purity the chaste heroine of Vaucouleurs." After her voice failed her, Verdi was loath to allow performance of the opera. Adelina Patti sang the part in Paris for the first time there March 28, 1868. It was not a success. Verdi afterward put the overture as

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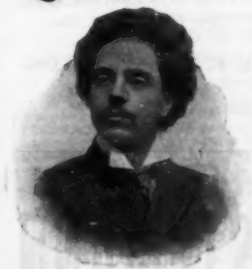
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prelude to "The Sicilian Vespers," and again he used it in "Aroldo." In Palermo, in 1847, the censor would not allow the title or the story of the heroine, who became a compatriot of Sappho, and the piece was called "Orietta di Lesbo." In Paris there was a howl against "the slandering of patriotism." A few days after the first performance mentioned above the Maiden's Tower, that had stood for 400 years at Compiègne, fell suddenly with a mighty crash.

"Jungfrau von Orleans," Langert, Coburg, December 25, 1860.

"Jean d'Arc," Duprez, October 24, 1865, with Miss Brunetti as the heroine. The first performance was really October 12, but Miss Brunetti was taken sick, and the curtain was rung down. The undertaking cost the composer over 60,000 frs. For a dismal account of a dismal failure see his "Souvenirs d'un Chanteur," pp. 228 to 234.

"Jeanne d'Arc," Mermet, April 5, 1876, Paris Opéra, with Krauss as the heroine, Faure as the King and Salomon as Gaston de Metz.

The opera of Tchaikowsky above mentioned.

"Jungfrau von Orleans," Reznicek, Prague, June 19, 1887.

CANTATAS, &c.

"Jeanne d'Arc," lyric scene in two parts, by Beaulieu, Paris, 1853.

"Johanna d'Arc," for solo voices, chorus, orchestra, by Louis Lee, Hamburg, 1860.

"Joan of Arc," cantata by A. R. Gaul, Birmingham, 1887.

"Jeanne d'Arc," lyric scene, by Gaston Serpette, Paris, performed at the Opéra November 24, 1871. The composer won the Prix de Rome by this piece.

"Jeanne d'Arc," cantata, by Charles Poisot, Paris, Salle Erard, May 3, 1874.

"Jeanne d'Arc à Rouen," aria, by Luigi Bordese, sung at a Philharmonic concert, New York, April 23, 1853, by Rosa Jaques.

"La Vision de Jeanne d'Arc," aria, by Luigi Bordese.

"Mort de Jeanne d'Arc," by H. Bemberg, composed in 1887.

"Jeanne d'Arc," by Louis Lacombe, composed for a festival at Orleans, but not performed there.

BALLETS.

Reeve (London, 1798), Brambilla, Lichenthal and Viganò (Milan, August 15, 1821), Gallenberg (Vienna, February, 1821).

THEATRE MUSIC.

Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans," music by B. A. Weber (Berlin, November 23, 1801, for orchestra and chorus); Franz Destouches (Weimar, April 23, 1803, score lost in the burning of the theatre in 1825, the farewell monologue, "Lebt wohl, ihr Berge," was published in 1810); G. A. Schneider (Berlin, 1825, still used in the Berlin Theatre in 1886); Max Seifriz (Stuttgart, May 15, 1872, for grand orchestra, highly praised); Leopold Damrosch (Weimar, March 26, 1857); Max Bruch (Cologne, April 4, 1859, unpublished); J. A. Södermann (written for the Swedish version, "Orleanska Jungfrun," the overture and the coronation march enjoy a concert life).

"Jeanne d'Arc," drama, by Jules Barbier, music by Gounod, Paris, Gaité, November 8, 1873. The music of the Page was sung by Miss Perret. Offenbach was the conductor. The partition includes orchestral pieces,

choruses, a ballet, two songs. The air of the Page is in imitation of an ancient tune. In the second act fragments of the "Marseillaise," "Chant du Départ," "Chant des Girondins," are introduced patriotically and anachronously. This music, revived January 3, 1890, for performance at the Porte Saint-Martin, with Sarah Bernhardt as La Pucelle, was written in England and dedicated to Henry and Georgina Weldon.

"Jeanne d'Arc," drama by Faber, music by Godard, Paris, Châtelet, January 27, 1891. Music for solo voices, chorus and orchestra. Godard looked upon Joan as the visionary rather than the heroine. An Angelus was accompanied by a bell whose tone made a part of all the harmonies. The ballad of Jean Renaud was introduced. Godard sought to preserve the mediæval thought in modern expression.

"Jeanne d'Arc," pantomime at the Hippodrome, Paris, June 25, 1890, music by Widor. "Musique hippique!" Pastoral, vision, ballet under the walls of Orléans, the Execution. Typical melodies sound in the heroine's ears while she marches to the stake. Patriotic hymn for finale, which is sung about the statue of Joan, which rises suddenly from the flames.

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

"Johanna d'Arc," symphonic poem by Moszkowsky, op. 19, first performed at Berlin, February 23, 1877, under Mannstädt.

Symphonic illustrations to Schiller's play by Hermann Thadewalt, first performed at Dresden March 13, 1886, under the leadership of the composer.

Symphonic Poem, by Paul Vidal, Paris, at a Colonne concert, January 25, 1891.

Overture in D minor, by Karl Wagner, composed in the early twenties at Darmstadt.

Overture, by Moscheles, first performed at London in 1835, under the leadership of the composer.

Overture, by Joseph Klein, first performed under Heinrich Dorn, at Cologne, 1843-4.

Overture, by H. H. Pierson, performed about 1870 at Leipzig.

Overture in F major, by Gustav Strube, dedicated to Emil Paur, and first performed in Boston by the Symphony Orchestra February 16, 1895.

"Vision de Jeanne d'Arc," for solo violin and orchestra, by Gounod. Written for the centenary at Rheims in 1885, and dedicated to Marteau.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Messe à la Mémoire de Jeanne d'Arc," for solo voices, chorus, organ, eight trumpets, three trombones, harps. No credo. Rheims, July, 1887.

"Die Jungfrau von Orleans," piano sonata, by Sterndale Bennett, A flat major, op. 46. Published in 1876 by Kistner.

Coronation march by H. Geisler (four hands, 1825); Franz Mair (four hands 1867); Von Dertzen (two hands). Joan's farewell monologue "Lebt Wohl, ihr Berge," has been set to music by Zumsteeg (composed in January, 1802; finished by Winzingerode); J. F. Reichardt; J. H. C. Bornhardt (with guitar); Von Wickede.

The Coronation monologue "Die Waffen ruhn" has been set to music by C. Schulz (1801), J. F. Reichardt, Andreas Romberg (1810, with orchestra).

I have no doubt that there are many other works which were inspired by Joan. I shall thank anyone for supplementary information. I do not believe so full a list has been drawn up before this, and now that I have ransacked shelves and bored men of statistical minds I begin to think the game was not worth the candle.

mentary information. I do not believe so full a list has been drawn up before this, and now that I have ransacked shelves and bored men of statistical minds I begin to think the game was not worth the candle.

Miss Stein gave great pleasure by the luscious richness and surprising range of her voice, the strength of her interpretation and the ease of her technic. Her growth has been a steady one ever since she was a choir singer in Albany nobly discontented. She has won her success honorably and righteously.

It is my impression that the serenade of Brahms has not been played here since the reign of Gericke. Last night the two scherzos were omitted. I was prepared to find the work dull, not because I am "agin" Brahms on general principles, but I recollected the criticisms passed on the work by Herbeck, who led it when it was first produced in Vienna. I found much to admire, and I found the menueto, or rather the brace of menuets, of surpassing beauty in their unaffected simplicity.

Seldom has this orchestra been heard in a higher state of tonal beauty and splendor than last night in Dvorák's "Congo Symphony." I understand that the work was played without rehearsal. This fact may account for the supreme excellence of the performance. More and more am I convinced that Dvorák wrote the slow movement after seeing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or Milt G. Barlowe "in his great impersonation of the aged contraband." Mr. Paur and the orchestra should use burnt cork at the next performance of this pleasing work. PHILIP HALE.

Hermann Beyer-Hané.—At the concert of the Schubert Glee Club, given in Jersey City on November 23, the fine solo work of Hermann Beyer-Hané, the cellist, was much appreciated by the audience. The appended notices are from the Jersey City News and the Evening Journal respectively:

Mr. Beyer-Hané, who has attained considerable fame of late, played Godard's "Berceuse" with much tenderness and the scherzo with great skill.

He uses an instrument of unusual brilliancy of tone, and his execution is of a startlingly masterful character. * * * The scherzo possesses in itself a wealth of musical humor, and this Mr. Beyer-Hané brought out with almost Faustian richness.

A Musical Lecture.—An interesting lecture on the subject of "The Character and Content of Music" was delivered in Wilkesbarre, Pa., by Miss Alice Jane Roberts, of Elmira, N. Y., on November 21. The illustrations were ably given by Mrs. E. B. Croker. We quote the following from the Wilkesbarre Record:

Miss Roberts was introduced in a few well chosen words by W. E. Woodruff, after which the lecturer proceeded to charm her hearers by the masterly way she interpreted a difficult though exceedingly interesting subject.

She was assisted in her lecture by Mrs. E. B. Croker, also of Elmira, who sang several songs illustrative of the various parts of the lecture. "God Save the Queen" and a "Widow Bird Sate Mourning" were chosen to illustrate, respectively, music of the major and minor characters, while some of Nevin's beautiful songs from "A Child's Garden of Verses" were given to show the word painting tendencies of some of our modern composers. Haydn's "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair" depicted the pure sonata form in song, while Schumann's "Moonlight" gave the romantic. Chaminade's "Were I Gardener" and the Schubert-Liszt "Erl-König" also received a masterly interpretation.

Both ladies are possessed of a charming personality, Miss Roberts holding her hearers spellbound to the close of her talk, while Mrs. Croker delighted everyone with her beautiful, cultivated and sympathetic voice, as well as the exquisite taste of her renditions.



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CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER.
226 Wabash Avenue, November 27, 1897.

THE events of the week ending November 20 were, with but two exceptions, unimportant. The orchestra was away fulfilling engagements in Toledo and Ann Arbor, and the concert givers, instead of embracing the opportunity while the representative Chicago organization was absent, held themselves ready for future time.

The Spiering Quartet concert was the one of last week which could be dignified by the name of classical. It attracted many admirers of concerted music, who were gratified by a most thoroughly artistic performance. The following was the program:

Quartet in C major, Mozart
Trio for piano, violin and 'cello in B flat major, op. 97, Beethoven
Quartet in A minor, op. 29, Schubert

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY.

RECITAL TUESDAY.

A gathering of musicians, including Clarence Eddy, W. S. B. Matthews, and others, assembled in the Auditorium Recital Hall on Tuesday to do honor to one of the greatest of the world's pianists, Leopold Godowsky. It was really an immense program, and comprised that extraordinary composition, "Islamey," the Oriental Fantasia by Balakireff, the immensely difficult Schumann Sonata, op. 11 (F sharp minor) and the Brahms Scherzo, op. 4. Godowsky played the sonata with a marvelous power and dignity. In his interpretation of a work of this character, with its great wealth of intricacies, it is possible that he stands unrivaled. The Brahms scherzo, so seldom played, was another example of profound versatility with the most delicately wrought poesy and shading. Godowsky to me seems in his pianism removed from the vast army of players; there is something really magnetic in his music, a close analysis such as I have observed in few players. Every phrase has meaning and intelligence; it is the embodiment of living, breathing music. After hearing a genius like Godowsky, other playing must disappoint; it is the same essence of musicianship

which appears in Rosenthal's marvelous interpretations. After all, Leopold Godowsky is himself—genius, artist, virtuoso, one whose playing can be likened to none because it is unique.

A delightful gem of the program was Carl Heyman's "Elfenspiel," which the great Russian pianist played exquisitely. A veritable tour de force was the Marche Militaire (Schubert-Tausig), which concluded the program. I have heard this hackneyed composition many times and by great artists, but I have never heard it given such a magnificent interpretation as on Tuesday, when Mr. Godowsky gave it such beauty and dignity as I never imagined the worn out composition possessed.

Here is the program in full:

Sonata, op. 11 (F sharp minor).....Schumann
Scherzo op. 4 (E flat minor).....Brahms
A Night at Lisbon, barcarolle.....Saint-Saëns
Ballet music from "Alceste".....Gluck-Saint-Saëns
Kuss Walzer.....Strauss-Schmitt
Elfenspiel.....Carl Heymann
Islamey, Oriental fantasia.....Balakireff
Marche Militaire.....Schubert-Tausig

One of the most successful soirées of this season was that given by Mrs. Theodore Perry Shonts at the Plaza, when Mlle. Jeanne Greta made her first appearance since her return from Paris. Together with William H. Sherwood a delightful recital was given, at which Thomas Taylor Drill, the popular basso cantante, also was heard. Mlle. Greta created a most favorable impression upon a musical and appreciative audience by her interpretation of Gounod's valse from "Mireille," arioso from Bemberg's "Jeanne d'Arc," and the same composer's "Nymphs and Fauns." The charming American soprano, who in private life is Mrs. Hughes Howell, has a bright soprano voice of good range and quality, which has been excellently trained, and evidently for opera. Mlle. Greta has delightful presence and naiveté of manner, qualities which will be strong factors in a career which has certainly begun most auspiciously, judging from the comments of the various great teachers and composers of Paris. In England, when on tour with Santley and other eminent artists, Mlle. Greta's success was most pronounced.

William H. Sherwood played like the great American artist we all know him to be. Beginning with Liszt's "Tarantelle Venezia é Napoli," this was followed by compositions by Godard, Chopin and also the E major Polonaise by Liszt. Mr. Sherwood's playing was most artistic, powerful and finished, and it is to be regretted that Chicago does not hear more from the famous pianist whose reputation is cosmopolitan. Thomas Taylor Drill's fine voice was heard to much advantage in his several songs, an especial attraction being his singing of Sargent's "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," for which he gained an enthusiastic encore. But indeed encores prevailed at Mrs. Shonts's soirée and Mlle. Greta was forced to respond several times. Altogether the evening was one of immense success. Miss Lois Adler, an accomplished pianist and accompanist, played the accompaniments with real merit and scholarly musicianship, well deserving the many compliments bestowed.

A few words of correction. When one is wrong, unwittingly or not, make the amende honorable and make it quick and clean. This preamble is apropos of a statement made in the Chicago columns with regard to Miss Jeannette Durno. It has been mentioned to me that my

notice of the gifted young pianist was calculated to mislead as to the length of time she studied with Mr. Hattstaedt, and I am requested not to give the entire credit to the conscientious principal of the American Conservatory. So I take pleasure now in recording dates as they were given to me. Miss Durno studied for three years with Mr. Hood, of Rockford; two years with Mrs. Hall, of Boston; two and one-half years with J. J. Hattstaedt and three years with Leschetizky and two months with some other famous European teacher. And I still maintain that she acquired a great deal of knowledge from Mr. Hattstaedt because no ordinarily gifted person studying with this clever teacher could fail to do so. It is also pointed out that I omitted to mention the enthusiastic reception given to Miss Durno at the Amateur Club. Well, sometimes these things escape us; but my notice said she plays beautifully, and this is true.

Max Bendix, the distinguished violinist, is once again in Chicago from an extraordinarily successful concert trip extending over five weeks. Upon his return here he played at the Standard Club, creating a furore by his performance. Mr. Bendix will play at St. Louis November 30 for the Apollo Club; December 1 he plays with the Amphion Society, Alton, Ill.; December 7 at St. Paul; December he gives a recital at La Crosse. Later Mr. Bendix will be heard in several recitals in Chicago.

The De Pasqualis are two of the most versatile artists Chicago possesses. Recently at six hours' notice they sang the principal roles in "Faust," without rehearsal they went on and sang the "Cavalleria," and with immense success, too! It is currently reported that the Great Northern Theatre people would have been unable to proceed without the talented duo, who were called upon to appear at such short notice.

Signor and Signora de Pasquali sang most artistically and dramatically in the "Cavalleria," in fact comparing most favorably with sundry great artists who have sung in the opera here.

Among the inquiries that are constantly coming to Frederic W. Root regarding his system of voice teaching, as recorded in "The Polychrome Lessons," there are always some from the Eastern States. Often correspondents wish to know who there is in the different localities that can take a pupil through the system correctly. "The Polychrome Lessons" explain themselves fairly well, but it is always better to have an intelligent teacher.

Among those in the East who include this system in their resources for teaching Mr. Root names Morris Stephens, of Pittsburg; Chas. Davis Gallup, of Norwich, Conn.; Miss Caroline M. Belcher, of Irvington, N. J. (the latter two do some professional work in New York city), and Miss M. Susan Morris, of Fort Washington, Pa. Miss Morris also does some work in Philadelphia.

In the West there are many teachers who have a correct knowledge of the contents of "The Polychrome Lessons," one the principal ones being Mrs. M. D. Kimball, of Milwaukee.

NOTES OF CHICAGO PEOPLE AND RECENT NOTICES GIVEN TO SEVERAL ACCOMPLISHED ARTISTS OF THE WEST.

In the *Democratic Daily*, of Uniontown, Pa., the following was said of the Chicago organist, Clarence Eddy:

The celebrated concert organist, Clarence Eddy, of Chicago, gave one of his popular recitals at the First Presbyterian Church last

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night. The auditorium was filled, and the audience highly appreciated the masterly manner in which he executed the varied selections composing the program. Mr. Eddy has given concerts in nearly every country in the world, and stands possibly without an equal in his profession.

Mrs. Sarah Sayles Gilpin, a pianist of marked ability, recently appointed director of the Cedar Rapids College of Music, received praise from the Cedar Rapids *Republican* in these terms:

Mrs. Gilpin, the new director of the piano department, made her first appearance in this city, and her playing sustains all that has been said of her. She is without doubt the most finished pianist that has ever appeared in this city. Her technique is marvelous, her conception and phrasing perfect, the expression and tone coloring beautiful, while the easy manner with which she executes the most difficult technical phrases makes her work doubly pleasing. Mrs. Gilpin has proved herself to be an artist of the highest standing.

Toronto *Daily Mail* tribute to W. H. Sherwood:

Mr. W. H. Sherwood, the solo pianist, of Chicago, is no stranger to lovers of music in this city, and his playing at several recitals here during the past few years has established his reputation with Toronto concert-goers as a most conscientious and capable artist. To a large circle of students he is also favorably known by reason of his position as examiner at the Conservatory of Music. It was not surprising to find, therefore, that his recital last night at Association Hall was attended by a large, fashionable and critically appreciative audience. Mr. Sherwood's program was as follows:—Bach, *Bourrée in A minor* (from Second English Suite); Händel, *Fire Fugue*; Schubert-Liszt, *Soirée de Vienne*, No. 6; Grieg, *Solveig's Lied*, from "Peer Gynt," op. 55; Godard, "En Route" (Concert Etude); Chopin, *Mazurka*, op. 7, No. 1, *Prelude*, op. 28, No. 16; Nocturne, op. 27, No. 1, *Etude*, op. 25, No. 1; Liszt, *Polonaise in E*; Wagner, "Eine Faust Overture" (arranged for piano by Hans von Bulow); Liszt, *Tarantelle* (Venezia 4 Napoli); Saint-Saëns, *Concerto in G minor*, with Mr. Dinelli at second piano.

It will be seen that the selection makes great demands upon the technical powers, the endurance, and the versatility of the soloist, but Mr. Sherwood was not found wanting in any of these particulars, although he told the audience that a slight injury to one hand had prevented him from practicing for some days, and caused him to substitute Liszt's *Polonaise* for the *Raff March*, op. 91, originally announced. Mr. Sherwood seems to me to have gained in breadth and power, while retaining the delicacy and fluency for which he was distinguished in past years. The Bach and Händel numbers displayed to advantage his clear and clean cut execution, and the Godard study was a notable example of brisk staccato playing, kept up with unflagging spirit to the end. The Chopin group was rendered with much delicacy of touch and refinement of style.

As an encore number, the pianist gave the *Berceuse* by the same composer. The very fine arrangement of Wagner's "Faust" overture was rendered with much significance, and as to the playing of Saint-Saëns' remarkable concerto, that was a veritable "tour-de-force" which aroused the audience to enthusiasm. The last two movements were specially striking and effective. The almost indefinable charm of the Grieg "Solveig's Lied" the piano does not bring out so beautifully as either the voice or violin, and of the smaller numbers this perhaps failed to make its usual impression. In the concerto Mr. Sherwood was assisted by Mr. Dinelli, who played the accompaniment on a second piano with excellent judgment and great skill in following the reading of the soloist. Mr. Sherwood, it may be mentioned, played on a special concert grand Knabe, with a new "scale," a splendid specimen of the maker's skill.

Mrs. Katharine Fisk, the contralto, has been praised by the press everywhere she has sung. The following examples suffice:

Mrs. Katharine Fisk, the gifted Chicago lady, whose beautiful contralto delighted so many hearers at the Monticello commencement last June, gave a concert at the Spaulding Auditorium last evening under the auspices of the Dominant Ninth Chorus. Mrs. C. B. Rohland presided as accompanist.

It would really be difficult for one who has not heard such a vocalist as Mrs. Fisk to understand how a single artist could entertain an audience through an evening. But it is a very easy matter for this gifted lady, for she has a versatility in song, in expression and tone, and to sit within the range of her rich voice one fancies that one might sit there forever and ever and hear Mrs. Fisk sing, with each added number adding delight. It was so last night. The pretty auditorium was crowded with people, but throughout the evening there was not even a slight indication of restlessness—nothing but

delight and evident gratitude that the lady before them should consent to sing in her incomparable way.—*Sentinel Democrat, Godfrey, Ill.*

The second recital of the Dominant Ninth Ladies' Chorus was given last night at the Spaulding Club House. Anything to which this organization gives its names is always sure of an enthusiastic reception in this city, and the audience last night filled every seat available. This was a song recital by Mrs. Katharine Fisk, of Chicago, who is recognized as one of the most accomplished song artists in this country. She possesses a contralto voice of the finest quality, and her singing last night was a revelation to many, if not most of that large audience, which attested its high appreciation by frequent and irrepressible applause.

Even the novice in matters musical may perceive that this was a great undertaking for one person in a single evening recital, but Mrs. Fisk's wonderful voice was equal to the occasion, and to the delighted auditors the evening seemed all too short.—*Allen Daily Republican.*

Spaulding Auditorium was the scene of another fine audience last night to hear Mrs. Katharine Fisk, of Chicago, in the second concert of the Dominant Ninth Chorus. Mrs. Fisk gave a program of eight numbers that elicited the highest appreciation from her auditors. The program was:

Aria, *Nobil Signor*.....Meyerbeer
La Cloche.....Saint-Saëns
Feldensamkeit, *Meine Liebe ist Gruent*.....Brahms
Death and the Maiden.....Schubert
Five Biblical songs.....Dvorak
Salve Regina.....Rohland
Two Folk songs.....Chadwick
Love and Joy.....Chadwick
Northern Days.....Chadwick
The Little Silver Ring.....Chaminade
The Watchman and the Child.....Cowan
Leifre Lindsay (old Scotch).....Hawley
My Little Love.....Hawley
A Red, Red Rose.....Hastings
The Lass with the Delicate Air.....Dr. Arne

"The Little Silver Ring," "The Watchman and the Child" and "The Lass with the Delicate Air" were especially enjoyed by the audience. Miss Fisk has a rich contralto voice of wide range, and sang these simple songs in a manner that delighted all.

The fifth number, "Salve Regina," was written by Mrs. C. B. Rohland and dedicated to Mrs. Fisk. After its singing by Mrs. Fisk there was general applause, and Mrs. Fisk gracefully congratulated the composer. Mrs. Fisk received hearty applause throughout the entire program, to which she responded in her charming manner, capturing the admiration of the audience. It is needless to remark that the program of an hour and a half was fully enjoyed by the large audience.—*Allen Telegraph.*

Harry J. Fellows, a New York Englishman now touring with the distinguished Chicago soprano Geneva Johnstone-Bishop, has been most cordially received at all cities visited, the press being unanimous in praise of his singing.

Harry J. Fellows was one of the pleasant surprises of the program. He has a tenor of most agreeable timbre, and sang several numbers, for which he was enthusiastically recalled. He came to California with Madame Bishop.—*San Francisco Daily Chronicle.*

Mr. Fellows won almost as great favor as Mrs. Bishop, and was applauded and encoored repeatedly.—*Meadville, Pa., Tribune.*

The encores started after Mr. Fellows, with his pure, sweet tenor voice, sang "By the Fountain."—*Lima, Ohio, Republican Gazette.*

Mr. Fellows, the tenor, has a very charming voice.—*Lima, Ohio, Times-Democrat.*

Mr. Fellows captivated his audience with his first effort. He sang with ease and grace, and his mellow voice not only filled the hall, but charmed the ears of his auditors.—*Troy (Ohio) Record, October 21.*

Harry J. Fellows' singing was received with great delight. He has a rarely beautiful voice, which was never heard to better advantage than on this occasion. At the singing of these two noted people the listeners appeared anxious not to lose a note, and the most delicate passages could be heard throughout the large room.—*Hutchinson (Kan.) Clipper, November 3.*

A comparatively newcomer to the West, Frederic Lillebridge, has recently returned from an extended tour. Mr. Lillebridge, who I hear is a pianist of excellent attain-

ments, received most gratifying notices, a few of which are appended:

Perhaps never has such playing been heard here. His place is on the concert stage. His playing is faultlessly accurate, the shading well colored, and the tone rich, the passage work being sharply and cleanly cut, each little ornament and every phrase standing out clearly. The great sonata, op. 53, of Beethoven, was played at great speed and delivered with delicacy and vigor combined. It was evidently a work of love. The piano fairly sang under Mr. Lillebridge's fingers. It is probably the most difficult of any sonata by Beethoven, and it is played by great artists as a test. The Rhapsody No. 2 of Liszt was played with a brilliancy which caused a prolonged encore, which was responded to by a graceful performance of Chopin's *Pantasia Impromptu*.—*Ripon, Wis., Commonwealth.*

Mr. Lillebridge played Beethoven's "Aurora Sonata," op. 53. His playing is exceedingly brilliant, with that singing quality that is characteristic of the great Paderewski. His accompaniments were all that they should be—soft, yet sustaining, harmonious and self-effacing, yet invariably sympathetic. Mr. Lillebridge was obliging enough to give a second selection on the piano in response to an unappeasable encore.—*St. John Sun.*

Then came the feature of the evening. Mr. Lillebridge on appearing on the stage received a grand ovation. He is a musician of the highest calibre. His technique is faultless, his phrasing excellent, and his dexterity astounding. In Liszt's Rhapsody No. 2 he held the audience spellbound. Every latent effect of the piano was brought out. The instrument responded lovingly to the electrical touch of the artist. An encore loud and prolonged was graciously responded to.—*Moncton Times.*

Of Mr. Lillebridge's playing too much praise cannot be said. His touch is faultless and expression sublime, and his interpretation true. He is the peer of any pianist who ever visited this city.—*Amherst News.*

J. H. Kowalski's reputation extends to San Francisco. During Madame Bishop's short indisposition at the festival a pupil of our Chicago teacher J. H. Kowalski sang with great éclat at a few hours' notice. The following notice appeared in the *San Francisco Examiner* of November 14:

Mrs. Bishop, the soloist for the Musical Festival, was suffering from a severe cold and at a moment's notice Mrs. Mary Weaver McCauley, a pupil of J. H. Kowalski, of Chicago, sang the solo part in the "Inflammatus" with fine effect, receiving an ovation from the immense audience and much praise from Madame Bishop. She also sang the first soprano part with the Nordica Ladies' Trio. Her home is at San José, but her musical education was obtained in Chicago.

The first of the annual series of historical lecture recitals given under the auspices of J. J. Hattstaedt, of the American Conservatory, took place in Kimball Rehearsal Hall last Saturday. The program is as follows:

Lecture, The Old Italian Composers of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.....J. J. Hattstaedt
Allegro.....Rossi
Pastorale.....Scarlatti
Capriccio.....Scarlatti
Allen H. Spencer.
Vittoria Mio Cara.....Carrigami
C. B. Smith.
All Cessate, aria.....Scarlatti
Spessa vibra (Canzone).....Scarlatti
Miss Jessie Hopkins.
Violin Sonata in G minor.....Tartini
Josef Vilim.
Nina (Siciliana).....Pergolesi
Pietra (aria).....Stradella
A. G. Zampolaki.
Piacere d'Amor.....Martini
Mr. Smith.
Maestoso from Sonstain.....Galluppi
Gavotte in F major.....Martini
Toccata from Sonstain.....Paradisi
Mr. Spencer.

The Liebling Amateurs gave one of their enjoyable

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musical afternoons last Saturday, when this program was performed:

Huldigungsmarsch, op. 56.....	Misses Adams and Catlin.
Sonata, op. 7, first movement.....	Miss Osborne.
Sonata, op. 7, andante.....	Mr. Grunn.
Vocal—	
My Thoughts Are as the Mighty Hills.....	
A Swan.....	
Song of Hope.....	Miss Heuchling.
Scherzo, op. 54.....	Miss Kramer.
Humoreske, op. 6, No. 2.....	Miss McKean.
Sie ist so Weiss.....	
The Princess.....	Miss Chandler.
On the Mountains.....	Mr. Hirsch.
Sonata, for violin and piano, op. 18.....	Miss Jennings and Mr. Margulies.

Brooke and his Chicago Marine Band will return shortly from extended and successful concerts given in the East and South since the close of last winter's series here in February. It is understood that the band has done remarkably well and really surprised our Eastern friends. A testimonial is being arranged at Central Music Hall for November 29 to welcome Brooke back. He spent the summer months in New Orleans, and was giving concerts in the East for twenty weeks, and has filled one of the longest band tours on record.

Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell Young's first recital of this season's series will be given in Handel Hall parlor on Tuesday evening, November 30. As is usually the case where these artists are concerned, a most interesting program will be provided. Miss May Lucine Potvin, pianist, who has lately made great strides as a public performer, will be the assisting artist.

The program is as follows:

Songs—	
Love Leads to Battle.....	Buononcini
Loch Lomond.....	Scottish ballad
Sei mir gegrüsst.....	Schubert
The Carrier Pigeon.....	
Piano—	
Six preludes.....	Chopin
Staccato Caprice.....	Vogrich
Songs—	
To Blossoms.....	
To Mary.....	Maud Valerie White
Kentish Tir Byng.....	
Songs—	
Autumn Song.....	Nevin
Autumn.....	Clayton Johns
As in Waves Without Number.....	Chadwick
Piano—	
Magic Fire Scene (Die Walküre).....	Wagner-Brassin
Polonaise, E flat.....	List
Songs—	
Gifts.....	Roy Lamont Smith
Carmen, La Gitana.....	Burgmeier

Miss Mary Wood Chase, the authorized Raif representative in Chicago, has been giving recitals in Indiana this week.

Mrs. Locke-Valisi and Miss Cora Sinzich are to be heard in recital at Hull House to-morrow night.

J. H. Kowalski directed a most satisfactory concert given by the Chicago Concert Company last Monday.

Mrs. Ada Howell-Loper, well and favorably known as a talented pupil of Fanny Bloomfield-Ziesler, has associated herself with the clever reader Carrie Mears, and will be heard in a series of lecture recitals during the season.

August Hyllested, once a Dane, afterward a Chicagoan, now cosmopolitan, is given piano recitals in Toronto, Montreal, London and Hamilton, in Canada, under the

patronage of the Governor-general. Mr. Hyllested will also give recitals at Detroit and Bay City, and thence going to Ohio. The Kimball piano accompanies him.

Miss Jeanette Durno, whose success is undeniable, gave a piano recital at Rockford Tuesday. Several Chicagoans, who journeyed to Rockford purposely to hear the gifted young pianist, express themselves very strongly about her remarkable powers.

Emil Liebling played at Sycamore, Ill., November 20, and will give a recital before the Ladies' Musical Club at Bloomington, Ill., December 11.

Harry J. Fellows expects to be in New York January 1, 1898. He will remain there one week; then resuming his tour.

Mme. Geneva Johnstone-Bishop still remains on the Pacific Coast, where she has repeated her successes enjoyed earlier in the year. Madame Bishop will be heard in Portland, Tacoma and other cities during December.

Wilhelm Middelschulte is giving a series of concerts at the University Congregational Church. The artists assisting are Miss Helen Buckley, Bruno Kuehn, Edmund Schuecker and Arne Oldberg.

Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel will give a song recital in Steinway Hall Saturday, December 11. This information is sent to the office of THE COURIER by a Mrs. Donnelly. It was always supposed that the Henschels were under the management of Mrs. Carpenter, Henry Wolfsohn's agent here, so that the above may or may not be authentic.

A delightfully interesting letter from Celeste Nellis, a former pupil of Sherwood, tells of pleasant experiences in Berlin and of her admittance as one of two fortunate candidates, out of a large number of contestants, to Herr Barth's advanced class. Miss Nellis was a particular favorite here, and her good nature combined with excellent talent will win for her many friends.

Helen Lester Jordan has opened a studio at 3515 Calumet avenue, where the very popular, charming vocalist has a large class of pupils. Mrs. Jordan teaches upon common sense principles and consequently is becoming favorably known among students desiring to qualify themselves for the musical profession. As there are many who wish for such instruction I take pleasure in giving Mrs. Jordan's address.

Albert Kussner's compositions are selling well. The first edition of "Moon Moths" was soon out and now the second is being rapidly taken up. Several orchestras in different parts of the country are playing Mr. Kussner's waltzes, so that it seems now that he is on the high road to success.

Advanced pupils of the Chicago Musical College gave the regular weekly recital in Handel Hall November 20. Miss Agnes Pringle, Mrs. E. T. Wood, Miss Nettie Thurber, Miss Jeall Gentry, Miss Marie Hall, Arthur Hamilton, Edward Weishert and Franz Wagner were responsible for the instrumental part of the program. Miss Emma Swasey, a young violinist with an excellent stage presence and remarkably good voice, was heard to much advantage. Miss Swasey sings with considerable musical intelligence and with good style. Considerable interest attached to the first appearance of Franz Prochowsky, a tenor who has been most favorably criticised by Madame Nordica, who predicted a fine career for the young singer. Mr. Prochowsky is a pupil of William Castle, the veteran tenor.

To-day the pupils of the Chicago Musical College gave a recital also. Miss Catherine Hall carried off the honors by her performance of Vieuxtemps' Fantaisie Caprice, being recalled and insistently encored. This clever young violinist is very favorably considered among musical people here, who regard her technic and interpretation as being quite exceptional in so young a player.

Two of the most noticeable numbers on the program were Miss Margaret Dahlstrom's singing of De Lara's "Garden of Sleep" and Jake Weibley's interpretation of Verdi's "Infelice," from "Ernani."

Rumor says that the Chicago Musical College will move into its own building before May 1, 1898.

THOMAS ORCHESTRA.

FIFTH CONCERT.

After an absence of a week the Chicago Orchestra returned to its own home at the Auditorium yesterday, and was greeted by a good audience. This is the more remarkable because the day, with the snow and sleet, was one of the most unpleasant we have experienced lately. The program was not the most interesting given this year, but still it was attractive to the intrinsically musical people. Added interest attached also from the fact that two Chicago artists were engaged; this is a capital example for the orchestral association to have given to the other home organizations, and will doubtless lead to a better understanding between Chicago audiences and Chicago artists.

Bach's Suite, No. 3, which opened the program, received a dignified treatment, the gavotte being beautifully interpreted. Schumann's Symphony No. 3 was played with fine power and finish. Theodore Thomas' reading being one of scholarly finish. Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" constituted the second part of the program, and in this Miss Helen Buckley, Miss Estelle Harrington and the Auxiliary Chorus took part. Unfortunately there is little for the soloists, but that little both ladies did extremely well, especially Miss Helen Buckley, who sang "Ye Spotted Snakes" charmingly, her staccato passages being remarkably clear.

I shall have more to say of this concert next week, especially about the chorus. FLORENCE FRENCH.

The Carl Recital.

THE climax of excellence was reached in the last of the series of five recitals given by William C. Carl, the great concert organist and director of music in the famous "Old First" Church. The program on Friday, November 26, consisted entirely of compositions of the distinguished French organist, Alexander Guilmant, who is one of the ablest writers for the organ at the present time. As Mr. Carl is the pupil of Guilmant it was to be expected that the interpretation would leave nothing to be desired.

The varied styles of the works given afforded Mr. Carl ample opportunity for the display of virtuosity. Of these, the "Grand Choeur," en forme de marche, demonstrated fully the strong rhythmic sense for which Mr. Carl is remarkable.

Mary Louise Clary created something of a sensation by her singing of the "O Salutaris Hostia." Her magnificent voice, so rich, so full, so warm, rang out with splendid volume, and her phrasing and expression were both excellent. Hubert Arnold's violin solos were a delightful feature of the recital. When the artistic value of an accompaniment is taken into consideration, and when it is understood just what it means to a soloist, a word of commendation is due Laura Crawford, the assistant organist of the church, for the excellence of her work. Her accompaniments were sympathetic and showed her at once a musician of fine artistic instinct.

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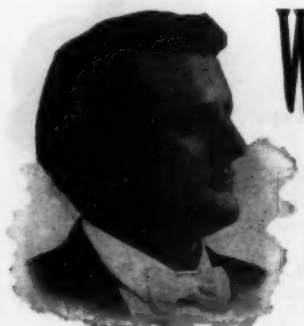


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BROOKLYN OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
539 FULTON STREET, November 29, 1907.

RUMORS are again afloat concerning the intended erection of a fine music hall in Brooklyn by the Apollo Club.

What a direct influence this would have upon the advancement of musical conditions in Brooklyn can only be realized by those who know the dearth that now exists. There is no gainsaying the fact that the acoustic properties of the Academy of Music are good, but it is such a large, cheerless place that unless it be a gala night there is no suggestion of comfort. Then it is burdened with a large free list of stockholders, that under some circumstances is quite a drain upon those paying rent, engaging expensive artists and assuming the responsibility. Under these conditions, to be compelled to give up the best seats is not agreeable, to say the least.

If this condition has been changed since last season this statement is open to correction, but I think I am right. More people than one could realize tell me that they go to New York for the same concerts that they could get here, simply because the accommodations are so much better.

For smaller concerts the only hall practically available is Association Hall, the acoustics of which are enough to ruin the reputation of every artist who appears there. It is warm and stuffy, that is the only word that actually expresses it. The Pouch Gallery Hall is simply a social farcical excuse. In speaking of it no one says that it is anything else but "swell." This could be made into a nice little music room at a trifling expense, but nobody seems to want to put very much "trifling expense" into anything that might advance music. I think that if the saloons were made as unattractive as our Brooklyn concert halls, the world would see fewer drunkards. We can only hope that the rumor be true, for nothing would set music on a dignified paying basis so quickly.

How about that Academy gallery for the public school attendance to the Boston Symphony?

There are only four more afternoons, a great, big empty house (the upper regions, anyhow), and the Brooklyn Institute to back it. As I can see, it will not cost anybody anything, and if one does not want to regard it from the standpoint of philanthropy or education or duty, as long as the Brooklyn Institute is working with public money, why not look at it as a money making scheme? It would build up a clientele quicker than anything else, and it would actually pay the music teachers to put it through, because it would arouse an interest in 50 per cent. of the students to work seriously, instead of the aimless work with cheap teachers that now exists.

I am indebted to Rafael Navarro, the esteemed veteran musician of Brooklyn, for the following remark, in which there was so much food for thought that I cannot refrain from reproducing it:

"Why," he said, "do people undertake the study of music in so different a manner than that in which they study law or medicine? There is a total lack of seriousness, there is a total lack of desire to fathom depths. When a young man studies medicine or law the first thing he does is to take a magazine to keep well

posted. All that the greatest legal or medical work is to law or medicine THE COURIER is to music. It is history, past and present, it is theory; in one word, it is all encompassing. It should be the duty of every teacher to make it compulsory for his pupils to read THE COURIER as a text book."

Here at least is appreciation.

There has been little to note this week, the only affairs of any size were the chamber music concerts by Berta Grosse Tomason and Leontine Gaertner, and the first appearance of the Spiering String Quartet, assisted by Hugo Wittgenstien, flutist.

The work of the Kneisel Quartet makes it impossible to say of the Berta Grosse Tomason Quartet that it was the finest chamber music ever heard in this city, otherwise this concert easily takes the lead. With such a quartet as that represented by Maud Powell, violinist; Leontine Gaertner, 'cellist; Fritz Heiland, viola, and Mrs. Tomason, piano, no question could arise as to how the program would be presented, for although each one is distinctly an artist, each one is essentially capable of the self-control imposed upon the ensemble player, and it was to this and to long and frequent rehearsals that such flawless interpretations were presented on Tuesday night.

It would be carrying coals to Newcastle to tell of Miss Powell or Miss Gaertner, for they have made enviable reputations, but Mrs. Tomason, who, by residing in Brooklyn, has been out of the eye of the public, is a pianist who by all means should be better known, for she has had deep scholarly training in addition to a conscientious and temperamental musical nature. It would be a distinct gain to chamber music if this quartet were to remain organized as it now stands.

The Godard trio, especially the andante movement, was highly interesting and perfectly presented. The Rheinberger quartet in its modern style was extremely pleasing. It is very melodious yet never approaches cheapness. It is broad and exhaustive.

The Rubinstein sonata for 'cello and piano was superbly given by Miss Gaertner and Mrs. Thomason, and as Miss Gaertner had the opportunity of hearing her master Klengel play it with the great composer himself her delightful interpretation was nothing short of authentic.

Miss Powell must not play in Brooklyn so often if she wants me to retain any of my adjectives, for I do admire her virtuosity and her interpretations immensely. She is a great, scholarly violinist, with a magnificent tone and that which so few women violinists have—temperament and the virility to bring it out—which she did in the Grieg sonata. In this there were not two executants, but Mrs. Tomason and Miss Powell were the one expression of a great musical idea. How lucky the composers are that sometimes their works fall into such hands!

Mrs. Tomason made a wise selection in John C. Dempsey, who gave three songs superbly. In selections as well as in presentations Mr. Dempsey was very happy. Aided by that finished accompanist and interpreter Isidore Luckstone, Mr. Dempsey sang Vulcan's song (Philemon and Baucis, a Barcarolle by Pease and Tchaikowsky's great song Don Juan's serenade. If Mr. Dempsey would only move to Kamschatka how we would be able to revel in recitals and orchestral appearances. It would really be worth it to the music-lovers, for, as it is, they are deprived of this pleasure.

The Spiering Quartet gave the third chamber music concert of the Brooklyn Institute series last Wednesday evening, with the following program:

Quartet in C major, for strings.....Mozart
Serenade in D major, for violin, viola and flute, op. 25.....Beethoven
Quartet in D minor, for strings, op. posthumous.....Schubert

At the concert given on Thanksgiving morning at Rob-

ert Thallon's, Max Karger, violinist, and Herman Dietmann, baritone, were the soloists. Mr. Karger, who was heard here for the first time, is a very interesting player, with a fine command of his instrument. Mr. Dietmann, of whom I have often written, always gives satisfaction, for he has a beautiful voice.

On Wednesday night in Wissner Hall Frank Downey had the satisfaction of seeing a large crowd well pleased at the results of his pupil recital. Mr. Downey has some fine voices under his training, who seem to be getting good results from his work. The following program was given:

Trio, Attila (soprano, tenor, baritone).....Verdi
Miss Agnes Sheridan, Dan. Roantree and Frank Downey.
Accompanist, Miss Gretta Davoren.
Piano, Waltz, E minor.....Chopin
Miss Frances McCarthy.
Ave Maria.....Downey
Mrs. Anna Duffy.
Good Night.....Kuecken
Dan Roantree.
For All Eternity.....Mascheroni
Miss Marie Reynard.
Il Fior di Margherita.....Arditi
Miss Matilde Wollenhaupt.
Because of Thee.....Tours
Harry Woram.
Piano, Second Mazurka.....Godard
Miss Gretta Davoren.
Parla.....Arditi
Miss Amelia Corani.
Thy Sentinel.....Watson
Alexis Maurocordato.
Waiting.....Millard
Miss Kitty O'Neill.
Waltz Song.....Pattison
Miss Agnes Sheridan.
Best of All.....Moir
Harry J. Day.
Trio, Ti Prego.....Nicolai
Miss Sheridan, Mr. Roantree and Mr. Downey.

At the pupil recital giving on Tuesday night in Wissner Hall by Carl Fiqué Miss Marth Hofsacker was the soloist. Miss Hofsacker is a pupil of Madame Lankow.

Next week very many smaller affairs will occur, among which will be a song recital in the Pouch Gallery to introduce Miss Elsie Ray Eddy, a pupil of Edward H. Dexter.

The large affairs of the week will be the Henschel recital of song on Wednesday, December 1, and the next will be Lillian Blauvelt and Purdon Robinson December 8.

On December 9 is the concert of the Seidl Society. The house is now nearly sold out.

Among the teachers who are accomplishing fine results Frederic Reddall stands among the foremost. Here is what some of his pupils are doing:

Miss Annie Wilson Arthur has just been selected from thirty candidates for solo soprano of James M. E. Church, Brooklyn. Miss Grace M. Whiting has just been appointed solo soprano at the Eighteenth Street M. E. Church, Brooklyn. Chas. O. Ireland has also received the post of solo bass at St. Matthew's P. E. Church, Brooklyn.

On Saturday night a large concert was given at the Armory by the Twenty-third Regiment Band, under Thomas F. Shannon. This splendid band is gaining immensely, and now stands on a par with most of the great bands in the country. It only needs to be heard to realize this.

Last week in New York Mr. Shannon had the satisfaction of conducting the largest band that ever played in New York. It comprised 130 men. Mr. Shannon did credit to this occasion, as he always does.

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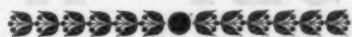
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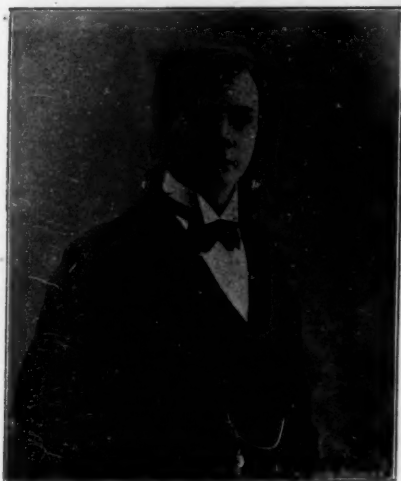
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Clayton F. Summy Company's Publications.

IN presenting their song publications to public notice, it is deemed best to separate them into three classes.

First—Those easy to interpret, easy to execute and free from intricate intervals or modulations. In other words, good, practical songs for teaching purposes. Under this class we list the following:

"Two Baby Stories" by BENTLEY; "O! Fair Reni," "Softly the Moonlight," "Thou Knowest Not Love," by VITTORIO CARPI; "Is This All," by CLARIBEL; "Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee," G. H. HOWARD; "Jessamy Town," "Breton Slumber Song," J. L. ROECKEL; "Polly, My Sweetheart," COLE; "Left Untold," COWEN; "Love Was the Word" (with waltz refrain) FARNHAM; "Slumber Song," "Tell Me," HAWORTH; "Old Carlo," "Jane and Me," "Only A Baby Small," LAVINIA; "Tell Me Not Where Roses Blow," G. B. NEVIN; "Swift Fly the Hours," GRACE OLCOTT; "Dear Lord, I Come to Thee," JULIA OWEN; "Just For To-day," JANE BINGHAM ABBOTT; "Clang of the Forge" (bass song), RODNEY; "The Miner," "My Axe of Steel" (bass songs), C. A. HAVENS; "On Venice Waters," O. ROEDER; "Boys in Blue" (sailor's song), TROTTER; "Cradle Song," "Please Smile," "Where Love Is," KATE VANDERPOEL; "When This Passing World Is Done," B. E. WADE; "The Flowers Are All a-Blow, My Love," PFEFFERKORN; "A Lullaby," GERTRUDE DORMAN; "When We Are Parted," ARTHUR E. FISHER; "The May Time," MRS. TOAD-CAMPBELL; "That Sweet Story of Old," J. A. WEST; "Edenland," H. J. WRIGHTSON; "Love Is So Sly" (waltz song), H. W. HARRIS.

Second—A class requiring some degree of proficiency in voice culture, a certain freedom in style and interpretation and moderate freedom in accompaniment;

"The Clover Blossoms Kiss Her Feet," W. D. ARMSTRONG; "My Pansies," JULIA CARUTHERS; "Is My Lover On the Sea," "The Wreath You Wove," "Love Is a Bird," R. G. COLE; "Dawn," DEPROSSE; "This Little Maid of Mine," AYERS; "Toil and Rest," BIRCH; "A Gentle Maiden Walks the Earth," BORST; "Thou Hast My Love," BRIGHAM; "Jesus My Lord," BOHM; "Abiding Love," DENZA; "Christmas Song," GASTALDON; "Come Unto Him," GOUNOD; "Father in Heaven" (Ave Maria), LUZZI; "Abiding Love," POLLONI; "Abide With Me," RODNEY; "My Saviour When Life Is Lonely," SUPPE; "Bow Down, O Lord," VERDI; "Near to the Lord," M. V. WHITE; "Hear My Prayer," BEETHOVEN; "O Lord! Our Burdens Bear," TOSTI. The foregoing twelve sacred songs are adaptations of original sacred words by Mrs. O. L. FOX to favorite songs by those respective composers. "Absence," "Finette," "Irish Love Song," "Some Other Day," "Too Late for the Fair," "Two Leaved Clover," J. B. CAMPBELL. Much can be said in favor of the bright, attractive character of Mr. Campbell's songs. They are decidedly taking if well handled, and in this respect will bear study. Another set of interesting songs are the following nine, which were especially selected and translated by Mr. Frederick W. Root. They are: "If I Were Gardener," CHAMINADE; "Spring's Approach," "Thou Lovely Child," GIEHRL; "My Lover Is a Weaver," HILDACH; "Lullaby," PETRI; "Cradle Song," RIES; "Forest Calls," SCHMIDT; "The Sandman's Coming," SCHNELL; "Serenade" SULZBACH. Continuing the list in general, "O Love, Marie," CARPI; "Like Breath of Spring," "The Sea's Love," HORACE ELLIS; "Cupid in the Garden," "Here Where Blooms the Lotus," "Hush Thee," MRS. ALLAN HOWARD FRAZER; "Spanish Serenade," FULLERTON; "Bright Are the Stars, Love," "O Thou Art Like a Floweret," "Seek Ye the Lord," FREDERIC GRANT GLEASON; "To Woo," MARY W. GLEASON; "The Door of Heaven," W. E.

HALL; "Forever Young," "Sleep," H. W. HARRIS; "Come O'er the Sleeping River," "I Promise Thee," "Sleep, My Darling One," "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross, HAVENS; "My Blessed Saviour," A. KOELLING; "Beside The Still Waters," W. PERKINS; "Life Is but a Dream," GRACE OLCOTT; "For Thee," "The Spell of the Waltz," "Sunset Song," GRACE ROOT; "The Discontented Duckling," "The Sugar Dolly," "Molly," "Serenade," "Come Down to the River To-night," "If Love be Won," "The Riddle," "Star of Bethlehem," and the "Album of Songs to Little Folks," JESSIE L. GAYNOR. Because of the style and characteristics of Mrs. Gaynor's writings she has achieved a popularity and a position peculiarly her own. She certainly deserves to be known as one of the most successful song writers of modern times.

Proceeding with the list: "Peace on Earth and Mercy Mild" (Christmas song), W. L. BLUMENSCHEN; "The Celestial City," W. H. PONTIUS; "Allen-a-Dale," "Skool" (two songs for baritone), W. H. POMMER; "Song of the Captive," G. TONNING; "The Bridal Morn," "My Bonnie Lass," "My Pretty Marquise," "That Sweet Story of Old," JOHN A. WEST; "The Beating of My Own Heart," STRELEZKI; "Among the Clover," F. L. YORK; "Song of the Morn," E. M. YOUNG; "I'm a Merry Little Vivandiere," NELLIE B. SKELTON; "The Mercy Seat," E. A. LEO; "His Majesty" (bass song), F. W. WODELL; "Sing, My Lady, Sing," M. THEO. FRAIN; "A Dear Little Somebody," "Good Night, I Love Him," "I Love Thee," "Snowflakes," "Thy Remembrance," H. RUIFROK; "The Dewdrop," "For Thee Alone," "How Fair and Sweet and Holy," "It Was a Dream," "Once Again," W. C. E. SEEBOECK; "O Maria" (prayer), with ad. lib. acc. for violin or cello, organ and harp, C. KOELLING; "Album of Seven Songs," MILDRED J. HILL; "Album of Five Songs," JOHN FORD BARBOUR; "Easter Song," P. ROUGNON.

Third—The thoroughly good class songs without restrictions as to voice demands or treatment of accompaniment.

From the standpoint of higher requirement in interpretation, some of the songs listed under class two might appropriately be listed here—notably those of Mrs. Gaynor, Ruifrok and the selections by Root. Here are also to be mentioned the "Album of Seven Songs," "The Rose Song," "The Sunbeam's Kiss," "Spring Song," JESSIE L. GAYNOR; "Sempre con Te" (Always with Thee), brilliant waltz song, C. MODERATI; "Oute Mer," R. G. COLE; serenade from "Ruy Blas" (for tenor), A. DUVIVIER; "Saint Agnes," HORACE ELLIS; "The Orioles" (brilliant waltz song), J. H. GARNER; "Shepherd of Israel," H. W. HARRIS; "The Gipsy Boy" (for baritone), SEEBOECK.

Any of the numbers mentioned above will be sent on approval. *Summy's Bulletin of Music* will be sent regularly, free of charge, to anyone sending the full name and address to

CLAYTON F. SUMMY CO.,
230 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Verlet.—Unfortunately the popular coloratura soprano Mlle. Alice Verlet was unable to appear at the Metropolitan Opera House last Saturday evening owing to a severe cold. Williams also disappointed the large audience for the same reason. There seems to be a general epidemic of "la grippe" among the artists.

Lillie Bergh Studio Musicales.—Miss Lillie d'Angelo Bergh is giving three studio musicales, at which her pupils and artists of prominence will be heard, at 56 West Fifth street. Program from 4 to 5.

The first of the series will take place on Monday afternoon, December 6, to be followed by a reception to Miss Julie Opp.

Carl Bernhard's Recital.

STEINWAY HALL was again selected by the popular baritone, Carl Bernhard, for the second of his series of song recitals, which was given on Tuesday evening, November 23. The carrying power of his voice, its brilliant timbre and great volume require more scope than that afforded by the rather limited dimensions of the hall. Of course the artistic atmosphere which surrounds it would naturally appeal to one of Mr. Bernhard's musical temperament, and hence the "raison d'être" of his selection. The program was interesting and was thoroughly enjoyed by an audience that warmly applauded every number. The songs which were given a first production were trivial and commonplace, but were well sung. Mr. Bernhard was assisted by Henry Ern, a violinist whose work in the Bruch number elicited hearty enthusiasm.

Frank E. Ward was an efficient accompanist. The following was the program:

I Pagliacci.....	Leoncavallo
Be Thou Still (sacred song, 1899).....	Franck
Tre Giorni.....	Pergolesi
Haasen's Scheiden, from Oriental Cycle.....	Marschner
Ich träumte von einem Königskind.....	Hartmann
In Questa Tomba.....	Beethoven
Adagio, from First Concerto.....	Bruch
Faded Roses.....	(first time) Reichel
If Always the Moon But Shone.....	
The Violet.....	Miltenberg
Spanish Serenade.....	Fullerton
Mennet Sentimental.....	L. Eller
Sielanka in Champêtre.....	Wienlawski
Cycle, Dichterliebe (Poet's Love, No. 1-7).....	Schumann

Rudolph Aronson.—When Loie Fuller first presented her famous dance at the Casino, Rudolph Aronson suggested the name "Serpentine" and also the music for same, Gillet's pretty "Loin du Bal." Mr. Aronson has just composed for Miss Fuller a "Ballet Intermezzo" for her new dance, which he has forwarded to the "Polies Bergères," Paris, where Miss Fuller is now appearing.

Bloodgood.—The eminent contralto Katherine Bloodgood has just accepted an engagement to sing with the Apollo Club, of Chicago, on April 21, 1898. She sang Tuesday, November 23, at Wilkesbarre, where she had great success. Here are some criticisms:

Mrs. Bloodgood pleased very decidedly. She is quite the best contralto that has been heard here in some time. We haven't heard very many here of late, but this does not dim her glory. She is a beautiful woman, attractive in feature and figure, and of a pleasant manner. Her voice is full of richness and of power. She was a success, and her reappearance would be pleasing.—*Wilkesbarre Evening Leader.*

A large audience was present at Concordia Hall last evening, on the occasion of the annual fall concert of the Concordia Society. Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood, of New York, was the vocal soloist, and she fully sustained all the bright promises made for her; not only that, but she warbled her way into the hearts and affections of every attendant. Mrs. Bloodgood sang a variety of numbers, ranging from the dramatic to the soft and soothing lullaby, all with equal effect, showing her to be an artist of more than ordinary ability. That her efforts were appreciated was amply attested in the enthusiastic warmth of her reception, and in the number of floral contributions from the hands of sincere admirers. The Concordia made no mistake in engaging Mrs. Bloodgood, and it is hoped that she may be heard here again at no distant day.—*Wilkesbarre Times.*

The annual fall concert of the Concordia Society last evening was made notable by the introduction to a Wilkesbarre audience of the finest contralto singer who has ever appeared before a similar audience in this city. She is Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood, and she scored an emphatic triumph. She has a voice of singular power, purity, richness and breadth. She sings as though she loved it, has a fine stage presence and dresses most charmingly. She sings with equal emprise in German and English. In short she captured the hearts of the largest audience that ever assembled in Concordia Hall. It was a discriminating audience, too, and one that could fully appreciate good singing. The numbers she sang ranged from the intensely dramatic to the sweet and soothing lullaby, and in each she pleased the big audience so well that she received not only applause and encores, but bouquets as well. She is decidedly the best contralto soloist who has sung in this city.—*Wilkesbarre Record.*



NEW YORK, November 29, 1897.

RECENTLY a Southern girl from the State of Arkansas sang a couple of songs for the writer. Behind a rather limited vocal organ there shown intelligence, good taste, ambitious and (better yet) conscientious effort. THE MUSICAL COURIER said a few pleasant things the singer, whereupon she was moved to send this little notelet:

I wish to thank you very much indeed for the extremely complimentary notice of my singing that you had in the last MUSICAL COURIER. This encourages me more than I can tell you and I will certainly put in some good work this season, you may be sure.

L. E. S.

If there is any one thing with which this paper is identified, it is the encouragement of American art and artists; this has been its policy since Vol. I, No. 1, now eighteen years ago. That is not the point, however; it is this, that THE COURIER stands ready to do all in its power for the furtherance of domestic art, and it is directly in line with this declared policy that our Arkansas artist became the subject of a few complimentary lines, well deserved, readily penned—gratefully acknowledged.

A young American, although of French parentage, who is winning many encomiums, is Victor Baillard, the baritone, and pupil of Francis Fischer Powers. A week ago Sunday he was the soloist at Christ Church, Brooklyn; Gaul's "A New Heaven," from "The Holy City" was sung by him with fine interpretation and expression.

At Francis Fischer Powers' reception Tuesday evening last he emphasized the fact that he is not only a great artist, but the possessor of a remarkably powerful, rich and

mellow baritone voice. He seemed to hold the audience spellbound.

Baillard succeeds because he studies, works for success—and this is bound to tell!

Edward Bromberg's merits as a basso cantante are gradually winning recognition. He is having numerous engagements, which are sure to lead to better ones. On November 18 he sang with great success at a concert given under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Union. His two numbers were received with enthusiasm, so that he was obliged to sing several encores. He has been re-engaged for the second concert which will be given under the auspices of the same Union in January.

Miss Bettie Booker, of Richmond, Va., a promising pupil of Miss Emma Thursby, has recently sung with great success in the opera "La Sonnambula."

Miss Booker's improvement since she has been studying with Miss Thursby has been so great that a number of pupils from the South, who consider Miss Booker's improvement as simply marvelous, have come to Miss Thursby to study.

This is from the Richmond Dispatch:

For her Amina, dainty and winning Miss Bettie Booker, who sang with rare sweetness and expression, was from the outset immensely popular with the audience. Her chief charm is a most engaging and unaffected simplicity, both in her singing and her acting. We have been accustomed to a rather emotional rendering of the part, in which the trustful devotion and tender gentleness of Amina's character are rather lost sight of. This aspect was most charmingly emphasized in Miss Booker's impersonation. It was a decided triumph, and Miss Booker surprised even her friends. Her pretty voice has a very useful carrying quality; she is almost invariably dead on the pitch, and never forces her voice.

And here I quote the Evening Leader:

As Amina Miss Bettie Booker made a deep impression upon her hearers. She was in fine voice, and demonstrated beyond a doubt that there is a bright future for her in her chosen work. Her voice was clear and sweet last night. Each note was true and beautifully modulated. There was a certain sympathy and softness of expression that showed the singer's interest in and appreciation of her part.

Her stage presence was graceful and in good taste, and now and then there was a suggestion of dramatic power that was strongly in her favor.

She seems to have a promising future.

Miss Jessie L. Gardner, pianist; Miss Julia Such, vocalist, and Miss Crothers will unite, as Miss Gardner writes,

"In a sort of opening reception to our studio, and we expect to have a short program; piano solos by Liszt, Schumann and Chopin will be given; vocal solos by Schira, Nevin and others; also songs with violin obligato. We shall be assisted by Claude Holding, violinist, who will play selections from Vieuxtemps, and we will also play a movement from the Ries suite."

The time will be 8 o'clock, next Monday evening, December 6, and the place their handsome ground floor studio, 573 Park avenue, near Sixty-third street, and your "Gossiper" hopes to be there.

Herr Hermann Spielter, conductor of the Beethoven Männerchor, has been engaged by Alexander Lambert as teacher of harmony at the New York College of Music. A week ago Mr. Spielter's Männerchor gave this program, in celebration of its thirty-eighth anniversary:

Ouverture zu Der Freischütz.....Weber
Chor, Herbsttraum.....Pache
Sopran solo, Arie aus Lohengrin.....Wagner
Fri. F. Raymond.
Concertstück für piano (B-dur) mit Orchesterbegleitung.....Spielter
Herr H. Spielter.
Die Orchesterleitung hat Herr R. Middecke freundlichst
übernommen.
Landkennung, chor, bariton solo und orchester.....Grieg
Bariton solo, Herr W. Presting.
Orchester—
Andante aus der I. Sinfonie.....Van Beethoven
Türkischer Marsch.....
Zwei Balladen für bariton—
Heinrich der Vogler.....Lowe
Prinz Eugen.....
Herr W. Presting.
Chöre—
Wasserlilie (von vierfachem Quartet).....Curti
Mein Liebgessell.....Kömmenich
Orchester, Le pas des Fleurs, Walzer aus Nalla.....Delibes
Hehre, heilige Musik für sopran, bariton solo, chor und
orchester.....Schuls
Sopran: Fri. F. Raymond. Bariton: Herr W. Presting.

A musicale of unusual merit was that recently given at Mrs. Frank L. Nugent's, Riverside avenue and Eighty-eighth street, when these artists assisted: Mme. Corneille Meysenheym, soprano; Mme. Marie Ithra, alto; Mrs. H. Hawley, pianist; Miss Maybille Schwitter, elocutionist, and last, but by no means least, Max Liebling, pianist, accompanist and good musician, whose solos were "Chant de Ruisseau," by Lack, and Barcarolle, by Rubinstein, and

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who was compelled to give an encore number, Schytte's "Au Soir."

Some 250 society people were there, and the evening proved very enjoyable.

A song recital by Augusta Ohrstrom-Renard and Rebecca Mackenzie, with Bertha O'Reilly, accompanist, was given the same evening at the Auditorium West Side Y. M. C. A. Modern French, German, English and Scandinavian composers were represented on the program.

Miss Anne Lawrence Gregory has issued invitations for Wednesday afternoon, December 8, at her studio, 421 West Fifty-seventh street, to view some pictures and sketches.

Miss Helen O'Reilly, better known as Helen de Rideau, concert singer, is now in New York, where she proposes remaining.

F. W. Riesberg's first free organ recital occurred at Rutgers Presbyterian Church, Boulevard and Seventy-third street, yesterday (Tuesday) afternoon. Miss Maud Powell, violinist, and George Fleming, baritone, assisted.

Tuesday next, Mrs. Lawton and Mrs. Feininger will receive, from 4 to 7, at the former's residence, 226 West Forty-fourth street.

The good judgment of Messrs. Thomas & Fellows, choir agents, in Carnegie Hall, was shown the past week.

Letters were received from three different organists asking for singers. They each requested that only one person be sent—that one to be, in the judgment of Messrs. Thomas & Fellows, one who would fill the necessary requirements for the position. The fact that all three were engaged at once speaks volumes for their keen judgment.

Music committees of churches, organists, &c., will surely appreciate the usefulness of this judgment quality as a most serviceable item for them.

Messrs. Thomas & Fellows have perfected plans by which the churches of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, &c., will be most systematically looked after by their large corps of agents.

Their plans will be, first of all, to the advantage of the singer in every way. They will establish friendly and confidential relations between the church committees and themselves, and will insure their singers always a cordial welcome and fair trial before music committees—in fact their plan is for the good of all; last, and by no means least, the poor organist, who must play for and hear all singers, will be saved a great deal of his former hard work.

Dr. Ion A. Jackson has been engaged for the tenor part in the oratorio of "St. Paul," to be given by the Brooklyn Oratorio Society, Walter Henry Hall director. Dr. Jackson is the solo tenor of the Church of the Incarnation, Madison avenue and Thirty-fifth street. He secured the engagement, through his agents, Thomas & Fellows, of Carnegie Hall; they will also engage the soprano and alto, for the same work.

A number of choir positions were secured the past week for singers registered with the Choir Agency, in Carnegie Hall.

Organists looking for extra singers for their Christmas music should consult this firm, at Carnegie Hall, for voices they may need.

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Josef Hofmann

JOSEF HOFMANN as he looked when he played in London in the spring of 1894.

German Hospital Concert.

This week has been eventful for charity purposes, concerts in the behalf of deserving institutions having taken place under auspicious surroundings in the large concert hall three or four times. While charity should be extended to hospitals and medical colleges, there should be some charity exercised in behalf of good music, which should also be considered a question of gravity and earnestness.

The concert in Carnegie Hall on Sunday night was *sum bestem* of the German Hospital, and the choruses of the Liederkrantz and Arion both participated, although not in conjunction. Both choruses have the same vigorous and confident attack that is lacking with the usual New York opera choruses, and both choruses show how thorough chorus training has been made a study by Herr Heinrich Zoellner and Herr Julius Lorenz, but in their conduct as orchestral leaders neither of these German chorus leaders gave evidence of particular merit.

Naturally with one rehearsal nothing can be accomplished by orchestral leaders, but as these men are supposed to know this, why, in the name of charity to music, do they persist in transmogrifying the "Euryanthe" over-

ture, the scherzo from the Fourth Symphony of the great Tschaiowsky and Hector Berlioz's always amazing "Rakoczy March" into musical bagatelles, and why do they then abuse this paper when it is kind enough to blame the New York orchestral situation for these outrages upon good taste? If Mr. Herr Zoellner and Mr. Herr Lorenz could get a series of rehearsals out of a New York patched up orchestra they might disclose their abilities as directors of symphonic and choral work, but they do not propose that we should pass upon their work as creditable, when they know that no rehearsing was possible and that without rehearsing a Zoellner and a Lorenz might without difficulty succeed in making, even a charity concert, exceedingly uninteresting.

The soloists were Dyna Beumer, Josephine Jacoby and Olive Mead, and they acquitted themselves in due proportion of credit. Dyna Beumer is a marvel of vocal technic, and in singing the air and variations of Rode she again demonstrated that the artistic claims made in her behalf are not exaggerated, and that she can accomplish astounding effects with apparently simple means and no effort. Madame Beumer must of necessity remain an interesting figure on our concert stage.

She was followed by Miss Olive Mead, who played the last two movements of Saint-Saëns' Third Violin Concerto, giving out a large tone on a fiddle that was rather metallic in quality, and yet resonant and powerful. Miss Mead plays intelligently, with understanding and a broad interpretation. She has the digital excellence of the virtuoso, and is on the road to greater events.

Mrs. Josephine Jacoby sang Gounod's "O, Harp Immortal!" with orchestra, overwhelming the orchestra, and filling the large hall with a surprising volume of tone of magnificent quality. Her progress in the vocal art illustrates what can be accomplished here with insistence and persistence, even against all the native prejudices, for there is no contralto voice with the same power and beauty of tone combined with finish that ranks with Jacoby's. The audience quickly recognized the character of her work by demanding an encore, which, although a simple song, was given with superb effect and flawless execution in vocalization, expression and enunciation.

These constitute the leading points of this year's German Hospital Charity concert, which must have brought a large sum to the treasury of the institution, judging from the numerous attendance.

W. Theo. Van York.—The coming tenor, W. Theo. Van York, will shortly appear in Baltimore. Many engagements are already booked for this promising artist.

What Yonkers Thinks of Kaltenborn.—The following notice is from the Yonkers *Statesman* and refers to that excellent artist, Franz Kaltenborn:

The star of the evening was Franz Kaltenborn. He is an artist of great ability and technical skill, and though but thirty-two years old holds an enviable position among professional musicians in New York city. His playing of the Mendelssohn concerto was delightful. He was equally successful in the rhapsodie, and both times was enthusiastically encored. To listen to the music from his violin is a rich treat indeed.

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Jacoby in Newark.



Mrs. Jacoby, the contralto, whose reputation as a vocal artist has been firmly established by her brilliant successes last season, begins the present musical season with an aggregation of enthusiastic criticisms from Newark sources worthy of reproduction.

Mrs. Jacoby will sing this week in the metropolis at a number of important concerts.

Josephine S. Jacoby gained stormy applause.—*New York Staats Zeitung*, November 23, 1897.

Jacoby has a wonderful mezzo-soprano, and enthusiastic critics were in doubt as to whether the crystalline clarity, the velvety softness or the unusual power of the voice of this artist was chiefly to praise.—*New Jersey Freie-Zeitung*, November 23, 1897.

Mrs. Jacoby sang brilliantly the difficult aria of "Mignon," "Connais tu le Pays," by Thomas, and subsequently the songs, "Im Herbst," Franz; "Frühlingsnacht," Schumann; "Don Juan's Serenade," Tchaikowsky, which were received with stormy applause.—*New Yorker Morgen Journal*, November 23, 1897.

The voice of Mrs. Jacoby is noted for its range and sweetness. As she has a thorough knowledge of the art of singing, success crowned the soloist's efforts, and the delight of the audience was frequently expressed.—*Evening News*, November 23, 1897.

Although the stately appearance of Mrs. Josephine S. Jacoby attracted the attention of all present, it was through her resonant, powerful and the same time tender mezzo-soprano, and the interpretation she gave to the "Connais tu le Pays," from the opera "Mignon," that she captured the hearts of the assembled public, who compelled her to repeat it.—*New Jersey Deutsche Zeitung*, November 23, 1897.

Mrs. Jacoby was equally happy in holding her audience, and her fine presence and powerful mellifluous voice that soothed the ears like a cooling drink, soothes the parched throat, were a revelation to many Newarkers, although she is well known in the metropolis, where she has appeared in the Damrosch concerts. She was at her best in "Connais tu le Pays," from Thomas' opera of "Mignon," which she was compelled to repeat, but also scored success in three little tonal pictures, "Im Herbst," by Franz; "Frühlingsnacht," Schumann, and "Serenade of Don Juan," by Tchaikowsky.—*Daily Advertiser*, November 23, 1897.

Mrs. Jacoby made a great impression, and had to repeat the song from "Mignon." She has a lovely voice of very smooth and beautiful quality which she uses with great skill. She has a fine stage presence, and her first appearance in this city was a decided success.—*The Sunday Call*.

Clarence de Vaux Royer.—The talented violinist Clarence de Vaux Royer will play at a private musicale to be given on Saturday evening, December 4, by the Greek fraternity, "Alpha-Delta-Phi." His numbers are the Adagio, Introduction and Gavotte from the Suite by Ries, Aria and Bourée by Bach and the Wieniawski Legende and Mazurka.

Bloodgood.—The contralto Bloodgood left last Sunday afternoon for St. Louis to fill an engagement with the Apollo Club of that city.

Music in Dresden.

ALFRED BRUNEAU'S OPERA "LE RÊVE."

DRESDEN, November 10, 1897.

ANYONE looking out for interesting productions in the operatic line will say that there are very few which call for great attention, such as the Wagner music dramas do. Brilliant exceptions, however, exist, and it is just such an exception that forms the object of the following on a work which in the individual opinion of your correspondent deserves to be more widely known than it is now. I refer to Alfred Bruneau's opera "Le Rêve," the libretto of which is founded on Emile Zola's world wide known novel of that title.

Having had the opportunity of going through the scores of several operatic novelties, many of which have already been staged, only those combining a good libretto with a true musical revelation impressed me, and I dare say the music loving public in general will share my opinion in this respect.

We are all too good disciples of Wagner to approve stupid opera books. The number of subjects treated musically by our modern composers vary from the realistic to the ideal; the historical plays, I am happy to say, have almost entirely disappeared. The best at present are Bungert's "Odysseus Heimkehr," Bruneau's "Le Rêve," Smareglia's "Cornelius Schut" and Schjelderup's "Aspid."

The other books to which I compared the above mentioned were, for instance, "La Bohème," by the two rival composers, Leoncavallo and Puccini; "Le Willi" and "Manon Lescaut," also by Puccini; "Ethelka," by Buon-giorno; "Inez Mendo," by d'Erlanger; "Griseldis," by Giulio-Cottrau (Italian); "Rosmunda," by Vavrinez (Hungarian), and different dictions by Andrée Messager, P. A. Tascas, Spinelli, Henry Wallace, Reinh. Becker, von Chelius, Humperdinck, Hummel and several others. Kienzl's new opera, "Don Quixote," the subject of which is said to be exceedingly effective for musical treatment, I do not yet know; the same is the case with the modern Bohemian composer, Zdenko Fibich, and others of his nationality, with the exception of Smetana.

How long it is since "Le Rêve" was brought out in Paris I cannot say (I believe about 1890), but I understand that it received its first hearing in German at Hamburg on March 28, 1892 (direction Pollini), under the artistic leadership of Gustav Mahler, now of Vienna.

It was by mere chance that I began studying the score, otherwise this fine work would still be to me a sealed book. Music and libretto meanwhile are so strongly impressive that I feel tempted to write a few words on the topic, hoping that some opera direction, even outside of Paris and Hamburg, will be induced thereby to give "Le Rêve" a hearing. It surely would correspond to the wishes of many who long for a change from the old worn out and conventional opera form.

The plot of Zola's novel is so well known that I beg to be allowed to refer only to the principal traits of the opera

treatment, over which there seems to be thrown that self-same dreamy color of zealous zeal, æsthetic piety and mysticism which characterize the legend on which the famous French author founded his book.

The acting persons are: Angelica, a worker in silks of pictures of the saints; Felix, a young painter on glass, and the Archbishop Jean de Hauteceur. Angelica is a religious enthusiast, a visionary, dearly in love with the painter Felix, in her visions almost identified with Saint George. Felix is the son of Jean de Hauteceur, a gentleman who only after the death of his wife entered the service of the Church. The earthly love, however, having been nothing but a sore pang to this worthy man, so strongly influenced the actions of his life, that he, firmly believing it to be right, did everything to prevent his child from suffering as he himself had suffered. He, therefore, sought to win him over for the Church, though without success. The Bishop so earnestly and obstinately opposed the love of his son for the young girl that he succeeded in separating the lovers. They finally met, but at the moment they are to be forever united the mental strength of the poor, excited girl forsakes her. Pangs of remorse thrust from her the happiness of her life. She falls into physical decline and at last dies broken hearted. So much for the plot.

This unexpected turn is not dramatic—on the contrary, it is rather flat, but it serves to reveal the fine, psychologically true observation of the great French author, and one feels inclined to believe he drew the scenes from real life. The authors of the libretto are also to be congratulated on the manner in which they converted this poem into a texture ready for opera treatment.

The "Liebestod" of the heroine, as mentioned above, gives the story a touching conclusion. The "Dream" is over. Involuntarily, however, one's fancy goes back to reality, where often such dreams do not conclude so harmoniously. As says Nietzsche: "Wer einmal ja sagt zu einer Lust, sagt auch ja zu allem Wehe." Perhaps the poor love-sick girl might have survived her sufferings only to be one of the most wretched in life. Love, that comes like a flash of light, very often is not a blessing, but a curse to annihilate all our fairest ideas of joy and happiness.

The music thoroughly corresponds to the subject. To enter critically upon an operatic work of such an acknowledged significance as "Le Rêve" lies far beyond the limits of this small article. In the "Dream" Wagner, Berlioz and Liszt seem the models for the musical construction. For those of my readers who take an interest in it I quote some lines from a most brilliantly written criticism by Ludwig Hartmann, of Dresden, which criticism was published in the *Dresdner Zeitung* after the first performance of "Der Traum" at Hamburg. I tried to translate it, but found it too difficult; so I give it in the original language. Hartmann says:

"Musikalischer als diese Tondichtung kann man sich nicht leicht etwas vorstellen. Man war auf eine unsinnliche Ueberspanntheit der Handlung gefasst und diese ist statt dessen rührend und über-seugend. Man glaubte die grössten Härten der Musik erwarten zu dürfen, excentrische, barocke Modulationen, untreffbare Gesangslein-

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tervalle statt dessen wirkt die Musik entzückend melodisch, allerdings auch sehr geistreich, aber Alles in einem fesselnden Wohlklang getaucht, sehr originell, völlig bezaubernd und gehoben durch ein symphonisches Orchester Maltalent des aufs feinste den subtilen Empfindungen des unirdischen Stoffes sich anschniegt. Bruneau konstruiert seine Musik ganz ohne Rücksicht auf die Operngepflogenheiten. Streng der einmal angenommenen Idee folgend ist nirgends die kleinste Rücksicht auf irgend ein zerstreungsbedürftiges Publikum genommen. Jedes Wort ist Poesie, jeder Ton spiegelt die rührenden Worte nieder. Selbst Wagner's "Parsifal" hat mehr dramatisch weltliche Gedanken als sie im "Traum" zu finden sind. Die Fortschreitungen der Anorde der Musik Bruneau's spotten aller Schulweisheit verbotener Quinten und Octaven. Völlig neu berühren die Klänge und sind in den Oberstimmen köstlich fein melodisch und passen der Melodie noch genau zu den Worten. Stillreiner ist ein Werk nicht zu denken dessen rührenden Zauber man kaum sich vorstellen kann."

The German admirers of the work greatly regret that the piano score in German translation has not yet been printed. We must practice patience. The time for Bruneau's "Dream" will surely come, for it is a work too important to be ignored. A. INGMAN.

The Luther League Choral Union Concert.

A NEW organization, the Luther League Choral Union (Emanuel Schmauk, director), made its first public effort on Thursday evening, November 25, in Mendelssohn Hall, before an audience whose enthusiasm proclaimed the debut a success. The chorus numbers about thirty-five, and is fairly well balanced. The work showed careful training and a great deal of earnestness.

Owing to the illness of the organist, Frank R. Gilbert, the audience was deprived of the pleasure of hearing the Bach Toccata and Fugue in D minor. As there were several other assisting artists, each of whom contributed solo numbers, the program was sufficiently long:

"Judge Me, O God," by Mendelssohn; "God Is Our Refuge and Strength," by Sebastian Sommer (a new composition, not strikingly original, the best part of which was the introduction of the Luther Chorale "Eine Feste Burg"), and a Cantata by Albert Becker were the serious works given by the chorus. The lighter numbers comprised "Gypsy Life," by Schumann; "The Mill," by Jensen, and several other pleasing selections.

Madame Garrigue-Montecchi sang "Nur Wer die Sehnsucht Kennt," by Tschaiowsky, and was obliged to respond to an enthusiastic encore. The soprano, Mrs. William Weston Niles, has a pretty voice, and sang a ballad, "From Dawn to Sunset," by Schmauk, in a pleasing and refined style. Theodore Trojtmann has a pure, sweet, tenor voice, his singing is smooth and effortless and his manner becomingly modest. He sang "The Pilgrims," by Adams, and for an encore "The Young Rose," by McPherson. Dora Valesca Becker, violinist, easily carried off the honors of the evening. She played the "Rondo Capriccioso," by Saint-Saëns, with good quality of tone and a great deal of spirit. She was recalled several times and responded to an encore.

Grace Preston.—The young contralto, Miss Grace Preston, makes her first appearance with the Nordica Concert Company at St. Joseph on December 2. She has been engaged for the entire Nordica tour.

Bernard Sinsheimer Entertainers.—The popular violinist Bernard Sinsheimer entertained a number of his distinguished friends at his home, 169 East Seventieth street, on last Wednesday evening. There was nothing lacking that could in any way contribute to the enjoyment of the guests, and with the choicest of wines and the most luxurious of repasts there mingled a veritable "feast of reason and a flow of soul." Among those present were Ysaye, Pugno, Gerardy, Sobrino and Koert, the Toledos (father and son), Mrs. Aaron, Miss Coverly, Mr. Joubert, Mr. Johnston and others.



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Alberto Jonas.
ALBERTO JONÁS' debut in Boston, where he played on the 15th and 16th of November with the Symphony Orchestra, is another instance of the discrimination, ready appreciation and fair, sound judgment of the American public.

Although unheralded and handicapped by the aggravating circumstance that he is a resident in this country, yet the young artist received such an ovation as is seldom accorded to the best of visiting great pianists.

He played the Paderewski concerto and scored an undeniably great success, being applauded with tremendous enthusiasm and heartiness and recalled three times at the public rehearsal on Friday and five times on Saturday evening—a fact the more remarkable as this concerto had only been played once before in Boston by the composer himself in the same hall and with the same orchestra. Here are some press clippings:

Paderewski's concerto, first played here in the season of 1898-9 by the composer, is a work that improves on closer acquaintance. The first movement is in every way capital, the romance, very charming indeed; about the finale one may feel more doubt, though a bad hitch between orchestra and piano last Saturday took a good deal of the life out of this movement. The use of the piano throughout the work is masterly; Paderewski has here taken a leaf out of Beethoven's and Chopin's book, in making the piano contrast with the orchestra, instead of vying with it; he never makes the piano try to do what the orchestra can do better. The orchestration, too, is exceedingly beautiful. Perhaps the concerto is open to the charge of the musical centre of gravity being too constantly in the orchestra, too seldom in the solo instrument; but, que voulez-vous? a composer cannot wrench himself out of his own time. There is hardly a work written nowadays in which the orchestra figures at all upon which the same criticism cannot be made.

Mr. Jonas made his first appearance here at this concert. The impression he made was very brilliant. His technic is well up to the modern virtuoso standard, his tone steadily beautiful; he is an exponent of whom Paderewski himself might be proud. His phrasing is admirable in grace and musical solidity, his sentiment natural and artistic; of the more violent and profound phases of passion and thought he showed perhaps little, but the work itself hardly calls these into play. He shows himself plainly as a man who knows how to seize upon the true gist of a composition and reveal it to the listener; he plays with great totality of conception, yet with no slurring over of details. He was loudly applauded and recalled.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

After this there came a new soloist, a Spaniard, Mr. Alberto Jonas, who appeared in Paderewski's piano concerto in A minor. As regards the work itself, a second hearing (Paderewski himself played it in these concerts in January, 1898) confirms the first impression; it is probably Paderewski's best composition; it is "clavier-maestig," displays the instrument to excellent advantage, yet avoids the Chopin error of making of a concerto a mere piano work with accompaniment.

A true concerto, such as Beethoven's G major or E flat major, or Brahms' B flat major piano concerto, ought to be a symphony with a thread of obligato woven into its fabric; if Paderewski does not quite attain this ideal, he at least seems to recognize it and strive

for it, for the orchestra is given its just prominence, and the solo instrument frequently but reiterates, emphasizes or embellishes the orchestral thoughts.

Particularly is this the case in the romance where the piano frequently weaves floritura around the themes of woodwind or strings.

The work is full of fine contrasts, the melancholy of some of the orchestral touches of the first movement, the sweetness of the second and the bravura of the finale are effective foils to each other; the cadenza of the first movement is also a proper development and not too great a display of virtuosity; the solemn character of the second theme of the finale is a dignified touch in the Schumann manner; altogether one feels more than ever that Paderewski has restrained the feelings of the solo pianist and allowed the musician to rule in the structure of the work; it indicates that when the craze over the blond hair and picturesque personality has passed away Paderewski, although not a Brahms or a Schumann, will be found to be something more than the mere "curled darling" of society.

Mr. Alberto Jonas was a delightful surprise; coming here without any "reclame," unpudded and almost unheralded, he proved himself a sterling player with a tendency toward the romantic school. He sometimes lacked in massive power, as for example, in the great double octave passages in the first movement, which were slightly blurred, but his touch was very expressive, and he gave the sentiment of the composition with true poetic instinct.

There was a modesty and artistic earnestness in his interpretation that deserve all praise; perhaps he saved his strength for the bravura ending, for this was commendably strong and virile. If the work had more interest when the composer himself played it, this was none the less the finer interpretation, for the orchestral part was distinctly better on Saturday than when it was heard before, and soloist and conductor worked together admirably. Abundant enthusiasm followed the close, and the pianist was recalled many times.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

Silotti.—This great artist will positively arrive in America about January 10. He will in all probability make his American debut with Seidl's Orchestra at the Astoria concert of January 14. He will not be heard in recitals until February.

Emma K. Denison Studio Recital.—The following very up-to-date invitation has been issued by Miss Denison:

Miss Emma K. Denison invites you to a song recital to be given on Saturday afternoon, December 4, at 4 o'clock. Miss Ellen L. Denison, mezzo soprano, and Miss Helen L. Hibler, reader, will assist. Miss Florence Wier Gibson will play the accompaniments. 188 Fifth avenue, corner Nineteenth street.

Clementine Sheldon-Hess Praised.—Some time ago this young soprano, a Delle Sedie (Paris) pupil, sang in Northern Pennsylvania, when the following comments appeared:

Miss Sheldon had the next place on the program. She sang the selection which gave so much pleasure at the musicale last week, "Sognai," by Schira. It afforded a still better opportunity for the display of the soloist's lovely voice than did the former selection in which she sang.—*Advocate, Waverly, N. Y.*

Miss Clementine Sheldon, the talented young soprano soloist, pleased the audience with her fine singing, and was recalled several times. Miss Sheldon is a very fine singer and is gaining more than a local reputation.—*Messenger, Brainkum, Pa.*

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Colonia Club Musicale.

ONE of our representative composers received a merited compliment last Thursday in Brooklyn at the Union League Club rooms, where Madame Katharine Evans von Klenner and Miss Ada Smith interpreted before the Colonia Club an entire program of Bruno Oscar Klein's compositions. The program was preceded by a sketch of the composer's life and works.

Though Mr. Klein is of German descent, he is now far more American than German, having become so acclimatized musically that he has lately written a set of American dances which are not founded upon negro melodies, supposed to be our only folksongs, but upon the composer's own themes illustrative of American thought and feeling.

It is needless to say that at the Colonia Club musicale Mr. Klein was fortunate in his interpreters. Miss Smith is one of the talented pupils of Alexander Lambert, and shows in her playing the result of good training and natural gifts combined. Madame von Klenner, the distinguished vocal teacher, known to all New Yorkers, added by her voice and manner the finishing charm to a musicale of more than ordinary interest. The complete program is appended:

Piano solo—	
Violet.....	Klein
Capriccio.....	
Dialogue.....	
Miss Ada Smith.	
Songs—	
Ach, war es nie gescheten.....	Klein
O du meine liebliche Liebe.....	
Tempo di Mazurka.....	
Mme. Katharine Evans von Klenner.	
Piano solo—	
Pensée Poétique.....	Klein
Valse Fantastique.....	
Sérénade Américaine.....	
Miss Ada Smith.	

The Jeanne Franko Trio Concert.

THE second concert this season of the Jeanne Franko Trio was given on Tuesday evening, November 23, in Chickering Hall. The extreme cold must have kept a large number at home, and must have affected to a degree those present, for the audience was small and could not be called enthusiastic.

The program was attractive, and interest naturally centered in the new trio in F sharp minor by Constantin von Sternberg, which was given its first production.

The work was well received, and the composer, who presided at the piano, was at its conclusion recalled several times.

The composition is dignified and scholarly, and is a welcome addition to chamber music repertory. It certainly deserves another hearing, and it is to be hoped that such an organization as the Kneisel Quartet may afford us that opportunity.

Sternberg has not deviated from established forms. The first movement, allegro non troppo appassionata, is clear and well defined—the primary and secondary subjects are in marked contrast; the first, vigorous and masculine, while the second, "the song group," is a melodic theme introduced by the 'cello. In the fantasia of the movement a well constructed fugue is worked up to a fine climax. In the second movement, allegro leggiero, the piano part seemed a little too prominent. This may have been due to the fact that neither the violin nor the 'cello part was given with sufficient breadth and power.

The final movement opened with a molto adagio, which was very short, and led into a molto allegro, the

contrapuntal work of which was scholarly and effective. The harmonization throughout is modern, and the climaxes are reached without apparent effort. The introduction of a slow movement would lend greater variety to the work as regards tempi, as the general effect was somewhat too vigorous.

A word of praise is again due Celia Schiller for the excellence of her work. Her ensemble playing is certainly exceptional. Dante del Papa sang "Ninon," by Tosti, and "Il Primo Bacio," by Celega, and responded to a hearty encore with the inevitable "La Donna é Mobile," from "Rigoletto."



THE loving cup presented to Alexander Lambert, head of the New York College of Music, on the recent occasion of the concert of the college, is made of solid silver and engraved with suitable allegorical devices in an artistic manner, as may be seen from the above illustration.

Marie Donavin.—Marie Donavin, the young soprano who traveled with Herbert's Band through the country, sang in his concert at the Broadway Theatre last Sunday, and with the Orpheus Club in Newark November 24. In both places she made a decided hit. Miss Donavin is one of our best light sopranos. She had several offers for comic opera, but concluded to appear in concerts only this season.

Paul Tidden.—A piano recital under the auspices of the Synthetic Guild was given by Paul Tidden in the New Century Hall, 509 Fifth avenue, on Saturday, November 27. All the selections given were appreciated by the audience, and Mr. Tidden was obliged to repeat the Mendelssohn Scherzo. The following was the program:

Sonata, op. 57.....	Beethoven
Fantasia and Fugue in A minor.....	Bach
Etude in C sharp minor.....	Chopin
Scherzo.....	Mendelssohn
Soir d'été.....	Stcherbatcheff
Meditation.....	Tschakowsky
Berceuse.....	Moszkowski
En Courant.....	Godard
Ballade.....	Brockway
Second Hungarian Rhapsody.....	Liszt

Boston Music Notes.

NOVEMBER 27, 1897.

MRS. L. P. MORRILL'S first reception of the season will take place on the afternoon of December 8, from 4 to 6. Several of her pupils will take part. Mrs. Morrill's receptions are always looked forward to with much pleasure. The music is of a high order, carefully prepared, and the programs arranged in an interesting and logical sequence. There are always a number of fine voices, both contralto and soprano, to be heard, and Mrs. Morrill's own gracious presence lends an additional charm.

Miss Helen Wright will sing the solos in the Weber cantata at the Boston Theatre on Sunday evening, December 5, and also an aria with orchestra. Miss Wright is also engaged for some concerts in New Hampshire the second week in December.

The invitation and program of the second of the series of four recitals at the Virgil Clavier School of Boston is presented in an artistic manner on heavy tinted paper that attracts attention at once to the subject matter. Miss Adeline W. Raymond is to play the program, which consists of works by d'Albert, Heller, Rendando, Schytte, Bargiel, Chaminade, Mendelssohn, MacDowell, Grieg and Chopin.

Arthur Beresford has resumed his position at Trinity, where his voice has been greatly missed for the past five Sundays. Although still engaged for concert work, he has been obliged to arrange his traveling so as to be at his post on Sundays.

Miss Gertrude Walker is to be the soloist at the Union religious service in Music Hall on next Sunday evening.

Mrs. Ernestine Fish has been engaged for the principal contralto role in Mendelssohn's "Athalia," at the performance to be given in Saunders' Theatre, Cambridge, December 6, 8 and 10.

A violin recital by pupils of Miss Ida Fish was given in the First Unitarian Church at Worcester, on Thursday evening, November 18. Thirteen pupils played, assisted by Mrs. H. W. Johnson, soprano. The Worcester *Spy* and *Daily Telegram* speak in enthusiastic terms of the results of Miss Fish's teaching. Miss Fish is an earnest musician who is doing much for her chosen profession in Worcester. She has studied with C. N. Allen, of Boston, for a number of years and aims at nothing less than the best.

At the closing concert at Mrs. Ole Bull's Art Conferences, at Cambridge, compositions by Mrs. Rogers, Miss Lang, Mr. Bullard, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Farwell, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Johns, Mr. Parker, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Norris were sung.

Among the musical selections at the recent Kirmess and Opera Carnival, at Mechanics' Hall, was the immensely popular chorus "Till We Meet Again," by E. H. Bailey, rendered by fifty picked voices and an orchestra of twenty-five, conducted by the author; also, by the same well-known composer, the new, brilliant and charmingly melodious waltz, "At Beauty's Shrine," which furnished the music for the characteristic and bewitching Spanish dance, that proved one of the most pleasing features of this novel and successful entertainment.

The new counterpoint book by Homer A. Norris is nearly ready for the press. It is intended to supplement the "Practical Harmony on a French Basis."

In presenting their circular of programs and artists the Handel and Haydn Society announces that "the aim of the board of government in making up the program for the present season has been to obtain a high degree of excellence in our concerts, and to have that degree evenly



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"Mme. Beumer is undoubtedly a well schooled and experienced singer, and she was heartily applauded and recalled."—*New York Herald*, Nov. 10, 1897.

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Sunday and Monday evenings, December 19 and 20, 1897, "The Messiah" will be given, with Mrs. Georg Henschel, soprano; Mrs. Anna Taylor Jones, contralto; Evan Williams, tenor, and E. Leon Rains, bass.

Monday evening, February 7, 1898, "Arminius" will be given, with Miss Gertrude May Stein, contralto, and Evan Williams, tenor.

On Easter Sunday evening, April 10, 1898, "The Redemption" will be given, with Mrs. Johanna Gadsby, soprano, and Frangcon-Davies, bass. The other soloists will be announced later.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Carleton Slack are having a very busy season. Mr. Slack is so well known as a teacher of the Sbriglia method that his time is fully taken early in the season. Mrs. Slack's charming voice and artistic singing always bring her the warmest applause and compliments.

Miss Anna Millar Wood and Mrs. Edward Dudley Marsh were the soloists at Miss Orvis' concert this morning in Chickering Hall.

The first of a series of musical services will be given at the First Baptist Church, on Commonwealth avenue, on Sunday evening. The programs will be made from the standard oratorios and sacred cantatas, and the quartet of the church will be assisted by Miss Jennie Patrick Walker, Miss Gertrude Edmunds, Frederick Smith, Arthur Beresford and others, under the direction of Norman McLeod.

Wilhelm Heinrich announces his third season of vocal chamber concerts, to be given this year at Association Hall, and a large list of subscribers has already been obtained.

The Apollo Club announces four concerts, to be given in Music Hall December 1, January 2, March 23, May 4. The singers who will appear are M. Pol Plançon, basso; David Bispham, baritone; Miss Antoinette Trebelli, soprano; H. Evan Williams, tenor. B. J. Lang will, as usual, conduct the concerts.

The patronesses for Arthur Whiting's chamber concerts, to be given on Sunday afternoons at the Grundmann studios, are Mrs. Frank Jones, Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears, Miss Charlotte Houston, Mrs. Henry M. Rogers and Miss Minna Train.

St. Johnsbury, Vt., November 22.—The Stanley Opera House was partly burned this evening, the interior, including the scenery, being destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$3,000 with an insurance of \$4,500. The cause of the fire is unknown.

Powers-Mannes Musicales.—The principals in these musicales are planning, in their musicales, a series of chamber music concerts which will appeal to the true music lover of deep, earnest character. Both strive for ideal music, presented under ideal conditions, and there is no doubt of the success of their plans.

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Dec. 9th.	Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, Classic and Romantic Music.
Dec. 16th.	Mr. C. S. Skilton, Sonata-Symphony Form.
Jan. 6th.	Miss M. G. French, Dance Music.
Jan. 13th.	Prof. G. C. Gow, History of Notation.
Jan. 20th.	Miss K. S. Chittenden, Scanning of Melodies.
Jan. 27th.	Mr. L. A. Russell, The Relation of Speech to the Voice in Song.
Feb. 3d.	Mr. W. J. Henderson, Modern Oratorio.
Feb. 10th.	Mr. Griggs, German Songs and Ballads.
Feb. 17th.	Dr. Chas. Cuthbert Hall, Worship Music.
Feb. 24th.	Dr. F. Landon Humphreys, Church Music in England.
March 3d.	Dr. H. G. Hanchett, Melodic Development.
March 10th.	Mr. R. H. Woodman, The Organ.
March 17th.	Mr. Griggs, Opera in France.
March 24th.	Miss May Hurlburt, Modern French Composers.
March 31st.	Mr. Dudley Buck, The Composer's Point of View.
April 7th.	Prof. Gow, Development of Tonality.
April 14th.	Mr. Griggs, Mozart.
April 21st.	Mr. A. R. Parsons, Wagner.
April 28th.	Mr. F. H. Potter, Italian Opera.
April 28th.	Mr. Griggs, American Song Writers.

This course is open to the public at the nominal rate of \$5.00.
For season tickets and programs apply at 21 East 14th Street.

Carlotta Pinner's Concert.

THE concert given by Miss Pinner in Chickering Hall Monday evening brought together, as was to be expected, many of her friends and admirers, who greeted the interesting young soprano at each appearance with every demonstration of pleasure. Miss Pinner herself sang the brilliant Polacca from "Puritani," Chaminade's "L'Eté," and to close the program Bizet's "Agnus Dei," the tenor part in the latter played by Hans Kronold, the cellist. Although Miss Pinner had responded twice to encores, she was recalled again after the final number, a rather unusual mark of appreciation after a program made quite too long by encores. Miss Pinner has a light soprano voice, with good tones in the upper register. She sings with dramatic feeling.

The assisting artists were Rudolf Zwintscher, the Leipzig pianist, whose first number, Chopin's G minor Ballade, recalled, not entirely to his advantage, memories of De Pachmann's marvelous Chopin days so associated with Chickering Hall; the second piano number, Liszt's interesting "Don Juan Fantaisie," displayed Mr. Zwintscher's technical skill, and present and most forcible lack of artistic reserve. As Mr. Zwintscher played on that occasion we have hundreds of pianists in Greater New York of similar quality.

Hans Kronold played like an artist. Victor Clodio made the rafters ring with his rounded tones, and Max Liebling accompanied with the art which conceals art. His "Berceuse" for piano and cello, which figured on the program, has a pleasing theme, and is artistically worked out.

A. Hobart Smock in Georgia.—There is demand for this young tenor robusto down South; so about the middle of the month he will go to Georgia, to sing in Händel's "Judas Maccabæus." A prominent member of the Binghamton Choral Club, who was in the city last week, spoke in terms of enthusiastic praise of his appearance there a year ago.

Townsend H. Fellows and W. W. Thomas.—At the recent (thirty-fifth) meeting of the Clef Club (president, Frank H. Tubbs), at the Arena, each of these gentlemen addressed the gathering, the former on "The Choirs" and the latter on "The Theatres." As they were the only speakers of the evening they were not limited in time, and gave such practical and witty talks that the subjects were greatly enjoyed.

Sophia Markee in Providence.—Mrs. Sophia Markee sang the part of the Skylark in the "Swan and the Skylark" at Providence on Wednesday evening, receiving the highest compliments from all the artists present, while Mr. Jordan could not speak too highly of her singing. Her sweet, flexible, well governed voice excited much comment, and those who were present from Boston say her voice is beautiful and that she sang delightfully. Mrs. Markee has been spending a few days in Brookline as the guest of Mrs. Caleb Chase, but returns to New York early in the present week.

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The First Sunday Pop.

THE first of the series of Sunday night popular concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House, under the auspices of R. E. Johnston & Co., was an overwhelming success. Mr. Seidl and his Metropolitan Orchestra played the "Tell" overture and Liszt's Third Rhapsody, the rest of the program being devoted to the soloists.

Ysaye delivered Vieuxtemps' Fantaisie Appassionata, and two smaller pieces by Kress and Guiraud with all his familiar touches of popular genius, and the inevitable and always welcome Bach encore was given. Pol Plançon made his first appearance of the season, and received a welcome fit for a king. He sang the drum major's song from "Le Cid" and the air of "Pigmalion," by Victor Massé. The audience fairly yelled with delight when he gave "Les Rameaux" and "The Two Grenadiers." M. Plançon was in good voice. Raoul Pugno played Mendelssohn's G minor piano concerto in an absolutely finished manner, and evoked great enthusiasm. He is a pianist of sterling merits. His other numbers were Liszt's Eleventh Rhapsody and a Chopin valse for a recall piece. The affair was altogether very enjoyable, and the house was packed.

Mary H. Mansfield.—The well-known soprano Mary H. Mansfield has been engaged by F. R. Burton for the production of "Hiawatha" in Yonkers next spring.

A d'Arona Pupil.—Miss Agnes Monson, of Philadelphia, who is studying with Mme. Florenza d'Arona, was heard in concert last Tuesday night in that city. A remunerative engagement depended upon her success at this concert. In spite of enemies and obstacles she scored it, and the contract was signed before she left the hall that evening. Her next appearance will be at the Academy of Music in February.

Blanche Fort Sanders.—One of the most talented pupils of the distinguished pianist Richard Burmeister is Blanche Fort Sanders, of Baltimore, who gave a very successful recital last week in Philadelphia. The young pianist will make her début in New York on December 9, at the first concert of the Women's String Orchestra in Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall. She will play Burmeister's adaptation of the E flat major Rondo by Chopin, for piano and string orchestra, and Burmeister will himself conduct the orchestra.

Howard F. Peirce.—The first piano recital by Howard Forrer Peirce will be given in Chamber Music Hall on Wednesday afternoon, December 1. The following program has been arranged:

Air and variations.....	Händel
Rhapsodie, B minor.....	Brahms
Intermezzo, op. 117, No. 1.....	Beethoven
Sonata, op. 110.....	Chopin
Preludes from op. 24.....	Lewing
Nocturne, C sharp minor.....	Bisot-Buonamici
Old French dance.....	Balakirew
Chanson d'Avril.....	MacDowell
Islamey, an Oriental fantasy.....	Liszt
Träumerei.....	
Polonaise, E major.....	



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Sutro Sisters.

THE Sutro Sisters, ensemble pianists, under the management of R. E. Johnston & Co., are expected from Europe on the steamship St. Paul the end of this week. The Sutro Sisters will play at some of the most important musical functions here this season.

A Communication.

428 NORTH THIRTY-SECOND STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

Editors *The Musical Courier*:

In a recent issue your Philadelphia correspondent makes some statements in regards to the recent performance of the Brahms Academic Festival Overture arrangement for eight hands. This being a composition not often played and therefore not easily understood at a first hearing, I do not think it strange that your correspondent should mistake constant syncopation in the most important parts of the work for faulty interpretation.

Mr. Sternberg, the principal participant in the quartet, had no fault to find, and authorizes me to say that for the above-mentioned reason your correspondent's criticism is an erroneous one.

You will greatly oblige me by correcting this error in the next issue of *THE COURIER*, as your correspondent's remarks injure my musical standing and therefore also injure me in any professional work I may undertake.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

(MRS.) ROSA VAN GELDER.

[Our Philadelphia correspondent refers to this matter in his letter printed in this issue.—ED. MUSICAL COURIER.]

F. X. Arens.—Although Mr. Arens has but recently come to New York, his time is almost fully occupied and he is undoubtedly one of our busiest teachers. He has removed to a larger and more centrally located studio at 305 Fifth avenue, where he will meet his friends and pupils daily from 1:30 to 2:30 P. M. R. S. Pigott, about whose study and exposition of negro melodies an article was recently published, is now under the able instruction of Mr. Arens. He has been engaged by Albert M. Bagby for the leading baritone role in "Daphne" at the Astoria December 13. Several of Mr. Arens' former pupils are coming to New York to continue their studies with him.

Operatic School Organized by Tecla Vigna.—The following notice from the Cincinnati *Enquirer* refers to the School of Opera which was organized in that city by Tecla Vigna:

It was one of the enterprises of the late George Ward Nichols to establish an operatic school in this city. In this connection it will be remembered that he engaged the services of Signorina Tecla Vigna and placed her in charge of the operatic department at the College of Music. Under her experienced training the operatic school flourished for a considerable time until the death of Mr. Nichols. Her pupils presented several of the lighter operas in Dexter Hall. To-day Miss Vigna has revived this idea, and is pushing with all her enterprise and vigor an operatic school in connection with the Auditorium School of Music. Miss Vigna has the talent, the experience and the material in her own class for such an undertaking. Too much credit cannot be given to Miss Vigna for her "uphill" work, and the brilliancy of her efforts will "shine" this coming winter, as she proposes giving three operatic evenings, the roles to be filled by her most advanced pupils. That this musical city should be endowed with all the advantages of a complete operatic school under so successful an instructor as Miss Vigna redounds to her honor and credit.

An Operatic Concert for Charity.

THE annual entertainment for the benefit of St. Mark's Hospital assumed the form of a grand operatic concert this year, and was given in the Metropolitan Opera House on Saturday evening, November 27. Anton Seidl conducted several orchestral numbers, the "Meistersinger Vorspiel," the "Dream Music," from "Hänsel and Gretel," by Humperdinck, and "L'Arlesienne," by Bizet. The aria from the "Magic Flute" afforded Ernest Gamble an opportunity for the display of some extremely "profundo" bass tones, and for encore he sang a stirring descriptive ballad. His voice is of good quality, but his enunciation of English is faulty.

Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, was twice recalled after his performance of the allegro from the "Concerto Romantique," of Godard. Katherine Bloodgood sang the aria from "Samson and Delilah," "Mon Cœur S'ouvre à ta Voix" and for encore a dainty little "Lullaby," the interpretation of which was almost faultless.

Antoinette Trebelli was warmly received, and after the polonaise from "Mignon" sang a laughing song, which earned for her a second recall. Her enunciation of French is perfection, and her laugh was musical and infectious.

Shannah Cummings, the soprano, kindly consented to sing in place of Mlle. Alice Verlet, who was too ill to appear, and gave the aria from the "Queen of Sheba," by Gounod, and for encore the "Spring Song," by Weil. Mrs. Cummings' beautiful voice earned for her sincere applause, and the audience showed at once that it was not disappointed in the change. A novelty on the program was the "Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhäuser," arranged for a quartet of horns.

Alexandre Guilman.—Guilman sailed from Havre last Saturday and is expected here next Sunday. His first week's engagements are as follows: December 6, Hartford, Conn.; December 7, New Britain, Conn.; December 8 and 9, Boston, Mass.; December 10 and 11, Holyoke, Mass.; December 13, Camden, N. J.; December 17, Springfield. His first and only appearance in New York will be the evening of December 15 in Mendelssohn Hall.

Frederic Mariner.—That teachers who study the Virgil method with Frederic Mariner are more than ordinarily successful is again testified to by Mrs. Theo. G. Wilder, leading exponent of the Virgil method in Tilton, N. H.

On Saturday afternoon, November 20, two of Mrs. Wilder's pupils, Ethel J. Pillsbury and Pearl M. Hill, played at a concert given by the Tilton Woman's Club. Both young ladies have been studying the Virgil method with Mrs. Wilder from one to three years, and in their playing displayed the same excellent technic that characterizes pupils of this method. Their tone was especially noticeable for being full, rich and sonorous.

The following numbers were played from memory:

Serenade.....	Jensen
Prelude.....	Bach
Waltz, A flat.....	Chopin
Sonata Pathétique.....	Beethoven
Der Scharpentier.....	Chaminade
Etude, Op. 2.....	Wollenhaupt

Mrs. Wilder has studied the Virgil method with Mr. Mariner during the last three years. During the season of 1896-97, she spent five weeks at the Virgil School, taking a lesson of Mr. Mariner nearly every day. In speaking of her work with him she expresses herself in the highest terms.

Opera in Philadelphia.

THE Damrosch and Ellis Opera Company opened its season in Philadelphia at the Academy of Music with a packed house, Mr. Damrosch conducting "Faust" in a very slipshod manner. The whole performance gave evidence of indifference in preparation and lack of rehearsing. The chorus interspersed with a lot of the old Metropolitan chorus, was small and incompetent.

Melba's Marguerite was of the pattern always followed by her and requires no particular reference outside of the statement that she was just as automatic as she always is and that she sang superbly. Ibos, the new tremolo tenor, was disappointing, for other reasons than the tremolo itself, for he is not an ideal Faust and never can be. Campanari sang Valentine. The basso, Boudouresque, as Mephistopheles, is a singer of fair ability, but not a histrionic Mephisto.

The "Faust" performance was not indicative of any effort to produce opera on artistic lines, but emphasized the fact that everything is to be sacrificed to the one over-paid star, as is usual in the grand opera scheme. Rehearsing and its consequent ensemble, mis-en-scène, careful score reading and phrasing, and all the artistic concomitants of artistic opera production go by the board again, as they always will and must under the American foreign opera system. The whole scheme is an absurdity as a musical scheme, be it under the management of Grau or Damrosch or Ellis or anybody else.

The Philadelphia *Times* speaks of the artists as follows:

IBOS.

His vocal methods are not sufficiently thorough to allow of his being continually great, if, indeed, he will ever develop while here into anything more than a singer who is at times acceptable.

BOUDOURESQUE.

The Mephistopheles of Mons. Boudouresque was even less satisfactory. His voice is covered and sombre, and his two arias, as a consequence, failed to excite anything more than a bare recognition. His conception of the role seems to be trivial and altogether lacking in dignity, and even his delivery of the celebrated declaration in the garden scene failed to carry any conviction of earnestness. He is possessed of many vocal mannerisms, and their constant use in the attack and finish of each phrase becomes very monotonous.

TORONTO.

Mlle. Toronto, as Siebel, did not surpass those of her confrères already named, and although attractive in appearance, well costumed and straight limbed, her singing of the beautiful music with which the part abounds was within the circumscribed limits of mediocre.

Carrie Hirschman.—The well-known pianist Carrie Hirschman played on Thanksgiving night at the residence of John D. Rockefeller.

The Jeanne Franko Trio.—At the third Chamber music concert of the Jeanne Franko Trio on December 14 Xaver Scharwenka will assist and will play his own trio in A minor (op. 45). Arthur Foote's C minor trio will also be performed with Celia Schiller at the piano.

Manhattan Symphony Quintet.—Phipps & Campiglio, the musical lyceum agents, have under their management a new organization—the Manhattan Symphony Quintet (two violins, harp, cello and flute), made up of the following artists: A. Pinto, R. Laseo, N. Briglio, A. Briglio and P. Ciaramallo. Their repertory of classic and popular music is large and their ensemble work is artistic and pleasing. Already many successful engagements have been filled.

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NEWARK.

NEWARK, N. J., November 26, 1897.

THE Arion Singing Society gave its first and very successful concert in the Krueger Auditorium November 22. The program, embracing many beautiful numbers with and without orchestral accompaniment, also included Hegar's "Rudolph von Werderberg," the prize song which the Arions sang at Philadelphia and for which they received the first prize.

The soloists were Josephine S. Jacoby, contralto, and Miss Leontine Gaertner, violoncellist; both artists were in fine form. Mrs. Jacoby's beautiful voice, so rich in quality and perfect in production, was heard at its best in the aria, "Knowest Thou the Land," from "Mignon," also in songs by Franz Schumann and Tchaikovsky. Miss Gaertner created a good impression by her interpretation of solos by Popper, Klengel and Davidoff.

Conductor Lorenz was in his accustomed place. The concert was an artistic success.

In Wissner Hall, on the evening of the Arion concert, I had the pleasure of attending Hans Kronold's recital. It was a violoncello performance that would be well worth repeating. Kronold was assisted by Miss Celia Schiller, pianist, and Dante del Papa, tenor. Contrary to the expectation that the Arion concert would lessen the attendance at the Kronold recital, I observed that the house was taxed in its seating capacity with a representative audience which listened entranced to Kronold's exquisite playing. Though quite a young man Kronold ranks with the leading artists of the day. His performance in Newark was a revelation. His technic is flawless, his tone is large and mellow, and his interpretations are realistic and soulful. Miss Schiller created a fine impression. In her performance of Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise" she demonstrated her ability as an artist of rare qualities. She is conscientious to a fault, and her remarkable facility of execution is sustained by a well founded technic. She received recalls and responded with an encore. She played a beautiful toned Wissner grand piano, accentuating its beauties by her velvety touch.

Del Papa came in for a deserved share of the evening's honors. He has a dramatic tenor voice of good quality which he uses with excellent judgment; his evening's repertory was sung entirely in Italian.

The recital was a highly artistic one and immensely enjoyed. I noticed many musicians and students of the divine art in the audience, and Kronold was afterward the recipient of many congratulations from a representative Newark musical fraternity.

I submit the program—Miss Eva Zimmerman was the accompanist:

Sonata, D major.....	Rubinstein
Celeste Aida.....	Verdi
Concerto.....	Lindner
Rhapsodie Hongroise.....	Liszt
If I Was, Barcarolle.....	Quaranta
The First Kiss.....	Celeste
Berceuse.....	Godard
Berceuse.....	Popper
Romance.....	Carroll
Tarantelle.....	Popper

I trust I may be pardoned for the tardy COURIER notice of Countess Gilda Ruta's first grand concert of the Palestrina Choral Society in Association Hall, November 10. Gilda Ruta enjoys the distinction of being the first to encourage the progress of Italian musical performance (ensemble of course) in Newark. For this she merits the appreciation of all lovers of the Italian school of art. She has gathered unto herself a coterie of singers, whom she has trained for the purpose of utilizing in choral work to be interpreted solely in Italian.

This first concert was a partial guarantee of what may be expected in the future of this society. Countess Ruta needs no special laudation as an artist of the piano—a composer and a conductor. The choral program numbers were by Schumann, Mendelssohn, Weber and Verdi, the last number being Verdi's grand finale, "O Noble Carlos," from "Ernani."

The society sang with a nicety of expression and in pleasing quality of tone. Nevertheless a great improvement, it is hoped, will take place in the tone quality of this society ere it gives many more concerts; the contraltos could be improved and the sopranos multiplied.

The assisting artists were Jeanne Franko, a Newark favorite; Mr. Gianini, tenor; Madame de Bassini, soprano, and Ch. de Bassini, baritone.

I am very glad to announce that Frederick C. Baumann, one of our best known musicians, and formerly director of the Park Conservatory of Music, is again taking an active interest in the field of musical work, and among the people who could ill afford to lose him.

Mr. Baumann was obliged through illness to temporarily abandon his musical work, close his conservatory, resign from his church position and take a rest. Lately he has been composing with vigor, his composition receiving most flattering criticisms. Last summer Mr. Baumann played at Manhattan Beach accompaniments to his own songs which were sung by the soloists there at that time. Recently he played with unusual success at the Manuscript Society in New York, and expects to give a concert in the near future in Steinway Hall. Mr. Baumann is already booked to appear as piano soloist

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at several important concerts in and near New York. May he have the success which is his right!

The first private concert of the ninth season of the Orpheus Club occurred November 23, being one of the best concerts that I can remember the club to have given. However, I missed two fine voices which cannot easily be replaced, namely, Thomas Brott, bass, who was one of the four walls of the society, and Joseph Byrne, baritone, whose voice is one of the finest and sweetest in quality in the city.

S. A. Ward conducted, Frank E. Drake was the accompanist, and Henry R. Kingsley presided at the organ. The soloists were Miss Marie Donavin, soprano, and Miss May Lyle Smith, flutist. The singing of the club was of itself an immense attraction. The singers were thoroughly in sympathy with their work, and sung with a vigor and abandon that aroused general enthusiasm. Encores were in order—and justly so. Of all clubs in Newark, none give such fine climaxes as the Orpheus, or better demonstrate ensemble singing. The club numbers were by Kremser-Mair, Buck, Attenbofer, Rutenber and Wagner's "Chorus of Pilgrims." Incidental solos were sung by Harry Ackerson, and by William R. Williams, tenors, and by Paul Petry, baritone, and Henry Morgan, bass.

Miss Donavin sang well, nay brilliantly. She has a light, pure voice, which has a dramatic quality. She is extremely artistic and vocalizes well, minus the trill; her expression is delightful, and her enunciation perfect.

She sang the aria from "Linda," by Donizetti, with such success that she was obliged to encore with Cowen's song, "The Swallows." Later she sang Massenet's romance "Paul et Virginia," and a not very musical effusion by Ellen Wright called "With My Guitar." Out of pure delight at the singer, not at the last named song, which is trashy and tiresome in the extreme, Miss Donavin gave a sweet and intensely musical rendition of one of the settings to Tennyson's "Sweet and Low."

Miss Smith is not unknown to Newark, having appeared previously with the Orpheus Club. As a flutist she bears an excellent reputation, which she well sustained at this concert; her numbers were "Albumblatt," by Anderson; "Minuten Watzner," by Chopin, and a value by Godard. Godard seems to be the fad at present. I scarcely attend a concert that this charming composer's name does not appear once or twice at least on the program.

The concert for the benefit of the Home of the Friendless on December 1 promises to be a notable event musically and socially. It will be given in the house of the late Ambassador Runyon, Minister to Berlin, and will enlist the services of Hans Kronold, cellist; that prince of tenors, Leonard Auty; the Countess Gilda Ruta, pianist; Miss Meta Chadsey, soprano; Miss Montgomery, contralto; Milton Rusling Wood, baritone, and Miss Miller, accompanist. At prior concerts for the benefit of this home some of the foremost artists of the day have sung.

I refrain from detailed mention of Miss Hilke's recent song recital in Association Hall, Newark, a resumé of said recital having appeared in our last issue. Miss Hilke was assisted by Maurice Kaufmann, violinist; Mr. Clander, cellist, and Henry Hall Duncklee, accompanist.

The Schubert Vocal Society will give its first season concert in the Krueger Auditorium December 8. They will sing Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Louis Russell conductor.

The first concert of the Ladies' Choral Club will take place in Association Hall December 13. Miss Ada B. Douglass will conduct, as usual. It promises to be an interesting concert.

Mr. Charles F. Eichhorn will give his third organ recital in the First Congregational Church, November 29. He will be assisted by Mrs. Brownlie, soprano; Miss Marsh, pianist, and Mr. Carl Schoner, violinist. Mr. Eichhorn's recitals are one of the specially attractive events of the musical season in Newark. Miss Sophia Friedmann, soprano, recently sang with great success at a concert in Association Hall.

MABEL LINDLEY THOMPSON.

Francis Fischer Powers' Studio Musicales.

THE first of a series of private studio musicales was given by Francis Fischer Powers on Tuesday evening last in his music rooms in Carnegie Hall. The program, which was given (save in the case of the pianist) entirely by Mr. Power's pupils, was most happily conceived and excellently interpreted. Mrs. Herman Powell, a pupil from Denver, Col., possesses a clear and resonant soprano voice, which she used to the best possible advantage, and could Francesca Lamperti have heard this charming disciple of his wondrous method he would have been delighted, as were those who heard her on this occasion. Aside from her wonderful voice, Mrs. Powell is the possessor of youth, beauty, great talent and a musical temperament, all of which will conduce to the eminence which must soon be hers in the musical world.

Miss Lucie Benedict, of Hartford, Conn., aside from being an artistic singer, is a thorough musician, having a rich contralto voice well under control. The graceful manner in which she interpreted the Von Fielitz songs and the charming effects she made throughout stamped

her an artist of splendid abilities. Very great regret was expressed that because of indisposition Mrs. Stanley Gardyne Stewart was unable to be present. Mrs. Stewart is easily one of the very best amateur singers. However, Mrs. Stewart will in all probability be heard at the next function.

Madame Hadden-Alexander, pianist, a pupil of Moszkowski and Barth, made her first appearance at this musicale, and so great was her success that arrangements have been made for her appearance at the second Powers-Mannes Wednesday morning musicale, December 29 next, when criticisms as to her playing will be made through these columns.

With regard to Franklyn Van Rensselaer Bunn, John Fredericks, Herbert Miller and Victor Baillard, it were superfluous to say more than that each fully sustained his reputation as an artist. Mr. Powers can always rely upon his "big four," as he terms them, and never hesitates to have them sing before the most critical of critics.

Mr. Powers himself is in great voice these days, having returned from the West refreshed in health and with a voice bigger and more resonant than ever. Those who were fortunate enough to hear Mr. Powers sing Schumann's "Hidalgo" in the tenor key, followed by Grieg's charming "Swan Song" and Schubert's "Erking," will ever remember the performance as a revelation of supreme art.

Mention must also be made of Miss Marguerite Hall and Miss Grace Gregory, of the professional world, who were present and who contributed, to the delight of all, several very charming songs. Horace Kinney presided at the piano and accompanied with his usual intelligence and skill. Altogether it was a great night for the house of Powers. Following is the program:

Ah, Non Credea (Mignon).....	Thomas M'Appari Tutt 'Amor (Martha).....	Plotow
Gavotte.....	John Fredericks.....	Sgambati
Nocturne, C minor, op. 48.....	Chopin	Moszkowski
Tarantelle.....	Madame Hadden-Alexander.....	Brahms
Immer Leiser Wird Mein Schlummer.....	Anathema.....	Von Fielitz
Honor and Arms (Samson).....	Herbert S. Miller.....	Händel
Chanson d'Amour.....	Mrs. H. H. A. Beach	Chaminade
Invocation (Lohengrin).....	Mrs. Herman Powell.....	Bemberg
Mon Cœur Chante.....	Mrs. H. H. A. Beach	Hahn
Air De l'Ermite (Elaine).....	Victor Baillard.....	Gounod
Si Mes Vers Avient des Ailes.....	Miss Lucie May Benedict.....	Dvorak
Repentir.....	Franklin Van Rensselaer Bunn.....	MacDowell
Rosenzweig.....	March Wind.....	Liszt
Ergebung.....	Waldes Rauschen.....	Thomé
Als Die Alte Mutter.....	Berceuse.....	Schumann
Darf des Falken Schwingen.....	Bolero.....	Greig
Rings Ist der Wald.....	The Hidalgo.....	Schubert
Franklin Van Rensselaer Bunn.....	The Swan.....	
MacDowell.....	The Erking.....	
Liszt.....		

Among the guests present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bierstadt, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Postley, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rose, Albert Morris Bagby, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Knox, Mr. and Mrs. Charles I. Hudson, Mr. David Blapham, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Northrop, Ascadly Viener, Vice-Consul of Russia; Clyde Fitch, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Horton, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Lane, the Misses Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Copeland Wallace, Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, Mr. and Mrs. Gardyne Stewart, Wade Chance, Mr. and Mrs. McMillan, Tom Karl, Deillon Deway, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. D. Black, Geo. Stuart Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. B. Foote, Miss Hastings, Mrs. Swenson, Miss Swenson, Mrs. Silas Gregory, Miss Gregory, the Messrs. Loomis, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Etherington, Mrs. Frame, Miss Frame, David Mannes and others.

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Tuesday Afternoon, April 5, at 3:00.

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Sunday Night Concerts.

THE concert at the Metropolitan Opera House next Sunday night will introduce Jean Gerardy, the 'cellist, Raoul Pugno again appearing. The other soloists will be Josephine S. Jacoby, contralto, and Leon Marx, violinist. Either Dyna Beumer or Lillian Blauvelt will also sing, the decision not having been reached as we go to press.

Sembrich and orchestra will sing in Carnegie Hall on Sunday night.

Sousa's Foreign Tour.

THE fame of John Philip Sousa and his band is still marching on. It long ago crossed the waters and traveled over European countries, but now the material elements from which fame was evolved are to follow and give the Englishman, the Irishman, the Frenchman, the Germans, even the canny Scot and Taffy the Welshman an opportunity to shout "Glory Hallelujah!" to their hearts' content. They certainly will shout something in applause, for Sousa has not yet played anywhere, even in the most critical city of America, without receiving praise for the swing, the dash, the brilliancy of his music and his leadership.

His American successes are not due entirely to the excellent playing of his band. That alone would not be sufficient to arouse enthusiasm, unless the programs were most judiciously arranged. Sousa is an adept in this art, giving a due admixture of bright, popular music, with the best compositions by the best composers, and above all adding the "spark of true Promethean fire" that shines in his own famous marches. "El Capitan," "Washington Post," "Liberty Bell," and others are scarcely less familiar, according to the tales of musical travelers, to residents of foreign cities than they are to Americans.

Sousa received the incentive to arrange this coming foreign tour a year ago, when, in Berlin, he conducted the bass section of the Philharmonic Orchestra at a complimentary concert arranged in his honor. The interest aroused induced him to believe in the advisability of taking over a representative American organization, to begin in fact an exchange of international courtesy in the way of band playing, the courtesy having hitherto mostly been on one side. He will take with him sixty musicians and at least two American women soloists, one vocal, the other instrumental. The tour as now planned will be with the addition of the following American tour, the longest yet undertaken, if memory serves correctly, by any band, for the band begins its twelfth American tour January 8, 1898, in New York city, and continues its onward march without intermission up to the date of sailing from New York, May 28.

It opens its season in London, June 3; thence it goes for five weeks through England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales; then for a week to Paris and Brussels, and after that it will play for six weeks in the principal cities of Germany and Austria, beginning with Berlin, and including Vienna and Budapest.

Upon returning to America early in September the transcontinental tour of this country will begin at once. The whole tour forms a veritable musical crusade and will probably convert to true musical faith those, if any there still be, who do not know the value of American bands conducted on legitimate musical principles.

Mr. Sousa will further maintain American principles while abroad by taking American printing with him. Although he goes abroad under the direction of an English company, organized for the especial purpose of conduct-

ing this foreign tour, the American representative and general manager of the band and its tour will be E. B. Reynolds, general manager of the Long Island Railroad and Manhattan Beach enterprises. George Frederic Hinton will accompany the band as business manager, and Frank Christianer will continue in charge of the New York office.

The conductor of the German and Austrian tours will be Henry Wolfsohn.

Clementine De Vere.—The magnificent voice and artistic singing of this distinguished artist continue to attract large audiences to the concerts at which she is booked to appear. A few of the many notices of recent date in reference to her singing are appended:

Mme. Clementine De Vere, the prima donna soprano, delighted her hearers with a really marvelous voice. Her first number, a bird song, "The Pearl of Brazil," by David, showed off to great advantage the wide range of her voice, bringing out the richness of her low tones and the brilliancy of execution as she soared up into the tiptop notes of the treble, sounding them with a flute-like sweetness.

She responded to an encore with Gounod's "Serenade." But it was not until her second number that the true magnificence of her singing was brought out. It was an oratorio selection by Handel, "Let the Bright Seraphim."

The audience was a very large one.—*Topeka Daily Capital.*

For her initial number Mme. Clementine De Vere sang the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah" (Meyerbeer). Her voice, a high soprano, is powerful and of great compass, clear as a bell and remarkable for its carrying power, even in the softest passages. She met with an ovation, and responded with "Spring Song" (Sapio), and again with Gounod's "Serenade," which she sang with exquisite taste and feeling.

Mme. De Vere then sang the valse song "The Magic of Spring" (Sapio), and then a dainty gem, "In the Wood" (MacDowell).—*Waterbury American.*

A large and appreciative audience witnessed the opening of the Bridgeport Star Course at the Park City Theatre last evening by the Clementine De Vere Grand Concert Company. Mme. De Vere has a voice of rare quality and sweetness, and is quite capable of heading as good a company as she does.—*Morning Telegram.*

The first entertainment in the Star Course arranged to be given in this city this season took place at the Park City Theatre last night. The audience present indicated a large sale of the tickets. A concert company, headed by the peerless soprano Clementine De Vere was the attraction for the opening night of the course. If the entertainment given last night is a sample of what the remainder of the course will be purchasers of course tickets will enjoy a rare treat. Madame De Vere sang several selections brilliantly.—*Morning Union.*

The third entertainment of the Lyndsay Course—a concert—was given last night in Music Hall to a large audience. Madame De Vere has long been favorably known as a singer. She has sung before in Baltimore. Before her marriage it is said she received the largest salary ever paid a woman for singing in a church in New York. Her voice is apparently as good as ever. It is a clear, high soprano under perfect control, flexible and of fine volume. She sang the bird song from David's "Pearl of Brazil," which is one of the favorite airs of those fond of florid music, and the well-known "Ah fors e lui" from "Traviata," an air also replete with embellishments, in a delightful manner, which evoked very warm applause from her hearers. She was equally as successful in several ballads given as encores, notably in "Chantez, Riez, Dormez," a delightful and popular song. Her voice easily filled the large hall.—*Baltimore American.*

Notwithstanding the threatening weather the Music Hall was filled last night at the Lyndsay Course concert. The especial attraction of the evening was Mme. Clementine De Vere, who was heard in the aria, "Ah, fors e lui," from Verdi's "Traviata," the valse song by Signor Romualdo Sapio, and in some charming encores.—*Baltimore Sun.*

A decided feature of the evening was the appearance of Madame Clementine De Vere, whose fame as a soprano soloist is too thoroughly established to need further introduction at this time. Madame De Vere was in excellent voice, and her abilities as a coloratura artist were made well manifest in the rendition of the bird song from David's "Pearl of Brazil." She was warmly received, and was forced to respond to an encore after each one of her selections.—*Baltimore Morning Herald.*

A Benefit Concert.

THIS was the program given in Carnegie Hall last Monday night for the benefit of the New York Medical College and Hospital for Women:

Overture, Euryanthe.....	Weber
Orchestra.....	
Contralto song, Hosanna.....	Granier
Mary Louise Clary.....	
Orchestra.....	
Piano Concerto, A minor.....	Grieg
Cornelia Dyas.....	
Romance, De l'Etoile du Nord.....	Meyerbeer
Pol Plançon.....	
Orchestra.....	
Violin Concerto, E minor.....	Mendelssohn
Maud Powell.....	
Songs—	
Celle qui passe.....	Gedalgé
Couplets bachiques.....	Chaminade
En route.....	Schumann
Pol Plançon.....	
Tannhäuser March.....	Wagner
Orchestra.....	

Miss Clary was in glorious voice, but would not respond to a most pressing applause. Miss Dyas was not in her happiest mood, but played with great musical feeling, musicianship, and in the adagio with genuine poetry. It was unobtrusive, solid piano playing, the solo player retiring most modestly behind the composer. Miss Powell played nobly. She was the star of the evening, for Plançon was not in the best voice, although he sang with unfailing intelligence.

Herbert Witherspoon with Dannreuther Quartet.—Herbert Witherspoon will appear as soloist with this well-known quartet several times this season.

Nita Carlite.—This talented young artist has been engaged as one of the leading sopranos of the new English Opera Company, which is to be heard this season at the American Theatre. She has also been secured by Albert Morris Bagby for the opera which he is to produce on December 6 at the Astoria.

John Winter Thompson.—An organ recital was given on Friday evening, November 10, in the Knox Conservatory of Music, Galesburg, Ill., by John Winter Thompson, organist of the First Baptist Church of that city. The recital was an artistic success. The program is appended:

COMPOSITIONS BY FELIX ALEXANDRE GUILLMANT.

Sonata in C minor, op. 80
Elevation in A flat, op. 85, No. 2
Allegretto in B minor, op. 19, No. 1
Prayer in A flat, op. 56, No. 2
Offertory on two Christmas hymns, op. 19, No. 2
Religious March in F major, op. 15, No. 2
Funeral March and Seraphic Chant, op. 17, No. 2
Torchlight March, op. 59, No. 1

Adele Laeis Baldwin.—This gifted contralto tendered a reception to Madame Francesco Lamperti on last Wednesday afternoon, at which a large number of distinguished musicians were present. Every detail in the arrangement of Mrs. Baldwin's handsome studio in Carnegie Hall bespoke the exquisitely refined taste of the hostess, and the musical program was most enjoyable.

Perry Averill, baritone, and Geraldine Morgan, violinist, contributed several selections, and Mrs. Baldwin's rich voice was heard to advantage in "Die Altmacht" of Schubert and in a number of light French songs, which were particularly well suited to her. Mrs. Baldwin has been engaged for the leading contralto role in the opera "Daphne," to be produced under the management of Albert Morris Bagby in the Astoria with full orchestra; Anton Seidl director.



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 "Manipulated the splendid instrument in Queen's Hall to perfection."—*The Standard (London).*
 "Great enthusiasm and applause."—*Crystal Palace Herald (London).*

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PERSONALS.

Samuel Blight Johns Sings.—At Charles Heinroth's organ recital this afternoon Mr. Johns will sing Stainer's "My Hope Is in the Everlasting."

Margaret Gaylord.—Miss Gaylord, who will sing Yum-Yum in "The Mikado," at the Astoria, was the subject of a picture and sketch in a recent issue of the New York Journal.

Arumburo in Town.—Arumburo the well-known Spanish tenor, who has not been heard here since 1884, is in the city. He has been singing in South America for some years.

A Huber Pupil Wins.—Miss Ida Rose Weyers, a pupil of Emile Andrew Huber, was the successful soprano chosen for All Souls' Universalist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Good for the singer, and good, even more, for the teacher.

Chickering Orchestral Concerts.—The second of the grand orchestral concerts given in Chickering Hall, under the direction of Anton Seidl, will take place Tuesday evening, December 7, at 8.30 P. M. The soloist will be Xaver Scharwenka, who will play the Chickering piano.

Richard Burmeister.—A tremendous success was scored by Richard Burmeister at the first Liederkrantz concert in this city. His interpretation of the F minor concerto by Chopin was greatly admired. After many recalls he responded with two preludes by the same composer.

Charlotte Maconda.—The charming soprano Charlotte Maconda has been engaged for "The Messiah" by the Oratorio Society of Baltimore. She will sing in concerts and oratorio only this season, although she has had a number of most flattering offers to sing in operas both here and in England.

Remenyi.—The great Hungarian violinist Remenyi, who only last week returned from an extended concert tour, will be in the city for the next few months, and is available for concert engagements here and in near-by cities. Remenyi played last Saturday in the Metropolitan Opera House with Seidl's Orchestra, and scored an immense success, having been forced to play two encores.

Wolfe Organ Recital.—J. Fred. Wolfe's first organ recital will take place in Presbyterian Hall, corner Fifth avenue and Twentieth street, this Friday evening, December 8, when the following highly interesting program will be given:

Pantasia and fugue.....Bach
Sonata No. XII.....Rheinberger
Andante Cantabile, from fourth organ symphony...Widor
Scherzo, from second organ symphony.....Wagner
Siegfried's Death March.....Wagner
From "Die Götterdämmerung." (Transcribed by J. Fred. Wolfe.)
Theme and finale.....Thiele

Bertha Bucklin for Brooklyn Institute, 1898.—Miss Bucklin's success was so great at her appearance (with Max Heinrich) at the Institute concert that she has been engaged for next year. While in Berlin Miss Bucklin played duos with Reinhold Hermann, the well-known composer-conductor, and was much complimented by him. She

played at a Utica, N. Y., concert last Monday, and reappears soon again in Brooklyn, at Miss Stilwell's recital.

Ellsworth Gilles for Norwich Festival.—Aside from the well-known artists already engaged and mentioned in these columns, to appear at the festival, Manager Adrian P. Babcock has as a special attraction secured Mr. Gilles, well known as the tenor soloist of Dr. Behrends' church, Brooklyn, N. Y., which position he won over half a hundred applicants.

Another Engagement for Williams.—Evan Williams, after all, will be heard in "The Messiah," New York, having been engaged by the People's Choral Union to sing that work in the Metropolitan Opera House January 15.

Henri Marteau.—Henri Marteau has just returned from a tour in Switzerland, where he played with pronounced success. He will sail for America December 25 via England, and is due here January 1. At his first appearance at the Philharmonic concert, January 7, he will play the Dvorák Concerto.

C. L. Staats.—The eminent clarinetist, C. L. Staats recently played with great success several prominent solo engagements. On November 15 he was a soloist at Worcester; and on November 17, at a concert in Cambridge, he again scored a decided success. Mr. Staats also appeared at Pawtucket, R. I., in the Star Course lectures on November 25.

Kathrin Hilke's St. Louis Success.—The success of Miss Kathrin Hilke on her recent appearance in Verdi's "Requiem" with the Choral-Symphony Society of St. Louis, is portrayed by the short criticisms here annexed:

The individual and associated song of the quartet was the best offering of the Choral-Symphony in all its history. They can to-day be assured that they, in connection with the society, have advanced the cause of music in St. Louis; for nothing better along sacred lines, under public auspices, has been heard in this city.

Each member of the quartet was in perfect voice. Miss Kathrin Hilke displayed a marvelous range and sustained power, combined with beautiful clearness and sympathy. When her score, as was frequently the case, had the accompaniment of the first violins in unison the effect was captivating.—*The St. Louis Star.*

But the crown of the evening belonged to the soloists, Miss Hilke and Miss Ringen. The first has the ease of a bird, the strength of an organ and that purity of tone which comes from a cello touched by a master hand. Miss Hilke was not there in any sense of display. She sang as simply as one who is hidden in a congregation singing praises to the Lord and not as a central figure in an artistic presentation.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

There is harmony enough in the Requiem to fill your mental ear for days, and those four principals sang it last night in superb manner. Everybody carried away memories of Miss Hilke's top note—clear as a flute—and a B flat in the last soprano solo.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Another source of congratulation to the officers and directors of the organization was their selection of soloists for last night's concert. Each artist scored a distinct hit with the audience, and every solo was received with great applause.

Principal interest of course was centered in Miss Hilke. She is an extremely tall and slender lady of prepossessing appearance, and her voice is high, clear and sweet. Her various solos were rendered in admirable style, and the audience, which at first had been disposed to be critical, warmed to her completely.—*St. Louis Daily Globe-Democrat.*

Tecla Vigna to Edmund J. Myer.—Signorina Vigna writes Mr. Myer as follows, quite in line with the practical question of the day:

CINCINNATI, Ohio, November 24, 1897.

Edmund J. Myer:

My hearty congratulations for your article in THE MUSICAL COURIER, November 17, "An Anomaly." I have been teaching for fifteen years in America, and was getting tired of fighting all the

nonsensical methods which came along. I was sure the climax of absurdity had been reached, and hoped for a change.

Now you make the statement that an era of good sense has arrived. I only hope that is the truth.

I remain yours,

SIGNORINA TECLA VIGNA,
Auditorium School of Music, Cincinnati.

Ethel Altemus.—A young lady prominent in Philadelphia society, Ethel Altemus, has just returned from Europe after a five years' course of study with Barth, and has been engaged by L. M. Ruben to appear in musicales and concerts in the United States and Canada. Miss Altemus is decidedly prepossessing in appearance.

Katherine Ruth Heyman in California.—When Miss Heyman last played in Sacramento, the *Record-Union* said:

Miss Heyman's host of old admirers and friends greeted her exquisite performance with a storm of applause and a resistless encore.

And this is from the New York Sun:

Her playing is marked by good taste, some distinction, and an unusual delicacy of touch and correctness of general technique. Miss Hayman first played Chopin's E flat Polonaise, and afterward Liszt's lovely Gondoliera, and an effective Tarantella, by Wehle. Being enthusiastically recalled after the last, she gave Chopin's Berceuse in rather too deliberate a manner to satisfy our ideas of what a lullaby should be.

Lewis W. Armstrong and Royal Arcanum.—Mr. Armstrong believes in saying little, but once in a while it is possible to obtain an expression of opinion such as appears below, and this paper gladly does so in praise of a superior vocalist and teacher:

FORT GREENE COUNCIL, ROYAL ARCANUM, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Lewis W. Armstrong:

We want to express the general satisfaction and delight experienced by the members and friends of Fort Greene Council at your singing on Thanksgiving night. Of the several eminent artists who took part in that entertainment none gave greater pleasure than yourself. The exquisite quality of your voice has, of course, much to do with this; but that alone would be comparatively little without your artistic methods and the excellent taste shown in your selections. We trust soon again to have the pleasure of listening to you, and hope that your success in your professional career will be commensurate with your undoubted ability.

Faithfully yours,
P. H. CANNON, Orator.
E. B. ESTERBROOK, Regent.

A "Studio Tea."—Victor Thrane believes in originality even in business, and his "Studio Tea," which was inaugurated at his rooms, in the Decker Building, on November 24, was a great success.

It is Mr. Thrane's intention to have a "Tea" twice a month, for the purpose of bringing together artists in a social way, and to promote the feeling of general good-fellowship between artist and manager, which it is so necessary to have for a successful undertaking of any kind. His rooms have been entirely made over with this object in view, and they are now more artistic than ever. As one enters the main office, the general effect of Turkish draperies, bamboo curtains, red lights and the smell of Japanese incense is very charming. Too much credit cannot be given Mr. Thrane for his earnest efforts to promote the general tone of his work.

Mrs. Lottie Germaine, the "directress," was assisted in pouring tea by Mrs. Lacey and her charming daughter, Miss Lotta Louise Lacey, of New Orleans. Among the guests were:

Miss Verlet, Shannah Cummings, Ida Gray Scott, Mrs. Dora Threlkeld French, Miss Boekelman, Miss Clodia Boekelman, Mrs. Charles L. Young, Mrs. Spencer T. Driggs, Miss Emma Cecilia Thureby, Miss Ina L. Thureby, Mrs. John William Hutchinson, Jr., Miss Alice B. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lucius Chase, from Boston; Henry Cossett Appleton, Miss Myrta French, Miss Julia May, Miss Pinkham, W. W. Young, Miss Adelaide Beckman, Miss Zora G. Horlocker, Miss Grace Preston, Mrs. Eben J. Marsh, Mrs. Alma Powell, Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood, Ernest Gamble, Mrs. Jeanne L. Bliss, Frederick A. Chapman, Miss Augusta Glose, Mrs. Adolph Glose, Mrs. E. G. Love and Miss Love.

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D'Arona.

WE have received a letter inquiring with whom Mme. Florenza d'Arona studied, and asking to be informed through THE MUSICAL COURIER what her "strong points" are as a teacher. We have procured the following information from Madame d'Arona herself and from her pupils. Madame d'Arona studied with Viardot-Garcia and Delle Sedie, of Paris, and with Francesco Lamperti; a few lessons also with Batista Lamperti (the son), and with Antonio Sangiovanni, Milan, Italy.

Assiduous work with all these teachers, covering a period of eleven years (part of which time she was also singing in grand opera), was bound to bear fruit; yet at the present day Madame d'Arona has branched off into wider fields of knowledge, away from all and every teacher, and taken a course instigated by the rapid strides she is making in her art, which, if prophecy is true, will solve the vocal problem in a work she is now preparing for publication.

According to Mme. d'Arona's pupils her "strong points" are first to awaken the ear to distinguish the difference in sounds, recognizing the difference between the sound waves that go freely into the resonators and those which are interfered with or impeded by muscles. In other words, the difference between the muscles acting upon the sound waves and the sound waves acting upon the muscles. Her theory is, we can never emit a tone we have never heard, and we can never give it its freedom and full beauty if we have never analyzed it.

Then we must dissect it and scientifically discard its obstructions (impurities), and learn that nature has built the vocal instrument and its resonance chambers, and that they are perfect, ready, waiting for the educated mind to permit the tenant to enter them and flow in and out with perfect freedom. Next comes the seasoning of the tone (giving it all the qualities possible, according to its position in the range). A pupil learns to know the sound of the different resonators, and when and why there is too much of this, or too little of that, for the beauty or special expression a certain tone calls for. This is detected by the ear when listening to another, but is heard, felt and realized by the pupil who is singing up to the point. Mme. d'Arona calls her work mosaic work. Every little square has its own place and color in the great whole, but when put together the colors of these little squares are blended and beautified, so that their divisions are completely obliterated and we have the painting.

We next come to the subjects to be painted (repertory). If the box of paints (tones) consists of the lighter shades (soprano legieros), taste and temperament must be taught to conform to the classification of the voice, and as such voices must ever lose some, or all, of their beauty. If attempting a repertory abounding in broad form and deep,

rich colors, Mme. d'Arona instills a love for that music which a composer has written, especially for that particular classification of voice, in defiance of popular taste or opinion. When the poor unfortunate happens to have a "voce di coloratura," that voice which nature gave her, Mme. d'Arona trains, it to its highest perfection, upon as strict, legitimate lines as any other voice, and assigns her to her roles in Italian opera, with the caution never to be tempted to enter broader fields on the penalty of becoming a total wreck or a second-rate singer. In the time of Rossini, a voice that did not have coloratura (which is not to be confounded with coloratura voice) was not considered an artist.

This is shown in the flexibility required for the tenors and basses in "Semiramide" and "Le Barbiere di Siviglia," &c. To hear present day artists sing those roles is simply torture—a simple athletic muscle exhibition. Tones once realized as separate from the body, as playing through the body and not with the body, never need exercising through scores of vocalizes. They are free, and go where and as desired by the mind, hence every voice should possess coloratura, but only those voices which are naturally (consequently essentially) coloratura voices should show the vitiated taste of singing a repertory totally inadequate to their possibilities.

The "mezzo carattere" has operas written for it. "Faust," for instance, demanding the lyric voice for the first two acts and the dramatic in the last. A soprano legiero would excel in the first two acts and be totally inadequate for the last; a dramatic voice vice versa; therefore the character of a voice must determine the repertory. When the dramatic voice develops in Madame d'Arona's studio the great masters are brought forth, and to hear Madame d'Arona's interpretation of Wagner is something a pupil can never forget. It is so broad, so vast, so noble, so ideal, that it requires a great, grand nature to do it justice; a requisite, those who have the voice and talent, are often lacking in.)

Madame d'Arona's versatility in comprehending a composer's chief charm is simply marvelous, but when she takes up a score of Wagner you see that her very heart and soul rush out to meet that of the great master's. She worships Wagner, but never permits that adoration to blind her to the virtues of other composers, and insists upon truthful renditions of all classes and styles of music, no matter how trivial. Her motto is, truth needs no defense. Teaching the carrying properties of tone to fit different size and style of buildings for professionals is one of Madame d'Arona's many original specialties. One who is taught to sing for a parlor, says Madame d'Arona, is engulfed in a building. Those accustomed to fill tremendous buildings find it extremely difficult to sing acceptably in a drawing room, and were it not for fame the

amateur with the sweet parlor voice would supersede the artist.

Degrees and kinds of resonance should not be a matter of necessity but of preference. Quality should depend upon circumstances, not habit, and purity (not the simple tone) should constitute the whole voice.

Mary Louise Clary.—The famous contralto Mary Louise Clary was heard during the past week in many local events, including the first concert of the Schubert Club, of Jersey City, November 28; Catholic Benevolent Legion at St. Patrick's Cathedral, November 25; at Mr. Carl's last organ recital, November 26; "The Ten Virgins," by Gaul, at St. George's, November 28, and with Anton Seidl in Carnegie Hall, November 29.

Anita Rio.—The recent illness of Madame Rio has compelled her to refuse many engagements this season, but she is constantly improving, and hopes soon to be in condition to resume work. She has accepted an engagement with the Bloomfield Madrigal Society, Bloomfield, N. J., for December 15, when she will sing Handel's "L'Allegro e Il Penseroso," with flute obligato. About three years ago she sang this number at one of this same society's concerts and made such a hit that they want it repeated this year. This will be the third time Madame Rio has sung for the Bloomfield Madrigal.

Viola Pratt Gillett's Laurels.—This favorite contralto was recently in Salt Lake City, Utah, when several local papers had this to say of her singing:

It was a magnificent audience that assembled at the Tabernacle last night to listen to the great musical treat prepared for it. Twelve thousand people were present. Viola Pratt Gillett received the ovation of the evening. Her rendition of Verdi's "O Don Fatale" was superb, and the full powers of her magnificent voice were never heard to better advantage.—*Deseret News, Salt Lake City.*

Viola Pratt Gillett created a furore by her charming singing. Her voice, a deep contralto, pure and resonant, was used with great discretion, combined with ease and grace.—*Musical Age.*

Viola Pratt Gillett came forward for the solo of the evening. Her selection was the difficult "O Don Fatale," by Verdi, and the richness and wonderful range of her voice came as a delightful surprise to the audience and she was applauded vociferously.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

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CURIA CAMERAE STELLATAE.

IT is difficult at this time to refrain from speaking of the Dreyfus affair. And yet all discussion is futile. There is slight ground for assuming the man's innocence or his guilt. Accusations are bandied to and fro. Extravagant claims of innocence and equally extravagant claims of culpability are made and the whole discussion is visionary and absurd as a discussion of table-rapping.

There are no data. Dreyfus was tried and convicted at the Court of a Star Chamber. What evidence was adduced against him is not known. It is said there were documents in his own handwriting, in which the military plans of France were betrayed to Germany. It is said—there is no other evidence of the existence of these documents. They were never examined in open court. They were never tested. Was there a defense offered in that military Court of the Star Chamber? It has never been heard beyond those walls. Was the crime proved? The proof has never been seen.

We do not know whether Dreyfus is innocent or guilty; we do not know whether he is justly punished as a spy and a traitor, or whether he is the victim of a monstrous injustice. Save to his family and friends the question is not that of supremest importance. The wrong done to one man has often proved to be the advantage of the nation.

The question of supremest importance is the way in which he was tried—in a dark star chamber, without assistance, without appeal, without revisal.

The habeas corpus does not run in France. The République is republican only in name. It is still governed by the six codes—devised for the government of the people by their rulers of the Directorate and the Empire. The right of the individual is as nothing to the right of the State. In the United States the laws may be bent and broken by the individual—unless, indeed, he be a poor man and ignorant—but in France the law is merely an engine of the Government.

In ordinary cases it works well enough; if it is unjust it is efficient. And again publicity serves as a check to any great injustice.

In the Dreyfus affair this check was lacking. The man had a hole-and-corner trial. He was tried, to be sure, by his peers. This is something. It is to be supposed that the military officers who tried him were honest in their intentions. They may even have been experts in handwriting—able to estimate the value of evidence—been, in a word, a competent tribunal. But how are we to know? The light has never been let into that Star Chamber. The friends of Dreyfus assert that the military court was prejudiced and uncritical—that it was angered at the smirch on the military honor of France—that it offered Dreyfus as a scape-goat for popular wrath—a sop to the German-haters and the anti-Semites. There is no evidence for or against, and in this lies the danger of the situation. Dreyfus was tried by a Court of the Star Chamber and convicted; on what evidence? To-day he is being retried at the bar of public opinion in Europe; on what evidence? There is no evidence. There is only clamor and anger, prejudices of guilt or guiltlessness.

In times of war there may be some excuse for dealing with suspected spies and alleged traitors in a summary manner. There is then no time for delicate deliberation, and it is not wholly unreasonable that the gallows should take the place of the jury box. The petty injustice of hanging the wrong man is of no great importance in the day of battles. In times of peace there is no such excuse for the precipitancy of a military court.

A few weeks ago in Chicago a blackguardly army officer (unfortunately the officers of the United States army are chosen from all classes by a competitive examination and gain their steps through the influence of politicians, so few of them are gentlemen) kicked and prodded with his sword a luckless private. He was whitewashed by a military tribunal, but this blackguard can be made to answer to another tribunal.

In France there is no such remedy. The writ of habeas corpus does not run. All the greater, then, is the danger of holding military trials in the Court of the Star Chamber. In the Dreyfus case there was no occasion for haste. There was no peril in publicity. If Dreyfus was guilty of the crime of treason, it was important that his infamy should be made clear as day; if he was innocent, it was of greater importance that the stain of treason should be publicly washed from the French army. In either case it was well for the State—it was just to the individual—that the case should be tried in the open. It is not yet too late. Dreyfus is still a prisoner at the Ile du Diable. If he was guilty, he should have been put to death; innocent, he should have been set free. This compromise verdict demands explanation. It is not yet too

late. A fair and open trial is, under the circumstances, best for the honor of France.

In England the Star Chamber courts were abolished over 250 years ago. There as here the habeas corpus is absolute in its authority. It is, in the old, high-sounding phrase, the palladium of Anglo-Saxon liberty.

It is too much to expect the Latin races—in whom government of the many by the few, for the few, is hereditary—to intrust the people with an instrument of this sort. Yet in the Dreyfus case the French Government may well make such a concession.

Dreyfus should be tried in the open. If he is guilty no mercy—not even the problematical mercy of exile on the Ile du Diable—should be shown him. Modern opinion refuses, even in France, to ratify the verdict of a Court of the Star Chamber.

THE LAW AND THE TRUST.

THE New York *World* of Monday printed nearly a page attacking and exposing the Theatrical Trust. Incidentally the *World* recounts the beginning of what it calls a "mighty legal battle to be waged against the trust." As this is a matter of news in which our readers all over the country are interested, we shall give, in the words used by the *World*, an account of the legal battle and the causes that led up to it. By way of preliminary, however, we might ask what business the *World* has to turn the powerful calcium light of its publicity upon the doings of the trust?

To be sure trusts are supposed to be illegal, and yet the people—the court of last appeal—has declared in favor of trusts. The plain people like trusts and want trusts. They elected to the Presidential chair an agent of the trusts. They send to Congress accredited agents of the trusts. They place on the bench legally qualified agents of the trusts.

Now pray, what business has the *World* to run counter to the popular will.

We admit that the *World* is honest. More than that, it is daring. It has let no consideration of the money paid it by the Theatrical Trust for advertisements stand in the way of doing what it believes to be a public duty. And in this it stood alone, being the one daily paper in New York that printed the story of the "mighty legal battle." But we would ask again, what business it has to oppose the popular desire for trusts—whether they be of oil or sugar, ham or hamfatters, asphalt or actors?

The *World* says:

Upon a motion made Saturday before Judge Lacombe in the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York, by Col. C. E. James and others as attorneys for the Fifth Avenue Opera Company, a peremptory order was handed down in which the trust is robbed of its power to commit further wrong in this individual instance. The papers in the matter will be served to-day, and at night a strong force of United States deputy marshals will appear at the Casino in connection with the injunctions embraced in the order. Persons armed with proper legal authority will, if necessary, direct the stage hands in the proper performance of their work. They will be in the box office as well as upon the stage; they will be distributed in the auditorium and about the entrances of the theatre.

The actions of the trust, as outlined in the sworn affidavits presented to Judge Lacombe, first to prevent the Fifth Avenue Opera Company from playing at the Casino, and afterward to drive it from the stage there, are extraordinary. That the men who have combined to control not only the theatres of the whole country, but as well the liberty of every man and woman in the profession in all its branches, are guilty as charged in the legal complaint, can readily be determined when the inside history of their operations generally since they put their heads together and in the summer of 1896 launched their ambitious scheme is known. The incident of the oppression of the complaining company, as certified to, while interesting in its illustration of certain methods of the trust, is only one of many hundreds of acts committed by the trust against the rights of theatrical people and the public. The revelations in this respect, shown by incontrovertible facts and figures collected by *The World* through many months, may well astonish those who read. They tell that even the artistic element of theatrical life—all but a small fraction of it—has become subservient to a small band of speculators; that actors of eminence, and held in sentimental regard by the public, are nothing more than employees of these men. It will be shown, too, that the struggle for existence under the conditions imposed by the combine has made strange bedfellows; that men jealous of their personal and business integrity have consented or have been forced to join hands with certain persons odious to them by reason of their records and characters, and with whom under ordinary circumstances they would scorn to have their names linked.

In attacking the Fifth Avenue Opera Company, according to the complaint, the trust has reckoned upon the false theory that the backing of that organization could be intimidated by petty persecution. It is to meet with a sturdy resistance that will not stop at the righting of the particular wrong in question, but will continue on as a war destined to wipe the trust from existence and restore the theatrical business to normal form. The Fifth Avenue Opera Company entered into a contract on October 9 last with the George W. Lederer Company, as lessees of the Casino, by which the opera company agreed to produce at the Casino Theatre the comic opera "1909" for a period of four weeks, beginning on November 15.

As the time for the production of the opera approached the trust heard of the transaction, and is declared to have set its machinery at work to destroy the company.

The reason for this determination was that one or more of the promoters of the venture had steadfastly discredited the trust's scheme from its very inception, and had prophesied exactly what has come to pass concerning its workings. The idea was, it is asserted, to ruin any manager or other person who sought in any way to call attention to the iniquities of the trust or who would not become subsidiary to it.

The manner in which the Fifth Avenue Company was reached is set forth in the affidavits made by various officers of the company, and which are part of the papers in the litigation through which Judge Lacombe's order was secured. The move against the trust is being directed by the law firm of Tracy, Boardman & Platt, with whom are associated Col. C. E. James and several other attorneys. It is a fact—important, though made incidental—that very wealthy "backers" are behind the Fifth Avenue Opera Company—a rather unusual backing—and that its friends will not stop at cost in securing justice. One affidavit recites:

There exists in this community a so-called Theatrical Trust, the members of which aim to control the principal theatres throughout the country and to monopolize the production of all plays. That it is the policy of the persons comprising the trust in the case of managers of theatrical productions and theatres and actors who refuse to be dictated to or dominated by the trust to so harass, annoy and conspire against the business of all such persons and the legitimate conduct thereof as to make it utterly impossible for any manager of any theatrical production, or manager of any theatre, or any actor who refuses or declines to become connected with or dominated by the trust, to carry on his or their business or to obtain engagements at theatres or in theatrical productions, or to produce same at theatres throughout the country.

On information and belief that George W. Lederer, a moving and controlling factor in the defendant company, is and has been for some time indebted to the persons comprising the trust to the amount of \$40,000 or more, and that Lederer is jointly interested with these parties in the production and management of a number of theatrical companies, and that the success or failure of such theatrical productions is absolutely dependent upon the ill or good will of the said trust, and that Lederer, by reason of his large indebtedness to the aforesaid persons, is absolutely under the control of the trust.

That the persons in control of the affairs of the trust when they discovered that the opera "1900" was to be produced attempted to enter into relations with the complainant company, only to be informed by its manager that there was no desire to do business with persons who seek to consummate transactions by threats and menace. That hereafter the persons controlling the affairs of the trust informed Lederer that he was allowing the Casino Theatre to be used for the performance of a production the managers of which were bitter enemies and opponents of the trust, and that they must have an explanation why this was so.

Whereupon Lederer stated that under the contract between the complainant and the defendant, herein the Lederer Company was guaranteed by responsible parties the sum of at least \$2,500 every week, and would be further entitled to 40 per cent. on all weekly receipts exceeding the sum of \$6,250. Lederer was thereupon told that he could choose between assisting the trust in driving the production of "1900" from the Casino Theatre, and causing the piece to be a failure in every way, or to become the subject of unfriendly attention at the hands of the trust, and that he should have no hesitancy in complying with the request of the trust or in doing their bidding, as in his contract with the Fifth Avenue Opera Company the Lederer Company was securely guaranteed the sum of \$2,500 per week should the receipts be less than \$6,250 a week.

That Lederer thereupon agreed that he would comply with the requests and demands of the trust, and that immediately thereupon, with the connivance and assistance of the management of the Casino Theatre, continued and persistent efforts were made to in every way ridicule, defame and belittle the character and quality of the performance of the opera "1900," and to harass, annoy and interfere with its officers and agents.

The specific instances of annoyance referred to are set forth in the affidavit of Percy N. Lawrence, business manager of the Fifth Avenue Opera Company, as follows:

That the defendant (the Lederer Company) or one of its officers issued large numbers of passes to persons who have been instructed, as deponent is informed, to harass and annoy the performers and actors, so as to bring discredit and ridicule upon the opera and upon complainant; and that at all of the performances various persons who have received such passes have biased and interfered with the performance, and have brought the opera into great disrepute and discredit.

Deponent further states that the defendant told representatives of the public press that they would use every means in their power to make the performance of the opera a failure; that they did not care anything about it, as they had secured themselves against any loss.

That purposely and with malicious intent the defendant on the night of the first performance caused to be omitted from the printed program the fact that the opera consisted of three acts, and that the program failed to show of what number of acts the opera consisted, and that by reason thereof large numbers of persons left the theatre at the end of the second act. On information and belief, this deponent alleges that various persons attended the initial performance of the opera, on passes issued to them by the defendant, for the express purpose of leaving the theatre at the end of the second act, and thus inducing others to follow their example, with the express purpose of making the first performance of the opera a failure.

The affidavits, one of which is by Herman L. Ensign, author of the opera book, declare further that not only has Lederer withheld certain of the receipts to which he is not entitled, but is wholly insolvent and has not paid and does not intend to pay the rent, the salaries of musicians and other employees of the theatre, as he is bound to do, and that the plaintiff will be forced to make all these payments.

The order of the United States court is, in substance, this:

That the George W. Lederer Company are hereby restrained from in any way interfering with the production of the opera known as "1900," at the Casino Theatre, for the term of four weeks, beginning November 15, and in any way annoying the complainant in the carrying out of its contract.

And it is further ordered, That the defendant apply its share of the receipts to the payment of the rent of the theatre, to the payment of the salaries of the musicians agreed to be furnished by the defendant, to the payment of the salaries of the stage hands and other workmen and employees necessary to the performance, as well as the payment of the charges for furnishing electric light and other light and heat, and also to pay the charges for advertising and bill posting.

And it is further ordered, That the defendants are hereby commanded to carry out the contract on its part in every way, shape, manner and form, and to receive all sums of money which may be received from the sale of tickets, and forthwith to apply the same as directed and to pay over to the complainant such sum as it may be entitled to by reason of the contract.

And it is further ordered, That the defendant show cause before me, on December 3, at 2 P. M. why this order and the injunctions therein contained shall not continue.

It is believed that the order will be made permanent, and while this will dispose of the trust as a menace, there is a reckoning to be had for the alleged injuries already inflicted, and the promoters of the Fifth Avenue Company propose to go at once into court and ask for redress. A commission will be asked for, so that the asserted connection between the Lederer Company and the trust may be established, and then an effort will be made to punish the members of the trust.

Now let us assume that this is all true—every word of it; what is the difference? The methods are those used by the Sugar Trust and the Standard Oil, and they have been approved by the people. Why should not the theatrical world be "subservient to a small band of speculators"? American civilization is an organization of society, shrewdly organized by Trusts for the benefit of Trusts. That's all there is in it.

Why does not the World accept the inevitable?

The World continues its account of the origin of the Trust in these words:

The origin of the Theatrical Trust is credited to Al Hayman and Abraham Erlanger, of the firm of Klaw & Erlanger. Hayman had tasted the sweets of monopoly for several years in San Francisco and Erlanger had managed to corner several cities of the South, where the possibilities of the open-and-shut game as applied to amusements were revealed alluringly. After Hayman came East, six or seven years ago, to make New York his base of operations, he formed connections with Charles Frohman which resulted in their operating companies together frequently. In the course of a short time Nixon & Zimmerman, of Philadelphia, and Rich & Harris, of Boston, came to be interested with Hayman & Frohman, and the booking of tours for their productions fell largely to the booking agency of Klaw & Erlanger.

One or two unprofitable seasons led these managers to seek formal co-operation with one another. Some of them had been hit hard in the failure of productions made

individually, while the difficulty of keeping the theatres they managed personally constantly supplied with novelties and strong attractions furnished a powerful motive to combine their forces. The result was that three years ago a producing syndicate was formed, to extend over a period of five years, whereby the capital for buying, bringing out and operating new plays and foreign companies was to be furnished by Al Hayman, Charles Frohman, Nixon & Zimmerman, and Klaw & Erlanger. It was thought that this scheme would enable the men in it to operate extensively at a minimum of individual risk. The syndicate started in and the plan appeared to give promise of prosperity.

Flushed with the success of the first attempt to organize one department of managerial effort, Hayman and Erlanger, the most active spirits in the enterprise, conceived another plan whereby to increase their power and profits to an extent that had never before been dreamed of in the history of the stage. This was no less than the formation of a theatrical trust, controlled by five men, which should monopolize the theatrical interests throughout the United States, and which should reduce actors, managers and the public to complete submission to their mercenary purposes.

In 1895 Hayman and Erlanger and their associates began actively to prepare for the realization of their project, the details of which they were able to keep in the background until sufficient progress had been made to insure success. As a nucleus, to begin with, they were the lessees and operators of a score of scattered theatres in New York, Boston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and San Francisco. They proceeded first to extend this circuit by leasing playhouses in a few more important points. Then they branched out into a wider field. Outside managers of theatres were approached with proposals of various kinds to come into the alliance. Hayman pointed out to them the benefits they would derive from connection with this far-reaching institution.

The trust would relieve managers of all the trouble and worry of securing attractions, and a better line of stars and companies would be sent to them than they had been able to secure before. The facilities of the trust were so great that in case of the failure of companies substitutes could be furnished at the shortest notice. Moreover, the managers who remained outside the combine would not get the attractions sent on tour by Charles Frohman and the other members of the trust. Hayman, in promoting the scheme, laid special emphasis on the fact that the trust's primary purpose would be to protect the theatres' interests, irrespective of those of the attractions.

In many cases the managers were told that in return for all these wonderful advantages the only conditions imposed by the trust were absolute control of the bookings of the theatres and a charge of 5 per cent. of the gross receipts of every week in the season as a booking fee. At first the managers loudly protested against a tax which would amount to nearly as much as their net profits, but when Hayman pointed out that the trust proposed to procure contracts with most of the attractions on sharing terms of 5 to 10 per cent. better than formerly the managers saw that their payment of tribute would be nominal merely and that the tax would fall in reality upon the visiting companies.

In certain cities, such as Brooklyn, Baltimore, Washington and St. Louis, where there were independent theaters in competition with the trust's own houses, Hayman found his scheme of proselytizing beset with difficulties. Conservative managers of the old school, like Charles E. Ford, W. H. Rapley and Charles Spalding, were not convinced of the advantages, particular or general, of the audacious conspiracy to get control of the whole theatrical field, and expressed grim forebodings as to its ultimate effects. For a time they stood out, not only declaring their unwillingness to enter, but endeavoring by agitating the formation of a managers protective alliance to check its growth.

But Hayman's fair promises and specious arguments continued to make new recruits, and when at last it seemed no longer possible to oppose the triumphant progress of the trust these managers reluctantly capitulated. They placed their houses unconditionally in the trust's hands, thus putting the reputation and good-will which it had taken them years to build up at the mercy of men who had been their business rivals and enemies.

Col. William E. Sinn, of Brooklyn, bought an interest in the Columbia Theatre and became the trust's partner in the profits of the Montauk Theatre. Mr. Ford agreed to give the trust absolute sway and one-third of any profits his Baltimore theatre might earn, and the trust agreed to give him an equal division of the leading attractions. The trust has not fulfilled the last part of the agreement—but that's another story. The other competitors were taken in under slightly varying conditions.

The extent to which the theatrical trust has secured control of the theatres and stage people of the country is best shown in a systematic arrangement of the facts as taken from the records through patient and never ceasing investigation. As these facts are here presented they permit of ready comparison and perfectly illustrate the situation. They are not to be disputed. Thirteen cities there are having no theatre outside the trust the public of which must accept whatever attraction the masters of the situation at this moment see fit to provide. These cities are:

THEATRICAL TRUST-RIDDEN CITIES.

Brooklyn,	Detroit,	Denver,
Baltimore,	Toronto,	Omaha,
Washington,	Buffalo,	Louisville,
St. Louis,	Salt Lake City,	Newark.
Cleveland,		

The trust has absolute control through leases of seventeen of the principal theatres of the country. These are they:

THEATRES OPERATED BY THE TRUST.

New York—Knickerbocker Theatre, Garden Theatre, Empire Theatre, Garrick Theatre.	Washington—Lafayette Square Opera House.
Philadelphia—Broad Street Theatre, Chestnut Street Opera House, Chestnut Street Theatre, People's Theatre.	Pittsburg—Duquesne Theatre.
Brooklyn—Columbia Theatre.	St. Louis—New Century Theatre.
Baltimore—Academy of Music.	Chicago—Hooley's Theatre, Columbia Theatre.
	New Orleans—Academy of Music, St. Charles Theatre.

Fifty theatres, nearly all leading houses, are in the power of the trust in the same effect as if it leased and operated them, since the lessees have bound themselves to the arbitrary direction of the trust, and do not personally make contracts with any company. These are:

THEATRES CONTROLLED BY THE TRUST.

New York—The Casino, Lyceum, Harlem Opera House, Columbus, Metropolitan.	Detroit—Empire, Lyceum.
Philadelphia—Walnut Street.	Toronto—Grand Opera House, Princess'.
Boston—Hollis Street, Museum.	Buffalo—Star, Lyceum.
Brooklyn—Montauk, Grand Opera House, Amphion, Gayety.	Kansas City—Coates' Opera House.
Baltimore—Ford's Opera House.	Denver—Tabor Grand, Broadway.
Washington—National, Columbia, Academy of Music.	Salt Lake City—Salt Lake Theatre.
Pittsburg—Alvin.	Columbus, Ohio—Southern, Grand Opera House.
Cleveland—Euclid Avenue Opera House, Lyceum.	Toledo—Valentine Theatre.
St. Louis—Olympic.	Omaha—Creighton Theatre.
Cincinnati—Grand Opera House, Hauck's Opera House, People's, Robinson Opera House, Star.	Providence, R. I.—Providence Opera House.
Indianapolis—English Opera House.	St. Paul, Minn.—Metropolitan.
Chicago—McVicker's.	Minneapolis—Metropolitan.
Milwaukee—Davidson.	Louisville—Macaulay's.
	Memphis—Grand Opera House.
	Nashville—New Masonic.
	Atlanta—Grand Opera House, Columbia.
	Newark, N. J.—Newark Theatre, Jacobs' Theatre.

(Continued on page III.)

(Continued from page II.)

These stars are employed by the trust, and these companies it owns:

TRUST STARS AND COMPANIES.

Empire Theatre Stock Company.	Never Again, two companies.
The First Born, and Lottie Collins.	In Town.
Henry Miller in Heartsease.	The Circus Girl.
The Girl I Left Behind Me.	The White Heather.
John Drew.	Lyceum Theatre Stock Company.
The Sign of the Cross.	E. H. Sothorn.
Sowing the Wind.	A Ward of France.
Maude Adams.	1492.
Under the Red Robe, No. 2.	The Brownies.
Secret Service, with William Gillette.	One Round of Pleasure.
Secret Service, No. 2.	Jack and the Beanstalk.

These stars and companies are booked exclusively by the trust:

BOOKED FOR THE TRUST.

Andrew Mack.	A Stranger in New York.	Coon Hollow.
Courted into Court.	The Sunshine of Paradise Alley.	The Heart of Maryland.
The Widow Jones.	What Happened to Jones.	Joseph Jefferson.
The Whirl of the Town.	When London Sleeps.	A Milk White Play.
The Belle of New York.	The White Slave.	Julia Marlowe.
The Prodigal Father.	William H. Crane.	Nat C. Woodwin.
Wilton Lackaye.	De Wolf Hopper Opera Co.	Cumberland '61.
In Gay New York.	Lost, Strayed or Stolen.	Charles Coughlan.
Robert Downing.	A Black Sheep.	Chauncey Olcott.
Roland Reed.	The Captain of the Nonsuch.	Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon.
A Bunch of Keys.	Julia Arthur.	Lewis Morrison.
Sol Smith Russell.	A Contented Woman.	Madame Modjeska.
The Sporting Duchess.	Fanny Davenport.	

The list of independent theatres is made up largely of popular price houses. There are forty-two of them, not accounting for those in Texas. They are:

INDEPENDENT THEATRES.

New York—Fifth Avenue, Bijou, Daly's, Star, Herald Square, People's.	Atlanta—Lyceum.
Philadelphia—Park, Gilmore's Auditorium.	Savannah, Ga.—Savannah Theatre.
Washington—Grand Opera House.	New Haven, Conn.—Hyperion Theatre.
Pittsburg—Bijou.	Hartford, Conn.—Parson's Theatre.
Chicago—Grand Opera House, Great Northern, Schiller.	Springfield, Mass.—Court Square Theatre.
New Orleans—Grand Opera House.	Montreal, Canada—Academy of Music.
St. Louis—Fourteenth Street.	Portland, Me.—The Jefferson Theatre.
Cincinnati—Pike Opera House.	Troy, N. Y.—Rand's Opera House.
Indianapolis—Grand Opera House.	Albany, N. Y.—Hermanus Bleecker Theatre.
Columbus, Ohio—High Street Theatre.	San Francisco—Baldwin, California, Columbia.
St. Paul, Minn.—Grand Opera House.	Norfolk, Va.—Van Wyck's Opera House.
Milwaukee—Pabst Theatre.	Richmond, Va.—Academy of Music.
Minneapolis—Bijou Opera House.	Memphis—New Lyceum.
Omaha, Neb.—Boyd's Theatre.	Nashville—Theatre Vendome.
Kansas City—New Gillis.	Brooklyn—Bijou Theatre.
Louisville, Ky.—Auditorium.	Boston—Tremont.
	Also all theatres in Texas.

SEMI-INDEPENDENT THEATRES.

New York—Broadway Theatre.	Boston—Boston Theatre, Grand Opera House
Rochester—Lyceum Theatre.	Bowdoin Square Theatre.
Syracuse—Wieting Opera House.	

SEMI-INDEPENDENT STARS.

Edward S. Willard,	Richard Mansfield,	Louis James,
R. B. Mantell,	James O'Neill,	Otis Skinner,
May Irwin,	Margaret Mather,	Oliver Byron.

INDEPENDENT STARS.

Francis Wilson,	Minnie Maddern Fiske,	Frank Daniels.
James A. Herne,		

Besides the theatres enumerated, there are some who have not placed their booking exclusively in the trust's hands, yet who, nevertheless, are more or less controlled by and dependent upon the trust: Among those in New York are the following:

Grand Opera House.	Hoyt's.	Manhattan.
Fourteenth Street Theatre.	Academy of Music.	

Well, what of it?

It is a sound American way of doing business.

The point of the whole matter is this: The poor man is only a man who wants to be rich; the foes of the trusts are merely those who are exploited by the trusts instead of being permitted to share in the—well, let us say, in the profits.

At length the world is going to do justice to its greatest literary artist, the most versatile, the most popular, the most prolific, the most world renowned of authors. In the school and the Church he is equally well known. In the readers, over which our childhood weeps, the deep sentiment of his serious productions and the mild fun of his comic effusions never fail to impress us. In our churches he is omnipresent; all religions, all sects—even Bob Ingersoll—accept this great genius.

He haunts us in youth, he does not desert us in age; all ages and both sexes love him; in fact "angels and men and every creature" acknowledge him as the source of the quotations with which they embellish conversation. He wrote not for one age, but for all time, and his name comes thundering down the ringing groove of change from time immemorial. He wrote not for one nation, but for the world. He is as modest as he is good and great.

With us he is known simply as "Anon"; and oh, how often do his poems and stories appear in newspapers and magazines under other titles! How often have lovers sent to their mistresses his love songs, signed with their own names! He has never been heard to protest even when the Germans call him Unbekannt! "By many names men call him, in many lands he dwells," he has suffered much through countless centuries, but Unbekannt! Ah, "Anon," dear, Anonimo mio, what a fall is there!

"Ingratitude is the independence of the soul," wrote the philosopher Labiche; but the world has been independent long enough and now gratitude resumes its sway. Far away in distant Hungary a monument is to be erected to "Anon," and by its side is to be placed a fountain sacred to Hunyadi Janos, whose sparkling waters bubble. Can any fame be greater?



KAISER WILLIAM.

"You are young, Kaiser William," the old man said, "And your knowledge of music is nil, And yet you conducted an ode that you made— What gave you that wonderful skill?"

"In my childhood," the Kaiser replied, with a smile, "My own little trumpet I'd blow, And as I continue the practice, I style Myself a musician, you know."

"You are young," said the sage, "as I mentioned before, And have never yet been in a fight, But somehow you lecture your soldiers on war— Do you think at your age it is right?"

"In my childhood," the Kaiser replied to the sage, "I sat on some soldiers of tin, And the knowledge I gained at that critical stage Has helped me my lectures to spin."

"You are young," said the sage, "and your hands are unused To drawing with pencil or paint, Yet you knocked off a poster which greatly amused The public—it seems very quaint."

"As a child," said the Kaiser, "I painted the door Of my nursery crimson and green, And, if that wasn't art, I have never before Been told so—by artists, I mean."

"You are young," said the sage, "and the ruling of men, Of course, is a difficult task, Although you are getting on nicely, but when Will you govern yourself, may I ask?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough," Said the Kaiser, "and if you assail My rights as a Heaven-born Ruler as stuff And nonsense, I'll put you in jail."

—Pick-Me-Up—With apologies to Lewis Carroll

THE masterpiece of the season is Henry James' novel "What Maisie Knew." It is a five-voiced fugue handled with the overwhelming skill of a master of polyphony. It is surely the most remarkable analysis of a child's soul the world ever enjoyed. Maisie is the mirror—a glass in which we often see darkly—of the peccant acts of her father and mother, of her step-father and step-mother, and the five human beings, not counting the nurse, Mrs. Wix, are presented with the art of a verbal contrapuntalist. It is amusing to read the impertinent criticisms, made by men and women who have no conception of the function of the critic, of the province of the creator. With unerring tact Mr. James disengages for us a group of men and women and presents them in his own manner—a manner that is original, and, therefore, to be abused by every Tom, Dick and Harry. It behooves us to read with respect a master of such a style and, above all, not to question his choice of theme. The critic's task begins with the execution of the work, with its treatment, and the notation of how near the artist realizes his ideal, and how funny it is to read these little men who abused James for being too cloistered, too chastened in his subjects, reproaching him for not seeking life itself—all sorts of life, so it is not to be the life of the drawing-room. After many years Mr. James writes "The Other House," and there is a howl raised at his melodramatic brutality. Then follows this new marvelous tale, and we are told Mr. James is sordid, that Mr. James grovels! It is supremely ridiculous. The truth is: James is an artist so extraordinary that his generation—despising artistic supreme workmanship—will have none of him. Stevenson wooed his public with silken sentences and with cunning tales of sea perils and the fears and thrusts of deadly adventure. The public swallowed his glorious recountings for the story, not for the style, and resents the idea that it had been reading glorified prose. The prose of M. Jourdain is good enough for it, and so Mr. Kipling rides his iron-roofed horse over this same public and Mr. James is called a Trifler.

I fancy if he lived in Harlem he would be considered more American!

Some day James, emulative of Flaubert's ambition, will write a book that by sheer mastery and majesty of style will be worshipped by the initiate. It will, independent of subject, be suspended in time and space. But now I am writing foolishly.

Read this carefully. It is from *Judge*:

"My being a good musician saved my life the last time the levee gave way," said Mrs. Mississippi.

"Why, how was that?" said Mrs. Boston.

"Well, you see, my husband floated down the river on the stove—"

"Well?"

"I accompanied him on the piano."

To my certain knowledge this makes the thirty-second time I have read that joke. It was first orchestrated as Rubinstein's ancestor accompanying

the Crusaders to the holy land on the piano, and then it bobbed up in lighter garb as a Johnstown disaster joke. It has now reached the Mississippi, and will next be heard from somewhere around the Gulf of Mexico. It is a strong, able bodied joke, hence its long, withal arduous, existence. It has made much money for its paraphrasers. Its creator was Noah.

LONDON, November 27.—Algernon G. Swinburne, the poet, having been named in the *Academy* as one of a selected forty to form an English Academy of Immortals, wrote a furious letter to the *Times*, saying: "The notion of an English Academy is too seriously stupid for a farce, and too essentially vulgar for a comedy."

In conclusion Mr. Swinburne remarked: "It seems to me that the full and proper definition of so preposterous an impertinence must be left to others than the bearer of a name selected for the adulation of such an insult."

This from the Associated Press cables, and very apropos of our own Academy of Arts and Letters. Oh, these idiots who dance before the Ark of Literature! Swinburne just hit them off. London *Truth* falls into poetry:

MAKING LITERARY TROUBLE.

The formation of an English Academy of Letters on the French model is being again advocated. —*Evening Paper*.

No, no! 't would never, never do
To thus increase the chance of laurels;
For only think how you'd thereby
Increase existing feuds and quarrels.
Think—but, in sooth, the very thought
The average intellect o'ertaxes—
What an incentive it would give
To rolling logs and grinding axes!

As 'tis when knight-hoods two or three
Are handed round to men of letters,
Who shall describe the ire of those
Who think themselves the new knights' betters?
And when a handle is prefixed
Unto the names of certain actors,
Who shall the jealousy compute
Of their dear colleagues—and detractors?

And what of that Academy
We have, alas! already founded?
Has that much helped the cause of art,
Or to its credit much redounded?
Has that so fused Art's rival cliques,
And brother artist linked with brother,
That we can placidly approve
The institution of another?

Imagine what it must imply,
The initial Forty's first election—
The spite, the envy, the abuse,
The joy, the hubbub, the dejection!
Think how the Forty that got in
Would magnify their new positions,
And how the unelected crowd
Would hate the new Academicians!

Far better let the project drop,
And cease a silly agitation
Which, if successful, can but breed
More discord and dissimulation;
And which, while men of letters are
So vain, so touchy, and so heady,
Would make them "forty" times as bad
As they too often are already!

A clever sketch of the writing man and his idiosyncrasies is found in a late number of *The Academy*. It is an article rather special of its kind, and addresses itself more directly to those who are makers of romances.

The interviewer calls on an English story teller very much in vogue, whose personality is very properly not given. The man "who wants to know" must have been on intimate terms with the romancer, for he is admitted into his sanctum. Looking round the room, the visitor finds not a single book, only an odd illustrated paper. There was a bookcase over the mantelpiece, but it was empty. There was tobacco as well as drink, but no literature.

The visitor was hungry for something to read. Then he said: "I can't find anything to read." "If you really want a book," replied the writing man, "ask my wife. There are lots in the house; only, to tell you the truth, I don't know where they are." Then he added that his wife had "sold most of his books; that is, when he had given up reviewing."

"But don't you read yourself between whiles?" I inquired. "Just as a relaxation?"

He drew me by the arm to a seat and we sat down.

"Look here," he said, "you've put your finger on my vice. I don't read anything."

"Don't read anything?"

"Nothing. I'm in the position of the man who has to take the pledge to avoid becoming a habitual drunkard. I've got the—well, you might call it the cacoethes legendi—in a virulent form. Every scrap of printed matter that comes under my eye has got to be read before I can settle down to work. It doesn't matter how footing it is. If it's only a price list which a draper has sent to my wife it's got to be read if once I get hold of it. As to the morning paper—why, I can't get through it before lunch."

"Then," I said, "you don't take in a morning paper?"

"Not when I'm working," he replied. "At least I never see it. My wife looks after that. Any new book or paper that comes into the house she seizes and hides and I never come across it. If I did, I assure you I should have to

read it from end to end. Then the whole day would be gone and no work done."

Such a condition of mind is quite possible. Some men have this exact vice, "the cacoethes legendi." They will go into a public library intent on some particular study. They know the exact volume they want, even its page and paragraph, its resting place on the shelf, and they browse all around, reading every other thing except the precise book they came for, and sometimes the whole morning is then forever lost. "Have you no preference in reading?" asked the interviewer, and the answer was particular.

"Oh, certainly not," he said. "The confirmed inebriate probably likes good liquor better than bad, though he'll drink the worst rather than none. I would rather read good stuff; for choice I think I would rather read the transactions of scientific societies and accounts of discoveries in chemistry, biology, and so forth. But anything that's printed is enough to compel me to put off my work until it's read."

But what had this eccentric man to say about novels? Did he read them? His reply was characteristic, and contains a criticism on Henry James which is perfect:

"Well, I fancy the novelist approaches the novel from a special point of view. The general reader reads for the story. The novelist looks at the method of telling. He is like the builder whom you show over your new house. The builder doesn't bother about the paint and the paper; he has an eye to the foundations, and the thickness of the walls, and the stuff the walls are built of. Now, when I read a novel I am always on the lookout to see how it was put together. It's the technic that interests me. Of course, as I said, anything that is printed interests me—but a good novel holds me more securely than a draper's catalogue, because it is better done."

"Then which is the novelist you most carefully avoid?"

He considered for a moment, then he replied: "Henry James. That is, when I want to write myself. As a matter of fact, I read every line he writes, and can't do a stroke of work for a week afterward. You see, you can't imitate him, and you can't see how he does it. I imagine that most writers have the same feeling about Henry James. He is the novelist for novelists, because only a man who writes novels has the feeling for technic. The general public, I believe, don't care about him because there is nothing particularly exciting, or improper, or instructive in his stories. But the way he writes them—Good Lord!" He sighed gently, and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

Arriving, I sent up my name, says Col. T. W. Higginson in the December *Atlantic*, and heard presently a rather heavy step in the adjoining room, and there stood in the doorway the most un-English looking man I had ever seen. He was tall and high shouldered, careless in dress, and while he had a high and domed forehead, yet his brilliant eyes and tangled hair and beard gave him rather the air of a partially reformed Corsican bandit, or else an imperfectly secularized Carmelite monk, than of a decorous and well groomed Englishman. He greeted me shyly, gave me his hand, which was in those days a good deal for an Englishman, and then sidled up to the mantelpiece, leaned upon it and said, with the air of an aggrieved schoolboy: "I am rather afraid of you Americans; your countrymen do not treat me very well. There was Bayard Taylor"—and then he went into a long narrative of some grievance incurred through an indiscreet letter of that well-known journalist.

Strange to say, the effect of this curious attack was to put me perfectly at my ease. It was as if I had visited Shakespeare, and had found him in a pet because some one of my fellow countrymen had spelled his name wrong. I know myself to be wholly innocent and to have no journalistic designs, nor did I ever during his lifetime describe the interview.

Bostonian—"Is this friend that you wish to bring to dinner much of a raconteur?" Chicago Man—"Blamed if I know; but say, you'll die laughin' if we can get him to tellin' stories."—*Cleveland Leader*.

There are great many men East who don't know the difference yet.

Tradition hands down an awful break made by a well meaning American gentleman, who, in his embarrassment, genially assured Pope Pius the Ninth that he had had the pleasure of a presentation to his father, the late Pope, many years before.

In the North of England "will" is frequently used for "shall." Perhaps it may be worth while to quote the doggerel lines which tell us the distinctive uses of the two words:

In the first person simply "shall" foretells.
In "will" a threat or else a promise dwells;
"Shall" in the second and the third does threat;
"Will" simply then foretells a future feat.

Actors' methods of studying the lines of a part vary. Some memorize quickly. After a few rehearsals with the book in hand they know the lines, and no further effort in that direction is necessary. Others burn much midnight oil in acquiring the author's words. Some never learn them. Others pace up and down the stage, repeating the words monotonously, and a few go through every action of the play while studying. Each gesture and movement suggests a line.

After a few rehearsals the stage manager notifies the actors that they must be "rough perfect" by the next time. The actors respond by knowing about

one line out of five. They walk around, holding the books behind them, like bad boys at school.

When the stage manager's back is turned they take a peep. In this manner they get through the ordeal. Sometimes the stage manager discovers the deception. He is wrothy, but the actors take the matter goodnaturedly. When the actor is playing at the same time that a new part is to be learned, rehearsed and costumed he has little time to spare.

Learning a part is harder for a woman than for a man. The actress returns from the theatre about midnight. She sits up late studying the lines, and in the morning she goes to rehearsal. In the early stages of preparation of a play the rehearsals last from about 11 o'clock in the morning until 4 or 5 in the afternoon. The remainder of the day is devoted to the costumer. When the hours of rehearsal have been reduced the afternoons are spent fitting on dresses and in the selection of bonnets and the various articles of an actress' attire. These matters occupy the afternoon usually and allow time only for a hasty dinner before the actress must hurry off to the theatre.

Added to the physical strain is the mental one. The actress is "in a state," as she expresses it, just prior to a production. The role is disappointing; the dresses do not fit; "the bonnet is a fright and the stage manager is insolent."

Not long ago a gentleman astonished the world, and tested the fortitude of his friends, by reciting from memory the whole of Dante's "Divine Comedy." The feat was accomplished in twenty-six hours, and was sufficiently novel and undesirable. But in eccentricity a reciter, who has recently performed before Miss Ellen Terry, goes further. This enthusiast called on the actress and insisted upon reciting Thomson's Season's entirely by facial expression. The poem is not peculiarly rich in dramatic opportunities, but he forged remorsefully to the end, although long before he reached it his listener had to consult the text. A single facial expression can mean so many things.

"'Explain yourself,' said I, 'why do you call Hepworth Dixon's style middle-class Macaulayese?' 'I call it Macaulayese,' said Arminius, 'because it has the same internal and external characteristics as Macaulay's style, the external characteristic being a hard metallic movement with nothing of the soft play of life, and the internal characteristic being a perpetual semblance of hitting the right nail on the head without the reality. And I call it middle-class Macaulayese because it has these faults without the compensation of great studies and of conversance with great affairs, by which Macaulay partly redeemed them,'"

From Town Topics:

Sibyl Sanderson's acceptance of an engagement at the Opéra Comique reminds Paris that no preparations have as yet begun for the long delayed wedding to which the last obstacle was removed by Mrs. Terry's death a couple of months ago. The seventeen year old daughter of the laggard *fiancé* has gone to live at her father's home, under the charge of her grandmother. Miss Sanderson is as beautiful as ever. Mr. Terry, on the other hand, is beginning to show his age, both in appearance and manner, though many ascribe his transformation into a—prude, I was about to say—to the elevating influence of his long promised bride. A short time ago, upon learning that a pretty young English girl was about to begin studying with Massenet, Antonio exclaimed with almost paternal solicitude.

"Oh, don't go to that old man, mademoiselle. Of all his pretty pupils, *il fait des maîtresses*."

And in the face of such a possibility the *ex-boulevardier* displayed a naïve horror only equaled by Miss Sanderson's pained surprise that such a thing could be spoken of—and in her presence.

Oscar Hammerstein announces that a stock company, to be called the Olympia Amusement Company, has been formed, with a capital of \$500,000, divided into shares of \$100 each, to run his theatre building and its amusements.

In point of fact, there is nothing more artificial than the momentary popularity of a poet, a novelist, or a musician. It is due largely to "fashion," which is as fickle in the matter of literature and art as it is in the cut of coats or the trimming of bonnets. In the case of millinery, I believe, the fashions are set by one or two prominent individuals, or one or two large commercial houses in Paris or elsewhere, which are able to decide what people are to wear during the coming season, the wearers of the garments following like a flock of sheep when the example is once set in the right quarter. So it is in literature and art. The fashion is set by one or two influential critics; more often still by one or two influential logrollers. Judicious advertising does the rest, and the book or the author gets his boom. How many literary productions have been boomed in this way within the memory of every reader of these lines, and are now no better than waste paper! As with the books so it is with the writers.

The newspaper world has lost a gallant gentleman in De Francias Folsom, who died last week hardly thirty-six years old. His wife has lost a lover-like husband, his son a rare father and art and literature one of its most admirable suitors.

It gives me intense sorrow, but really I must deny all complicity with the *Criterion's* scheme for the elevation of the stage, and while I feel that this

news will thrill the community I still assert it. Last Sunday's *Telegraph* was kind enough to associate me with Meltzer, Vance Thompson, Pollard, Forbes and again Forbes in the "John Gabriel Borkman" production. So far I have read the play, that is all, and as Mr. Dumay knows I have as yet to receive one of his magnificent checks for work done in the columns of the *Criterion*, which so far has vainly attempted to imitate the chastities of "Mlle New York." May God forgive me, but I weep whenever that young lady's name is mentioned in polite society—which is seldom. I hear on good authority, that the editorial writers and space fillers of the *Criterion* have made so much money—saved it from their salaries—that they contemplate starting a rival publication to be called *The Klondyke Weekly*. It is to be an organ devoted to the interests of the lower millionaire class of this country.

Having vainly endeavored to get a chance to sing in London, his press agent—or agents—got this into the cables last Sunday:

LONDON, November 27.—It is probable that the Chevalier Scovel, the American tenor, will be heard in the United States next year in the Wagner roles of "Tristan," the "Meistersinger" and "Tannhäuser." The Chevalier, who is one of the best known figures among Americans in Europe, has not sung in the United States since 1890, when he was tenor with the Boston Ideals. In the intervals of his operatic engagements the Chevalier lives with his family in one of the finest villas of Florence.

Mansfield made a speech last Saturday night at the Fifth Avenue. It was the close of a very successful engagement, and was this:

"The actor is no longer his own master. The condition under which his work is done to-day is a very different one from that which formerly existed, not to say a very bad one; and it may be that I, with other entirely worthy actors, may be kept out of New York city henceforth, and possibly out of the United States, by the unfortunate circumstances which control and dominate the dramatic art in America to-day. But if we are permitted to return—as I sincerely hope we may be—I expect to present to you another new play based on the work of my friend, Robert Louis Stevenson, whom we all admire, and also a dramatization of 'The First Violin.'"

"I thank you again," said Mr. Mansfield, "for your appreciation of my poor efforts and for those of my excellent company."

Réjane will return to Berlin this month.

Mrs. Langtry has sold her steam yacht. It pays to be a handsome mediocrity.

Helen Bertram, clever girl and Teddy Henley's wife, has made a hit in London.

Princess Chimay has not married Rigo, so her mother says. Perhaps it's a case of "Rigoletto" minus Chimay. Help, help!

"If a man has not the moral courage to say 'Yes, I was wrong, and I don't believe what I said at some former time,' he had better retire from business and never try to make another newspaper."

So said the late Mr. Dana, and he knew.

"Hast thou lyric eyes? Prayest thou, thy countenance to the Occident, every evening to Satan, after thou hast carefully washed thy hands? Knowest thou the weird wonder of a gloaming? Dost mark that we are living—in a time! Now, then, sit thee down and dedicate to me an hour. I will kiss thy hands, for I am thankful."

These words are from the preface of a very peculiar book, remarkable for its choice of words, by a young Frenchman who evidently has been feeding on Verlaine, Maeterlinck, Mallarmé and Sar Peledan till he has outgrown them. His earlier works were published by the Artistic Association Outamaro, and comprise a series of poems, "Soie"; a novel, "La Civette," and some essays, "Les Rats." But to the book before us.

Pierre Vicomte D'Aubecq, the author, dropped into a variety show where the Barrisons were disporting and diverting themselves; "the melody of these mondaine female figures" lulled him into a fantastic dream, in which was revealed to him the riddle of the world, the riddle of his time, his existence, his artistic powers. The decadent woman and the priests of art came dancing from the clouds—Giovanni Boldini in light yellow soutane of satin, Sargent in dark green coat, Gavarni, "anatomist of the time," and the hero of Satanismus, Felicien Rops. Then appeared the poster artist—Cheret, Steinlen and other painters of the mondaine woman. "The violin in the orchestra struck up an air rather phlegmatic than melancholy. A broad, very broad purple curtain parted in the middle and revealed dancing forms in pale yellow. I saw the Barrisons once more. And now when the invisible silhouettes loosed themselves from the dancing forms and the melodious caricatures rose in the air, then I seemed to behold on the boards before me a dancing artist name; each of the five sisters represented one of the five letters of the artist name, H-E-I-N-E; it was Thomas Theodor Heine who appeared before me."



It was at the Lyceum Theatre that Arthur Wing Pinero's new comedy "The Princess and the Butterfly" was presented for the first time in New York. It is a graceful, feeble, fanciful little play, designed, I should say, to vindicate middle age from the charge of lovelessness and free it from the contempt of the young.

"Those who love deep never grow old" is the text, and Pinero's dramatic sermon is logical enough.

There are two leading characters—a middle-aged Princess and a flippant baronet, who is no other than the Butterfly of the title. For them love is "deep." With the solemnity of middle age they agree to marry each other. It is the beginning of the play and it might have been the end had not Pinero taken a leaf from Maupassant's psychology of old age and kisses. These middle-aged lovers find that their kisses strike out no fire.

"*Mais il a bien vieilli, votre pauvre baiser!*" said the Marquise in Maupassant's play, and the Princess finds no sentimental satisfaction in the old kisses of the old Butterfly. And so they part—the Princess to the arms of a callow, loving boy and the old baronet to the lips of a tender, gypsy-like maiden.

With this the play is over and the comedy of middle age—but the tragedy, one may presume, is yet to begin.

A slight, little play, witty and savorful. It is played against a background of the sort that Oscar Wilde first devised for these comedies. Pinero is not quite at home in this frivolous mondaine society—his gossip is faded—he has too heavy a hand with the branding iron—and yet as a rough sketch of a corner of English society "The Princess and the Butterfly" is not wholly valueless.



The comedy was charmingly presented. D. Frohman has demonstrated the truth of an old contention of mine, that acting is the simplest, the easiest of all arts. Given *agragh* for imitation, industry and a few months' training almost any intelligent woman may be turned into a tolerable actress.

Now and then there comes a woman who has genius for playing parts and she overrides all rules, but in the main the contention is true.

The Earl of Rochester, in an age of wagers, made a wager that in six months he would make a great actress of a pretty *protégée* of his, and within the specified time she was known as "the famous Miss Barry." Mary Moore, I believe, acquired the art in three weeks. Miss Julie Opp, who took the part of the Princess, is another instance of the ease with which the elements of the art of acting may be acquired.

She was known a little while ago as a very handsome "newspaper woman." I do not know that she wrote much of anything, but in Park Row her beauty was conspicuous.

After a short apprenticeship to George Alexander, of the St. James' Theatre, in London, she was ready to assume the courted position of "leading lady." At the Lyceum she plays with the easeful assurance of an experienced actress, and with a force and sincerity that are wholly admirable.

And she is handsome—a great, splendid, white creature, with imperial shoulders and dazzling arms.

Mr. Hackett was a dignified and interesting Butterfly; indeed the entire cast was satisfactory. The persons in the play were:

Sir George Lamorant.....James K. Hackett
Maj.-Gen. Sir Robert Chichele, K. C. B.....Charles Walcott
Edward Oriel.....Edward Morgan
Maxime Demally (his first appearance here).....William Courtleigh



Hon. Charles Denstroude.....Frank R. Mills
Mr. St. Roche.....Felix Morris
Lieut.-Col. Arthur Eave.....George Allison
Mr. Adrian Mylls.....H. S. Taber
Mr. Bartley Levan.....Henry Muller
Mr. Percival Ord.....Seymour George
Faulding.....John Findlay
Pay Zuliani.....Mary Manning
Lady Ringstead.....Mrs. Charles Walcott
Lady Chichele.....Mrs. Thomas Whiffen
Annis.....Katharine Florence
Mrs. St. Roche.....Elizabeth Tyree
Mrs. Ware (her first appearance here).....Alison Skipworth
Mrs. Marsh.....Grace Root
Blanche Oriel (her first appearance here).....Helen Macheth
Mrs. Sabiston (her first appearance here).....Nina Morris
Catharine.....Evelyn Carter
The Princess Pannonia.....Julie Opp



I can't help it; Acton Davies wrote it in the *Evening Sun*, and I must quote it:

Alison Skipworth's shoulder blades have had their nose put out of joint. Although Miss Skipworth gives as spectacular view of herself at the Lyceum now as she used to in "The Artist's Model," there is an American actress farther uptown who has gone her one better. We refer to Miss Mabel Amber of the "His Little Dodge" company. On Miss Amber devolves the responsibility of unfolding the farce's plot, and in the second act, in a charming Paris dinner gown, she makes a clean breast of the whole affair.

Some day I shall write an apothegmatical article about Acton Davies and his shoulders and his epigrams; but not to-day; I have no desire to knock him about the ears with his own style.

And then—

My editor, who is a nasty sort of person and reads Epictetus and Buckle's "History of Civilization," is of the opinion that all these minor matters of New York theatricals are of absolutely no importance to one who has an immortal soul and watches the Borial Lights of Destiny.

"Write," said he, "of something that is of universal interest."

I puffed thoughtfully at my cigarette.

"Shall I write about Jean de Reszke," I asked, "or the Salary Crime?"

"I wish you'd smoke cigars," said my editor.



I wonder whether pedagogy is of universal interest?

Out in Kansas the Superintendent of Schools or some other Official Nobody has seen fit to declare that art—I think, perhaps, he said Art—was opposed to Kansan civilization; that there were many sprouting Kansans who could learn to paint as well as Raphael in six weeks, and that the American Kansan should leave art—or did he say Art?—to sickly boys and girls and go in for pork packing and Populism.

Something of the sort.



I rather like this Kansan pedagogue.

He is so unlike the Branded Matthews.

He makes no false pretenses of being above

his business. Still, one has an irking feeling that neither he nor the Branded Matthews know their business.

Let us—it is a rainy afternoon, and a gray dullness is over all—discuss the American pedagogue.

In Kansas he sneers at the cultured, critical man. The Kansan pedagogue is frankly a man of the people—the sort of people there are in Kansas you may discover from a diligent perusal of Frank Harris' "Elder Conklin and Other Stories." You will find in them something of the fanaticism of the unassuaged Puritan and much of the uncouthness and moral trickery of the time-serving Western opportunist. For them life is a duty—subtly blended with roguery.

They are blind to the splendid beauty of heroic deeds and absurd, inopportune thoughts.

This Superintendent of Education—or whatever he dubs himself—is a fair sample of the Western pedagogue.

He is a school teacher.

A few days ago a man who had robbed on the highway and murdered women, and won the stripes of the average convict, was discovered in the disguise of a Kansan schoolmaster.

He killed himself.

Perhaps out of sheer shame.

His moral nature has nothing to do with the case. I dare say Eugene Aram was a singularly fine teacher. But the man was an ignoramus. Ignoramus as he was—knowing at most the three Rs—fit, perhaps, for a place in Will



Carleton's Hedge School—he was quite up to the average intelligence of the Western pedagogue.

He could pass an examination.

I have no doubt this Kansan Superintendent of Schools passed an examination.

The root of the trouble is here :

These pedagogues, chosen by charmingly democratic examinations, have their heads crammed with Gradgrindish facts—they come from the plow or the shop, the farm or the abattoir—they learn this and they learn that—they have knowledge, but they have not culture.

In a word, they are lettered vulgarians.

This is the chief defect of all American educators. They belong to the lower orders. They have attained a trumpery knowledge of the scholastic cant of the day and, withal, they are intellectual boors.

They are vulgarians on whom there has broken out an eczema of information.

They know nothing of the broad culture of the ameliorated man. They are merely peasants in frock-coats.

Their influence upon the young generation is disastrous.

They degrade the young mind to their own uncultured level.

The Kansan is only a sample.

Here on the eastern rim of the continent matters are not much better.

If the Kansan Superintendent of Schools is a sower of seditions paradoxes among unlettered lads, what is the Branded Matthews or his master-pedagogue Seth Low?

I take Branded Matthews merely as a type; he is one of hundreds. He could not, I daresay, pass the examination the Gradgrind of Kansas would set for him. His knowledge is inefficient and insufficient. It would be an absurdity to call him a scholar; it would be a gross misuse of words to call him a student. He is at the opposite end of the pole from the Kansan pedagogue. He has an easeful disdain of knowing anything—he apes the airs of the dilettantes. He condescends to birlch the unthinking end of boys just as he condescends to accept from Mr. Seth Low the emoluments of a teacher in Columbia. All this, however, he does with the affected grace of an amateur playing the mandolin for giggling girls.

He is not a teacher, he would have you understand; he is above that business—all except the "salary." He would have you understand that he is a man of letters—and so he haunts the dressing rooms of second-rate actresses, hawking puerile plays, and wags his beard over "society" tea-cups. Were you to question him he would say: "I stand for culture," and snicker out a phrase of bad French.

You see he is at the opposite pole—you may set him off against the Kansan Superintendent of Schools.

The pedagogues of the United States are fairly well divided between those two classes.

There is, however, a third class, of which Seth Low is representative.

This gentleman ran for mayor of New York; he was defeated. He was voted for by all the men who have been "educated" by such pedagogues as the Branded Matthews. Fortunately, where there are hundreds like the Kansan Superintendent of Schools and the Branded Matthews, there are only one or two like Seth Low.

Perhaps, one is as abominable as the other.

There is an admirable view of the fitness of a teacher in "Epictetus." I would advise Branded Matthews to read it—in translation, of course.

A young woman who had seen Branded Matthews wag his beard over the tea-cups said: "But the 'Professor' is such a nice man!"

"A nice man," said Swift, "is a man of nasty ideas."

"A Mountain of Gold" is the title of the book; it is extant in choice English, and it is a melodrama fearfully and wonderfully made—caves, bandits, American heiresses, ransom, English fortune seekers, six-shooters, mustangs, fathers, gypsies—no, I cannot tell you the story.

And it is signed by—

Willis Steell, who once told "The Whole Truth" and who is the author of one of the most delicious books of Spanish travel I have ever read.

Said Dr. Johnson: "Sir, I love Robertson and I won't talk of his book."

It was Joseffy—who has been purified as by fire—who first told me of

Géza Gárdonyi's "Legend of Wine"; that he may read it in English I have "transliterated" it from the Hungarian in all its spondaic dignity; *et le voici*:

THE LEGEND OF WINE.

Now, the good God said; Noah, my dear son,
Here are the grapes, taste if they be good.

Noah replied: "Already am I old,
Yet have I never tasted better fruit."

God said again; Noah, my dear son,

See if this new wine be to your taste.

Noah replied: "Ah! life of my life!

Faith! I can see now three good Gods."

Then the good God said: Noah, my dear son,
This wine, the old wine—taste if it be good.

Then Noah: "Faith! I could drink it till morn,
Come, my old pal, we will empty the jug."

I know, I know—

But if Joseffy likes it?

Some day I shall write an article on the modern Hungarian poetry—an entertaining subject, and not uninteresting. Of course, before that I shall have to write my famous (unwritten) essay on the "Psychology of the Moon," and the dissertation I have promised you on the "Implex Drama of Greece."

But all in good time—

VANCE THOMPSON.

Editors The Courier:

There seems to be a woeful misconception and a goodly amount of ignorance in the mind of the writer of "Art and the Astoria" in your last week's issue. As THE COURIER enjoys so high a reputation, and most deservedly, for its general correct information and its reliable criticisms, I must the more protest against the use of the word "Teutonic" as made in "Art and the Astoria."

In that article the word "Teutonic" is repeatedly used in connection with such adjectives as "vulgar," "crude," inferring that what is Teutonic must be crude and vulgar.

The writer says "Everywhere the gingerbread stucco, Teutonic and crude and vulgar," and later on, "The picture, however, has for frame the vulgar, Teutonic walls all piddling stucco and petty molding."

Has your correspondent ever heard or seen anything of the Gothic Art, that very flower of architecture as evolved by the Teutonic mind, or has he ever listened to the master works of Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert, those Teutonic giants who have originated the greatest works of Art yet produced?

If he has, he ought humbly to apologize for the thoughtless way in which he employed the word "Teutonic."

And as to stucco, I never yet have found in German (Teutonic) national monuments stucco; the sacrilegious use of stucco was reserved for the interior of the dome of the Grant monument on Riverside Drive, it must be said to the shame of the men in charge of that building.

It will be a relief to me if you will publish this protest, and oblige

Your old Teutonic friend

OSCAR FAUSTEN.

WE have received the letter printed above from an amiable (if excited) friend, and we are only too pleased to reply to his questions.

It is probable that the correspondent to whom Herr Fausten refers, had "heard something" and possibly "seen something of Gothic art, that very flower of architecture." But the Goths are dead; that branch of the Germanic race is extinct; and the name they bestowed on certain forms of art and letters has no more to do with the Teutonic race than Cassiodorus has to do with Herr Fausten.

Herr Fausten has fallen into the popular confusion, due to the misuse of the word Gothic. The Goths disappeared from history in the eighth century. The term Gothic is applied—loosely but fairly enough—in architecture to all buildings of the pointed style which succeeded the Romanesque. During the entire existence of the Gothic nation the Latin style of architecture prevailed—until, say, the eleventh century; this was succeeded by what is known in England as the Norman and on the Continent as the Romanesque style, out of which grew the Gothic style of architecture. It had no more to do with Germany than had the verses of Dante or the temple of Hadrian.

But Herr Fausten, we observe, is mainly concerned in refuting the contention that the Teutonic creature—and evidently the word was used in its narrow sense, as one calls an Englishman a British creature, and did not refer to the ethnological division—that the Teutonic creature, we say, is artistically crude, lacking in the minor refinements of life, and, in a word, in the way of being vulgar. We fear that Herr Fausten does not know the Germans. They have all the virtues. Their authors emit folios of portentous gravity. They have the greatest musicians. They have marvelous poets. But really their manners are not nice. Beethoven, that master, was a dirty feeder, as Herr Fausten will remember.

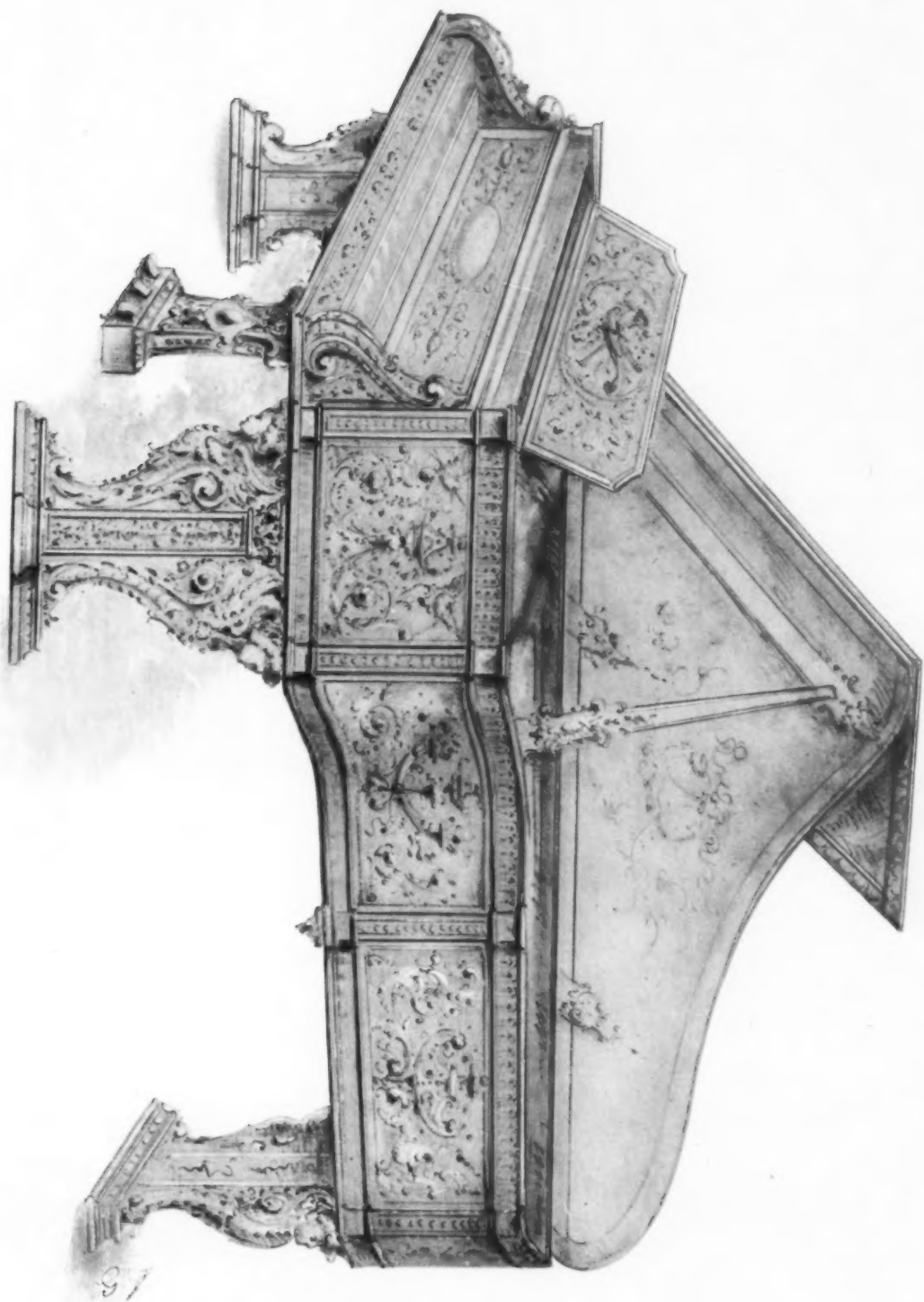
The average Englishman is not nice mannered, but we may make plain our meaning by saying that the Englishman is merely a civilized German.

No, Herr Fausten, we will admit that the Teutons of the Fatherland are great soldiers, great musicians—but for all that we fail to see why the "word Teutonic" should not be used "in connection with such adjectives as crude and vulgar."

Herr Fausten has seen the architecture of the new quarters of Berlin; he has seen the paintings of the Munich school; perhaps he does not think them either elegant or artistic; neither do we, but we assure him they are better than Kaiser Wilhelm's table manners.

It is not to be expected that one race should combine all the elegancies and all the virtues as well. Let it suffice that the Teutons of the Fatherland are moral—great musicians—mighty soldiers—huge feeders—unparalleled drinkers of beer; surely with all these in their favor, they may be pardoned for artistic crudeness and social vulgarity.

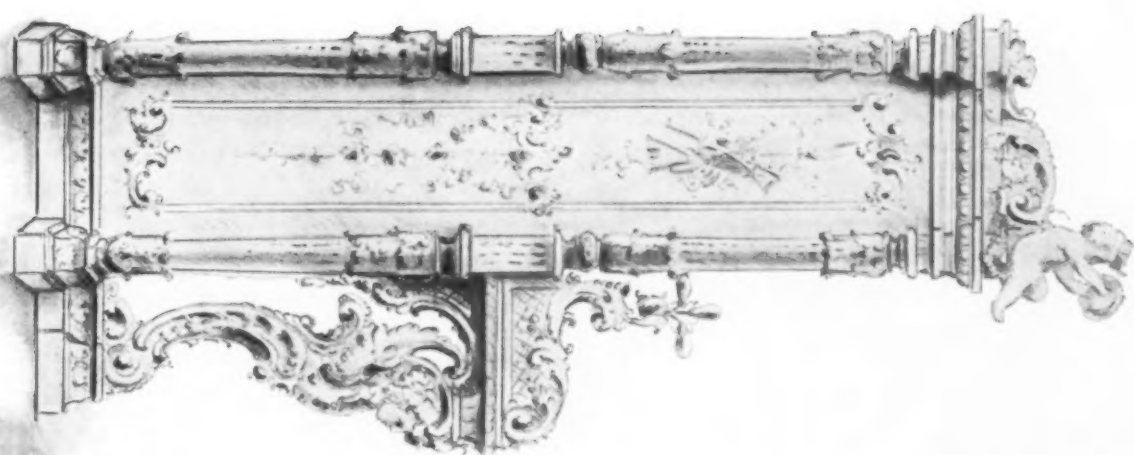
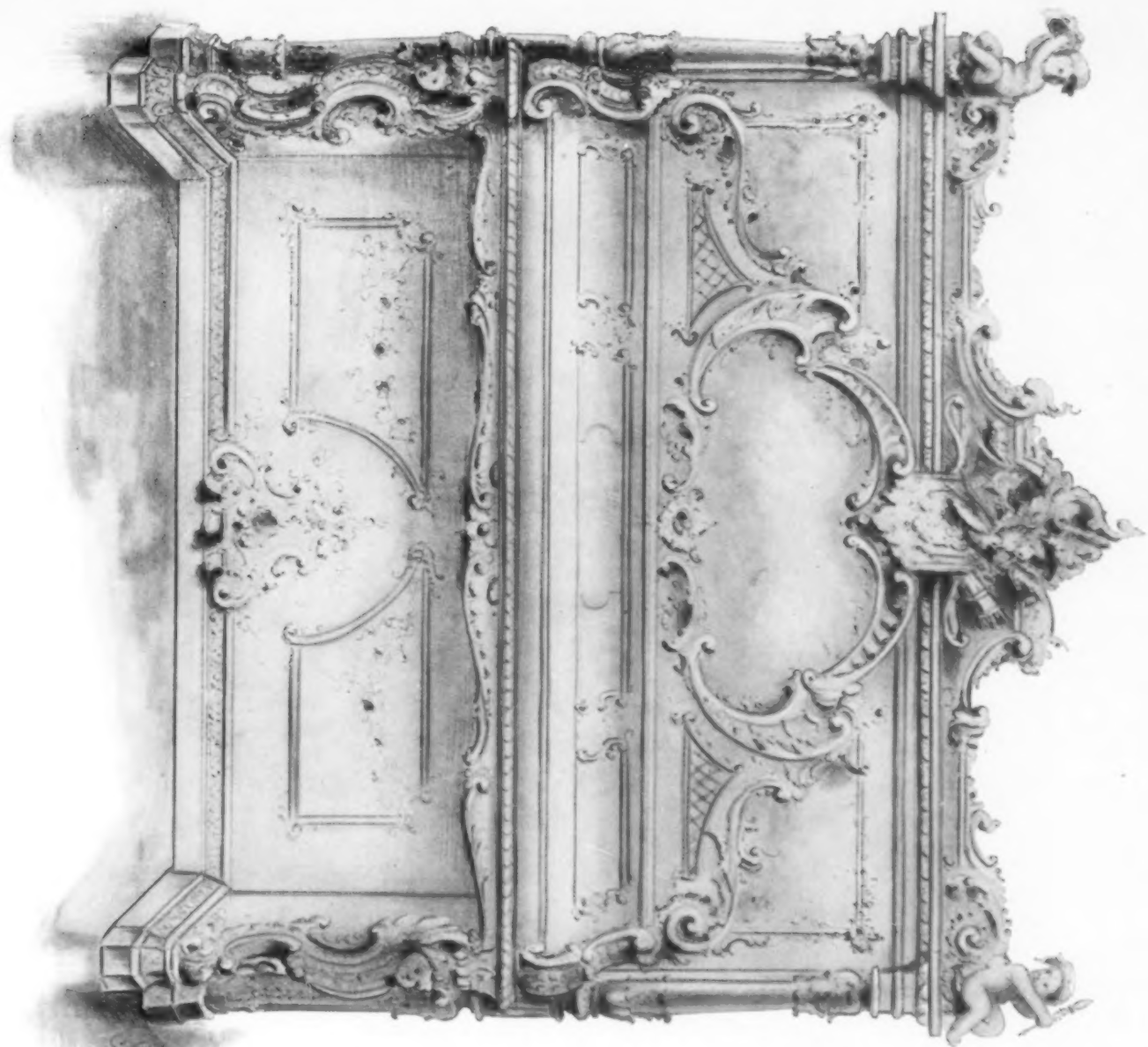
"It will be a relief to me if you will publish this protest?" Certainly, Herr Fausten. We are always pleased to relieve an old Teutonic friend.



DESIGN OF ITALIAN RENAISSANCE PIANO CASE.—(Fig. 3.)

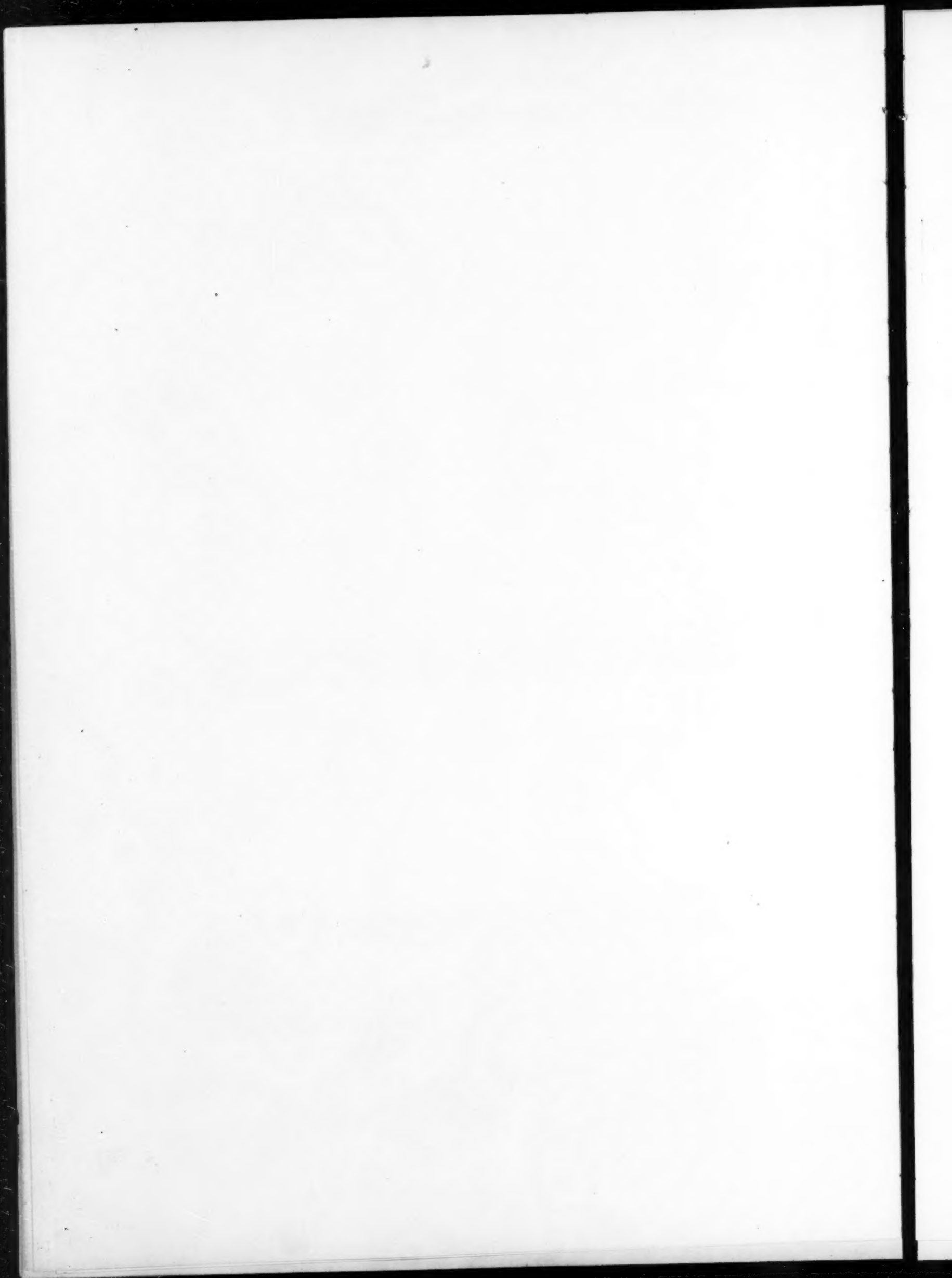
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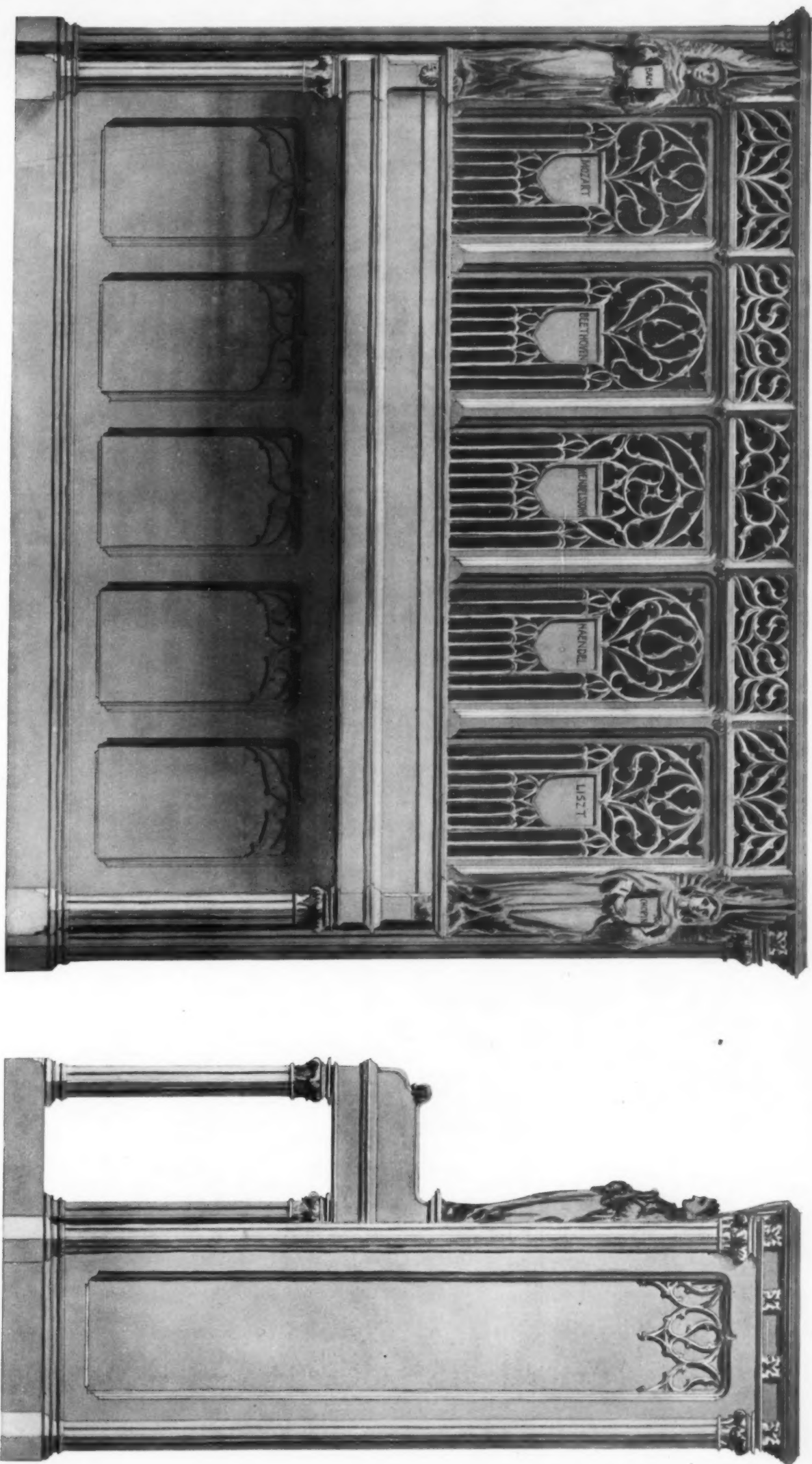




DESIGN OF ROCOCO PIANO CASE (Front and Side View).—(Fig. 2.)

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DESIGN OF GOTHIC PIANO CASE (Front and Side View).—(Fig. 1.)

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